PICTORIAL REVIEW

SEPTEMBER 1930

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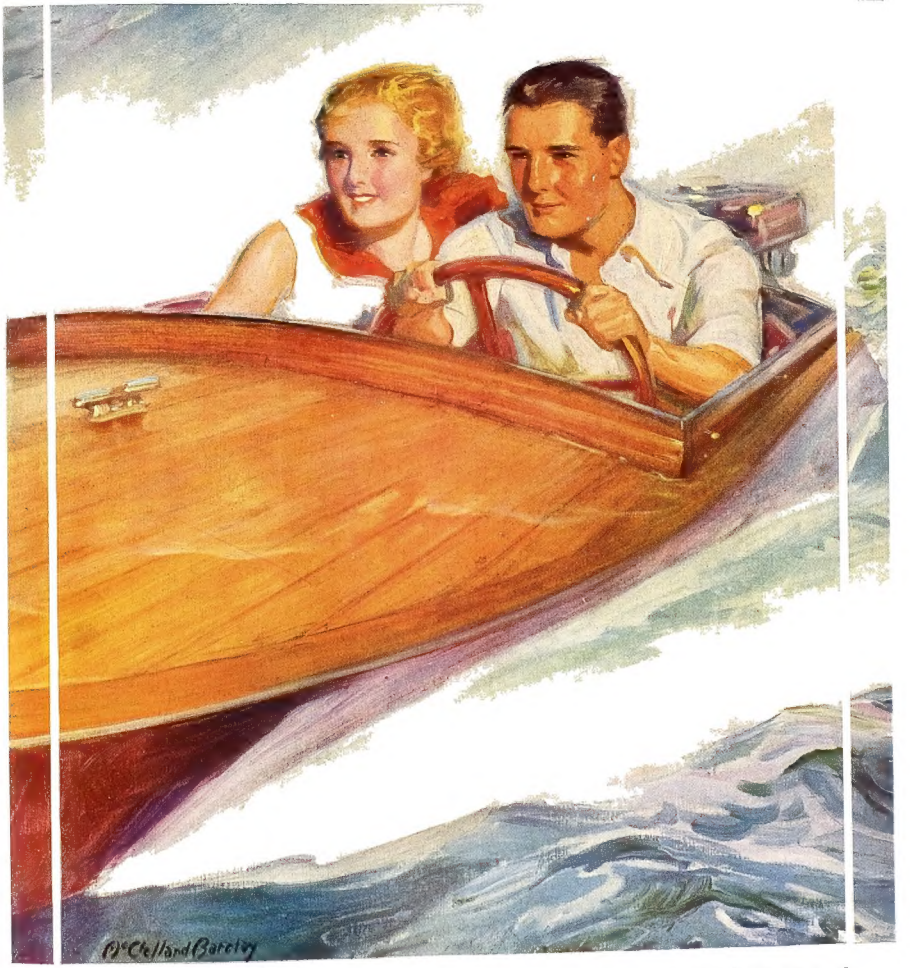

THE FEMINIZATION OF OUR SCHOOLS

by Professor Robert E. Rogers

An outspoken article that took a great deal of courage to write

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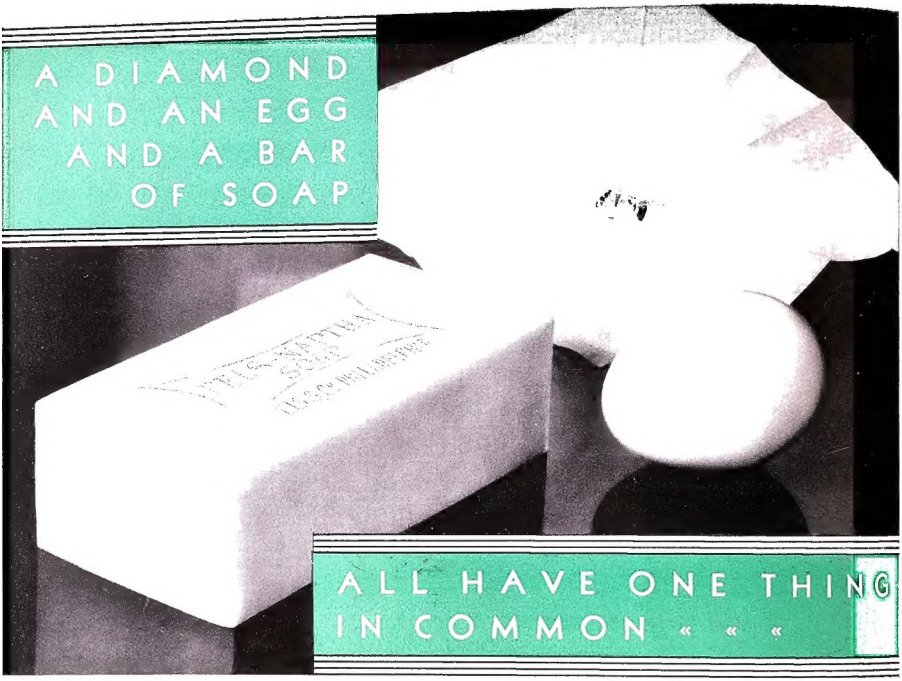


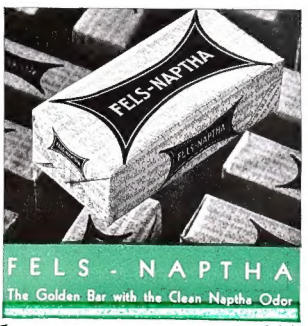
If you were buying diamonds, you'd want the finest stones, not the greatest number of stones, that your money would buy. You'd look for a bargain in *value*.

When you buy eggs, you want the freshest, not the "most for your money." For freshness means *value*, and that's what you're after.

In buying soap, you again have your choice between a bargain in price and a bargain in value—between ordinary soaps and Fels-Naptha. The first may save you a penny or so at the store—the second will save you a great deal of work in your washing. And after all, isn't that the most important thing in a soap—the work it will do—the help it can give you?

Fels-Naptha gives *extra* help. It brings two active cleaners to the washing job—good golden soap and naptha, instead of just soap. There's *plenty* of naptha in each large bar—you can smell it. Working hand-in-hand, these two busy cleaners loosen dirt and wash it away without hard rubbing. Your wash comes off the line clean through and through, with the fresh, sweet odor of home-washed clothes.

Fels-Naptha gives *extra* help, no matter how you use it. It's one soap you don't have to pamper. Naturally it washes best in hot water—all soaps do. But it also washes beautifully in lukewarm, or even cool water—whether you soak your clothes or boil them; whether you use washing machine or tub. And Fels-Naptha works so swiftly that you don't have your hands in water long, which helps keep them nice.



Use Fels-Naptha for all household cleaning tasks as well as for the family wash. Get a few bars (or the handy 10-bar carton) from your grocer today—and learn about this bargain in value!

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P. N.—9-30

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Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time.

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VOL. XXXI. No. 12

SEPTEMBER, 1930

The Author

Photo by Eugene Hutchinson

BEGINNING NEXT MONTH
A BRILLIANT NOVEL OF LIFE IN WASHINGTON

For years we have been waiting for a real story dealing with society in our national capital. Here it is at last—

THE LIONS' DEN"

BY JANET AYER FAIRBANK

(Author of "The Smiths" and "The Cortlandts of Washington Square")

You will be fascinated by this absorbing story of a young Congressman who suddenly finds himself forced to decide between the dictates of his conscience and the blandishments of an attractive social leader. "The Lions' Den" paints an unforgettable picture of what goes on behind the scenes in society and politics. Once you begin it you'll read every line.

The first installment starts in Pictorial Review for October

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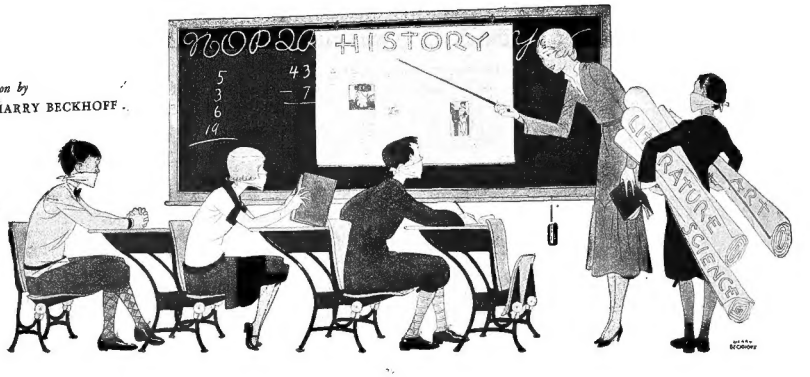

Illustration by
HARRY BECKHOFF

FEMINIZATION OF OUR SCHOOLS

By ROBERT E. ROGERS

MY GRANDMOTHER was a dear, good old lady, shrewd and sharp-witted enough, but certainly not interested in the things of the mind. She was absorbed in persons and things; she had little interest in books or patience for them; to the problems of life she presented a resistance entirely dogmatic and sentimental, unrelated to fact. Her highest ideal was that of respectability.

She believed unquestioningly what her newspaper told her, her pastor, her doctor, and the neighbors. Her favorite author was Mary Jane Holmes. Unfamiliar ideas she dismissed with a sharp, skeptical chuckle. Her emotions and her convictions were entirely concerned with her familiars. Her management of life was strictly traditional and parochial.

I was never so astonished in my life as when once she let fall casually the fact that in her early days she had been a school-teacher. I could think of no one more unlikely. But the fact explained itself. She was one of four girls on a small farm in the Massachusetts hill country; probably, as I remember my great-aunts, the most spirited and pert of the four. It must have been in the eighteen-fifties that she became a teacher.

As I see it, there was not enough work on the farm for all the girls. The day of domestic industry had passed. Grandmother wove straw hats as a girl, but I do not remember ever hearing her speak of anything more complex. Family self-respect did not allow her to go into the mills of the neighboring towns.

Teaching was a genteel and casual sort of occupation until one got married. The fact that she had neither mind nor aptitude nor training did not matter. She became a teacher—until grandfather came along. Then she dropped it flat and never thought of it again.

Somehow I see in grandmother one of the reasons why teaching in the United States has developed as it has. The stern insistence of the first two centuries on learning for its own sake had given way to a kind of slack materialism which came to think of book learning as of less and less importance in a country where so many fortunes lay waiting to be made by the trader and exploiter, slick and shrewd, his edge not dulled by "education."

To men, teaching, or rather "keeping school," came to be merely a stepping-stone to the law or politics or business. They got out of it as soon as they could. To women, halfway between the taxing demands of domestic industry and the later opportunities offered by higher education and the growth of business, teaching became an easy and "genteel"—that word is the clew to the whole business!—way of marking time. Poor girls went into the mills or hired out; rich girls lived, so far as we can learn, a curiously vapid life; the respectable middle class, so far as it left home at all, taught—by main strength and the grace of God.

A generation later came those few fiery spirits, conscious or unconscious feminists, who set up colleges of their own after they had battered in vain at the doors of men's colleges, who went out from their rigid and intense seminaries as crusaders to create for women places in the professions, the suffrage, and the intellectual life of the times.

In their footprints followed the far larger number of "nice" girls, of "good" family, who went a bit self-consciously into the normal schools or the colleges which the pioneers had opened for them. They left them, somewhat better educated than their mothers had been, to carry on the tradition that, after all, teaching was the only occupation a lady could follow. It was simple in content and method, not beyond their mild capacities; it was respectable and it was "idealistic." But it was not a profession; it was a stop-gap until the right man came along.

IF HE never came it remained most often a necessary and irksome occupation among people who respected but rather pitied the gentle, partly educated, rather inadequate lady who was supposed to form their children's minds.

This generation saw the beginnings of the Chautauqua and the summer school and the rapid growth of the normal school, all designed to remedy, if it were humanly possible, the intellectual slackness of a growing group of women who had taken the easiest way and who, most of them, probably never thought that of all professions teaching ought to require the stoutest nourishment and the strictest discipline of the mind. But the daughter of the better class of citizen, sure of a job from the school committee, did not need to worry about that. Teaching was a claim staked out by her kind for her kind.

Another generation saw changes. The girl with the more competent mind was beginning to push her way into college teaching, into the professions, into journalism, even into business. The women's college was no longer entirely a shrine for the earnest young woman who would probably go into teaching anyway. For the more fortunate it became a four years' blessed relief between home and home again, the place where "the luckiest girls might have the jolliest times." They were sure of marrying and becoming "the younger set."

The immigrant was pushing the poorer native-born girl out of mills and shops, and she of my grandmother's time, Whitman's "clean-haired Yankee girl," turned naturally to teaching, whither before many years the immigrant girl was to follow her.

Normal schools and teachers' training courses multiplied, for these new teachers were not only far more numerous but, however bright and ambitious naturally, were distinctly less well grounded culturally than their elder sisters had been. Intellectually, there was no difference.

It was a toss-up whether she would become a stenographer or a teacher. Both were jobs. The public sensed not to recognize much difference between them. Why should the girl? Only the older teacher, no more and no less intellectual, less well trained but distinctly more of a lady, recognized and deplored the difference.

And to-day? More and more the real professions, the big opportunities in business, the highly technical graduate schools, are taking girls with brains. The girls who go to college are being taxed intellectually far more heavily than their mothers were; those who are going into teaching to-day will be the best crop this country has ever had. The spirited and original girls are everywhere finding new and interesting occupations for themselves.

BUT what of the great mass of them, the unoriginal, the herd-minded, who do what the crowd does? Stenography and teaching. Schools of business and secretarial training, normal schools, schools of physical education, of music, the arts, the theater—all are pouring out by the thousands girls indistinguishable from each other except for purely technical training.

Just as my grandmother was probably indistinguishable in mental capacity, in cultivation, speech, manners, and behavior from the other farm girls around her, so the latest normal school or "teachers' college" product, who a generation ago would have been working in factory or department store, is to-day hardly to be distinguished from the better class of girl in the office or behind the counter. Their cultural backgrounds are not markedly different; they speak the same American language with the same distortions; their manners are about on the same level.

And this fact, if you ask me, is the reason why, here in the East at any rate, nearly everybody who can possibly scrape the money together is sending his children to private schools. The women who teach there are probably no stronger intellectually than their elder sisters were; they are probably less thoroughly trained in

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EDITOR'S NOTE

Professor Rogers is an instructor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and sometime ago boldly declared that women teachers in public schools are responsible for many of the ills in our present educational system. This article is a sincere attempt on the part of Professor Rogers to justify his assertion.

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The head of the family *discovers* "pink tooth brush"

HE: (Loudly, from the bathroom)
Well, what do you know about that?

SHE: Know about what?

HE: *Come here a moment, please.*

SHE: What are you so excited about?

HE: *Look at this "pink" on my tooth brush!*

SHE: Well?

HE: *Isn't that enough to make anybody sit up and take notice? You would, if you had found it.*

SHE: It's nothing to go into a panic over.

HE: *Oh, isn't it?*

SHE: No. Perhaps you'll change your tooth paste now. I've been asking you to for some time. There's a fresh tube of Ipana in the medicine cabinet. Massage your gums with some of it right now.

HE: *I'd like to know what Ipana has to do with "pink tooth brush"?*

SHE: It has a lot to do with getting rid of it!

HE: *Yes? How? —How is tooth paste going to help a condition like that? The thing for me to do is to see a dentist. I don't want to run the risk of getting any of these gum disorders.*

SHE: By all means see the dentist. You oughtn't to have to be told to do that! But the chances are you haven't any real cause for alarm yet. Evidently your gums are a bit tender. If you kept up to date on these things you would know that the soft foods we eat these days don't give our gums a chance to keep healthy. They need stimulation to keep them alive and to invigorate them when they commence to get tender. That's one of the virtues of Ipana.

HE: *What is it?*

SHE: The effect it has on the gums. It contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic. Dentists, themselves, use it in the treatment of gum disorders. Ipana and massage are the best remedy you can find for gums that have a tendency to bleed.

HE: *How do you work this massage?*

SHE: Just rub Ipana on the gums after you have cleaned the teeth. You can use your toothbrush or, if the gums are too tender to the touch, use your finger.

HE: *Do any of the dentists recommend Ipana?*

SHE: Thousands of them every day.

HE: *What about the teeth? Will it keep them white?*

SHE: Have you ever seen mine whiter than they are now?

HE: *Can't say that I have. They certainly are stunning.*

SHE: And the taste of Ipana is delightful, too. You'll like it. Try it for a month and you'll find you've made a tooth paste friend for life—and best of all, you'll rid yourself of all signs of "pink tooth brush".

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. D-90
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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City.....*State*.....

IPANA *Tooth Paste*

R. Accept substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time.

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KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES

By CORINNE LOWE

Justice in Virginia

THERE are certain State laws in America which went nicely in a society where all the men wore flowing robes and beards and went out to work every morning with a shepherd's crook. They are patriarchal. They are unjust to women. Among them none has been more flagrantly so than those statutes concerning the guardianship of children so long prevailing in Virginia.

According to these statutes, a man could will away the custody of a child without his wife's consent. In every legal question the father took precedence. That such unfair legislation has given way to the new Joint Guardianship Law, which concedes to the mother equal rights with the father, is due entirely to the concerted and consecrated efforts of the Virginia League of Women Voters. Through a long educational lobby it succeeded this year in making the bill into a law.

Here, however, is only one hurdle cleared. There are dozens of similar discriminations in many States, and all cry out for the militant interest of every intelligent woman.

How Women Stand in India

MRS. SAROJINI NAIDU, the distinguished woman poet of India, turned to salt. Not, however, after the fashion of a celebrated Mrs. Lot. Mrs. Naidu turned to salt as part of the program of civil disobedience inaugurated by the Nationalist leader Gandhi. After Gandhi's arrest she became the leader of the bloodless revolution against England's dominion, and, as the making and selling of salt is a point at issue, it was natural that her first act of generalship should have been the direction of a salt raid.

That a woman should succeed Gandhi is of a piece with other startling bits of information from India. We heard of Mrs. Gandhi leading groups of women to persuade natives not to buy the English-controlled liquor. We were told that other women picketed the shops where English clothing is sold. Everywhere, in fact, there is evidence that the feminist movement is going hand in hand with the Nationalist movement.

Bigger and Better Shopping

IN a quiet big room on the fifth floor of the New York Stock Exchange Building sits a quiet little woman. Her name is Mrs. Catherine M. Healy, and she is the only woman officer of the metropolitan Stock Exchange. She is its purchasing agent. Far removed from maddened tickers and febrile speculators, she orders in her efficient way everything from lead-pencils to dynamos. Once she even shopped around for a fire-engine to be installed in the home town of one of the directors.

Isn't it logical? All women are purchasing agents of the home. There's no reason why we gifted shoppers shouldn't broaden our field.

First Aid to Tourists

IN RECOGNITION of the $250,000,000—probably much more—which American tourists are spending in France this Summer, the French Government has created a brand-new officer, a chief of "Tourisme." If this executive is dissatisfied with the paltry sums we Americans are spending over there, I have some suggestions which, if carried out, would keep more of us in France spending more money.

The first concerns coffee. Why doesn't one person—just one—in all France learn to make good coffee so that he could teach the others? As it is, the fricassee of acorns, the stagnant pools of benbane, which the French nation serves under the sacred name of coffee, is making more Americans feel patriotic than ten brass bands playing "Dixie."

Then there are the inevitable breakfast rolls. To-day thousands of hapless Americans are trying to break their way into these stony objects. But they're not succeeding—not unless they make a practice of bringing a geologist's hammer to breakfast every morning. Won't, therefore, the new chief consider blasting out these rocky specimens before serving?

As to light, they haven't watt-power over there. It's what-power, and nobody has yet discovered the mysterious essence of that "what." Though in a bulb, it can't be electricity. It's probably one preserved firefly, and that firefly is always suspended where it will do the least possible good—very near a fifteen-foot-high ceiling. One can't read by such a light, of course. Read? It's a chore to find your lingerie or to recognize your own twin sister.

When Husbands Stay at Home

THAT what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander is acknowledged in all fifty-fifty domestic arrangements. Mr. and Mrs. Wild Goose take turns staying on the nest and minding the young.

These facts from natural history are apropos of the change which has come over Greenwich Village. In the first place, that New York carbon copy of the Paris Latin Quarter is not what it once was. The geography is of course the same. But the spirit has gone. Also many of its most celebrated residents.

Why? Because a number of young men and women who used to form part of "the Village" have fallen prey to bourgeois cravings. Wanting fresh air and houses and children, they have moved to the suburbs—those in Connecticut, New York, and Long Island. Outstanding among such pastoral retreats is Sunnyside, Long Island.

Here, for example, live Babette Deutsch, the gifted poet, and her family. Here lives that excellent biographer Lewis Mumford with his family. These, together with many other modern spirits, are initiating a new system of domestic relations—one borrowed explicitly from the wild goose.

For in Sunnyside a man's place is often in the home. Does he write or paint or design fabrics for his living? What of it? His wife is probably up to the same thing. To allow for these two careers, the man and woman often share equally the care of house and children. Indeed, in some especially radical households the man stays at home while his wife commutes to New York to her job.

The ordinary husband would not enjoy this system. No! But the male artist does not seem to recoil from peeling spuds and washing dishes. In fact, he is just as successful as are many women in carrying on both career and home.

Schools for Scandal

THE high-school and college classrooms have become one of the breeding-places for Americandivorcesthroughneglect of home-economics study, according to Dr. Frederick C. Bonser of Teachers College, Columbia University. He blames faculty advisers and deans in women's colleges for encouraging young students to set out upon a career, as opposed to marriage, leaving home-making and family life to those of less ability.

"It is not surprising," he writes, "that adolescent girls often regard marriage as either a misfortune to be avoided, or perhaps a temporary halt to be terminated by separation or divorce whenever the relationship becomes tiresome, inconvenient, or irritating."

Many parents, says Dr. Bonser, seem to regard home-economics courses as either "inferior or degrading" while many teachers consider home-training as a subject "wanting in academic respectability." "In 1928," he adds, "only 28.83 per cent of the girls graduated from public high school in the United States had taken home-economics courses."

Few parents will disagree with Dr. Bonser when he says, "It is a part of the larger conception of home economics to help boys and girls to vision, to desire, and to move forward to the achievement of the higher and finer possibilities of home and family life—the ideals and spiritual values no less than the material, creature comforts of living. We can not afford to neglect these higher values."

Our Women Librettists

NO MODERN man composer need be at a loss for words. There is always a woman to supply them. Nothing better illustrates this fact than the two operas which our gifted American composer, Mr. Deems Taylor, has had accepted for production at the Metropolitan Opera House. As we all remember, the first of these, "The King's Henchman," had for libretto the rich Anglo-Saxon verse of Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay. The second, "Peter Ibbetson," which is to be produced next winter, is based on Miss Constance Collier's dramatic version of Du Maurier's novel.

Coffee at Four

"YOU mean to say you don't drink tea?" an Australian girl once asked an American in my presence. "Why, whatever do you do with your afternoons?"

Those of us New Yorkers who find time weighing heavily on our hands are turning more and more to this type of recreation. However, teacups are not the only things with which we play. For the Anglican beverage numbers of people nowadays are substituting coffee. In both restaurants and private homes the coffee team is waxing strong.

She Chose to Be a Farmer

IT MIGHT be said that Charlotte Worley, reported to be America's most successful woman farmer, came to her vocation by degrees. For before turning farmer she was successively a college professor and a lawyer. Last year her farm of 3,000 acres in western Nebraska is said to have yielded $225,000.

So far she has been content with the live stock, alfalfa, oats, and so forth, of her neighbors, but this year she is reputed to be branching out into flax. If so, she will be the first farmer in western Nebraska to do so.

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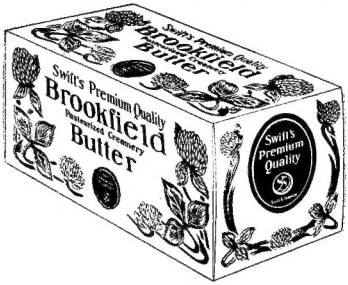
Freshness . . . fragrance of the just-opened churn



THE new-churned fragrance of this butter tells you how fresh it is. Sweet and delicate of flavor it comes to you—from the dairy lands where it's made. It is churned in immaculate creameries. Then delivered all over the country in fast refrigerator cars . . . *Creamery Fresh!* The same efficient organization protects the quality of Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter *all the way* to your dealer. That's why you can buy it with such perfect confidence—*anywhere, always.* Try a package today. Your neighborhood dealer can supply you.

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I'm talking about

but I'm

I have been closing my eyes and trying to imagine you. And now I'm full of questions! Do you have a large house . . . or do you live in a snug apartment? Do you have a big family that's growing up . . . or a small family that's just beginning?

Of course, I can't know. But one thing is sure. You are a woman—so naturally you don't want your hands to talk "work." You want them to "match" your prettiest frock. And you would like your friends and your husband to admire them!

I feel certain that you can't be quite happy about your hands if you are using harsh kitchen soaps. Don't I know? When I was first married, housekeeping seemed very difficult. When I washed a floor or my painted kitchen walls I thought such hard work needed a strong soap. And the stronger the better!

Of course, my hands didn't like that! I often wished I had two pairs of hands . . . my rough red pair for work and a smooth white pair for parties. But wishing didn't help. I had to learn that work wasn't coarsening and aging my hands. It was that strong parching kitchen soap!

Now I have lots more work to do . . . with a

IVORY

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my hands
thinking about yours!

seven-room house and a very lively young lady who ...ls always crawling into new mischief! My hands ...re in soap suds about a third of the time! But ...hey don't need "rest cures" before they appear at ...parties now. They are smooth and white *all the ...time* because they do their hardest work with the ...gentlest of suds—*pure Ivory suds!*

Perhaps you'll say—"But Ivory's *bath* soap! It's ...my baby's soap and my complexion soap." Yes, ...ivory is all that to me, too. But it is *more.* It does ...every soap task in my home. And its rich pure suds ...burn even dishwashing and clotheswashing and ...leaning into beauty treatments for my hands.

You'll discover that while Ivory is protecting ...your busy hands at their humdrum tasks, it's doing ...something equally important for the things that it ...leans. Where strong soap actually robs paint of its ...gloss, linoleum of its surface, and tinted clothes of ...their fresh colors, Ivory keeps them like new!

That's why I feel that Ivory is thrifty. You'll ...save on manicures and lotions—things will wear ...onger—and soon your smooth hands will be a ...leasant mystery to your friends!

CATHERINE CARR LEWIS

A speedy dishwashing story

"There's no dawdling about dishwashing in my home. I keep a box of Ivory Flakes by the kitchen sink for quick fluffy suds. And I slide the dishes through them! My bubble-thin glass rinses crystal clear—even the stickiest dish comes out with a spotless face. And when I dry *my* hands, they have no dishwashing hard-luck stories to tell!"

Prevention of cruelty to bath enamels

"I've finally shown my husband an easy way to clean off his bathtub rings. Here it is! Rub a little Ivory on a dry cloth, slide it over the bath enamel—and off goes the ring! This is much better for enamels than frequent scrubbing with scratchy powders. Ivory is kinder to linoleum and painted woodwork, too. It keeps them like new. And it turns all these hard-work tasks into gentle Ivory baths for my hands."

A long bright life for colored clothes

"Mrs. M— has plenty of dirty clothes on Monday—with two girls and a boy, and the oldest just twelve! But she says she just tumbles Ivory Flakes into the washing machine and runs them through those mild rich suds. 'Why, the girls' print frocks look as fresh as new,' she told me, 'though I've washed them about twenty times!' Yes, and Mrs. M— has discovered something else, too—she says her hands look ten years younger since she decided to use Ivory for everything."

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– kind to everything it touches – 99 44/100 % *pure*

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

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Then he turned to page 3 -

and this is why I received another letter from a P and G home

The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

GENTLEMEN: After taking from the line the whitest, sweetest wash that I've ever had, I must tell you about it!

Really, that wash can be traced back to one evening when my husband read one of your "Visits to P AND G Homes."

"Why don't *you* use P AND G Naphtha?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know," I told him.

"That's not like you," he said. "With your faith in other Procter & Gamble products, I should think you'd use everything with the P AND G label."

Well, I thought it over and there was no argument to his logic. So the next day I ordered P AND G Naphtha just to see. I saw!

"The Runabout," our small and lively daughter (and almost a redhead), loves to play at the brook. So every day I have a whole wash for her . . . three or four rompers and dresses, her socks and undergarments. Hitherto I have soaked them in suds—then brushed the soiled spots out on a board!

Well, today I soaked her clothes in P AND G suds. Thirty minutes later I came back armed with a brush and board, and—I can see you smiling to yourselves—*there wasn't any scrubbing to do!* Just a swish and the dirt was gone. Then I did some smiling, too—for I'd clipped 30 minutes from my work schedule. And, as I first said, the wash was so white and sweet. So Bill *was* right, of course! Mrs. Geneva M. Vincent, Burke, Idaho.

Mrs. Vincent not only said, "Of course, you may print my letter,"—but she even sent me two photographs of her little "runabout."

Mrs. Vincent wants *everyone* to know that P AND G Naphtha is a wonderful soap! It even looks nicer—so white and firm and fine. Logically, it ought to cost more than inferior soaps. But it costs *less!* Perhaps you'd like to know *why!*

Well, Procter & Gamble buy fine soap materials at a great saving because they buy in huge quantities—literally shiploads of oils! And, too, millions of cakes of P AND G are made every year, so the price is naturally less.

You see—millions of women buy P AND G and save money—because they know that it *really is a better soap!* ANN CUMMINGS

FREE! *Rescuing Precious Hours*—Every washday problem is discussed in this free booklet. Send a post card to Ann Cummings, Dept. NR-90, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

White soap preferred by more and more women. In a recent survey which I made in Detroit, Michigan, I discovered that as many women are using P AND G White Naphtha Soap as all other laundry soaps put together! And the reason is easy to find: good housewives everywhere have found that this fine white soap gives them easier washdays and whiter clothes!

The largest-selling soap in the world

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

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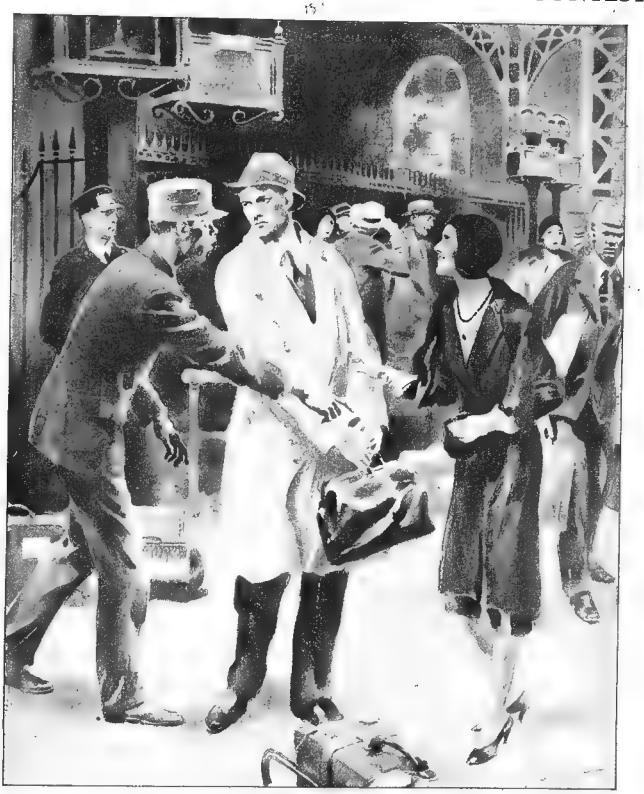
THE SHORT SHORT STORY THAT WON THE $1,000.00 THIRD PRIZE IN PICTORIAL REVIEW'S CONTEST



"Rosy whispered, 'Oh, have him carry it, honey. Everybody does'"

A DAY IN NEW YORK

By LOIS SEYSTER MONTROSS *Illustration by* O. F. SCHMIDT

THERE is a belief that woman's beauty is a power which captures man unfailingly. And certain it is that beauty is a net for insnaring his eyes. But there are other invisible qualities which catch and hold a man's heart. One of these is gallantry in women.

Dan Byrd knew nothing about gallantry. If he had thought about it at all he would have called it "being a good sport." Dan Byrd knew everything about carburetors and vacuum tanks and hydraulic brakes and pistons. He worked at the Paramount Garage and Filling Station, and he never went anywhere without a pair of pliers in his hip pocket—just as another man will carry a microscope or a camera or a flask against a time of need.

Rosy saw him slipping the pliers into his blue-serge pocket this exciting Friday morning. "Oh, Dan! You won't need to take them to New York! Did you think the train would break down and you might have to fix it?"

He grinned sheepishly and put the pliers back into the overalls hanging behind the kitchen door. With the black wire hairbrush he attacked his thick blond hair, which stood up in two stubborn wings on each side of a central parting. His face was ruddy, honest, large, freshly scrubbed and shaven above the semisoft collar which held his chin uncomfortably thrust upward.

"All ready, Rosy? The train leaves at 5:10; don't you forget it."

"Oh, but I've got to tell Lorna some more things about the kids." Rosy, usually so calm and plumply stolid, was curiously trembling, and her round, freckled cheeks were very nearly pale from excitement. She swallowed her hot coffee hastily, bit a large mouthful from a cruller, and cried, "Lorna! Lorna!"

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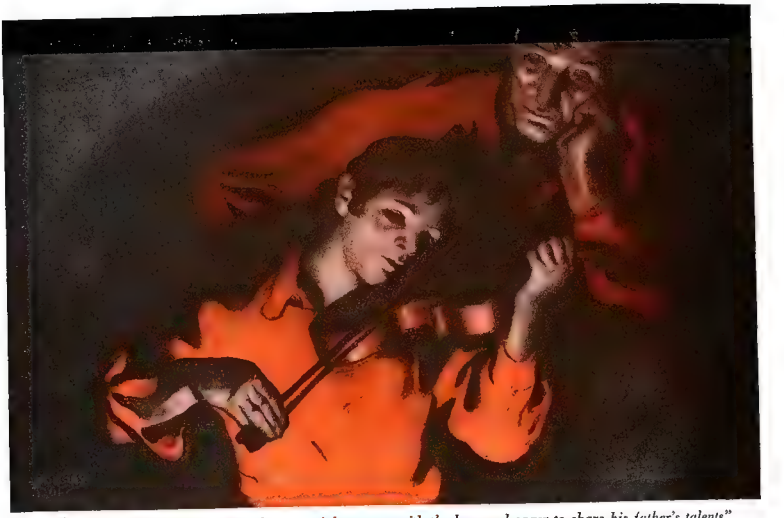

"Watt was only ten, but already he was mighty smart with the bow and eager to share his father's talents"

FIDDLERS OF MOON MOUNTAIN

Ghostly music, composed by nature, runs through this strange tale of the hills

By EMMETT GOWEN

Illustrations by DOUGLAS DUER

IT WAS nigh onto bedtime in the Shannon cabin. Beulah was busy turning back the quilts on the two beds. Fate was teaching young Watt to play the fiddle.

Watt was only ten, but already he was mighty smart with the bow. He could play hymns and a few of the hoedown tunes that had made his father famous among the mountaineers. But Watt knew that his father could teach him more important music than mere tune scraping, and he was eager to share those deeper talents.

"Pappy, learn me to play that piece you play for ma," he said.

For a thoughtful moment Fate gave no reply. He took the fiddle and laid it across his knees. In the fireplace a pine knot was blazing with leaping brilliance and the light gleamed on the worn and scarred sides of the instrument. The light gleamed also in the rich and shining blackness of Fate's hair, in his deep-set brown eyes, on even, white teeth when a smile pulled at the corners of his mouth until his lips came apart.

"Son, I allow you're getting too big for your britches," Fate finally replied. Then to his wife he said, "Beulah, you hear what your young one wants?"

Mrs. Shannon looked up from her task of preparing the beds. Her face showed rosy red and lovely in the firelight; her body was dark with the shadows that stretched across the floor and climbed up to where her hair hung in a braid across her shoulder. Her eyes met her husband's over Watt's head.

The glance was full of a sort of love of which young Watt was plumb ignorant: it told, somehow, that their son's request had trespassed on that love. Mrs. Shannon blushed a little, smiled a little, and then went expressionless on account of Watt's looking at her in wonderment over what it was between his ma and his pappy that he did not know about.

"Son," she said, "ain't it about time you went to bed?"

Watt's cherub cheeks swelled with manly resentment. "Not yet, Ma!" he said in tones that carried both an offended protest and a plea. "Pappy's learning me to play the fiddle. I want to get the hang of that piece he fiddles for you."

"You can't do it," Fate told him. "That piece I play for your ma ain't got airy a tune, 'n' I can't teach you to play any way but the way the tunes go. It ain't got a tune and it's something a'body feels that makes music like that. Second place, it ain't fitten for a young one to fiddle. You're too little a tad to have them kind of feelings."

Young Watt was impressed mightily. He fidgeted in the hickory-bottom chair and began swinging his legs. When he spoke there were awe and reverence in his voice.

"When I'm growed up, will you teach me, Pappy?"

"I allow you'll learn yourself afore you have more'n half a dozen whiskers on your chin," Fate said with a deep-throated laugh.

"I shore want to," Watt declared. "It must be powerful good music, causen it always makes ma happy. 'N' sometimes," he added, "it makes her cry, but it ain't the kind of crying a'body does when they get a hiding."

"Shet yore mouth!" his mother said suddenly. She bit her lips to kill the smile that tried to creep out on them.

Obediently, Watt changed the subject. "Pappy, I can play 'The Ripples,'" he said. "Want me to show ye?"

He took the fiddle from his father's lap. Fate watched him, amused but doubtful, as he began jerking his fingers on the strings while he pulled the bow across them. There was in the sound something that was liquid and clear, like a mountain stream rippling over rocks. For a while Fate listened critically, then he exclaimed:

"Well, I declare, Beulah, yore young one knows how to play 'The Ripples'!"

Mrs. Shannon nodded. She had heard him practicing for this moment for many an hour. She had been thankful that the fiddle kept him out of mischief, while she heard him struggle time on end to master the subtle succession of sounds that suggested running water.

FATE was immensely pleased with his young one. He took him on his knee and showed him more about the ripples, how you fingered to get the quick-running sound, the way the bow should be rubbed to imitate the swishing of swift water. So pleased was Fate that the teaching went on, while the old clock on the mantel tick-tocked until its bent hands pointed to an hour far past Watt's bedtime.

Watt was happy. He wanted to be able to play not

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only the simple tunes that many a man could play, but also the special music that he heard from nobody but his father. His father's music was mysterious and marvelous, proof to him of greatness.

True it was that Fate Shannon fiddled as no other man of the mountain country had ever been known to fiddle. He knew nothing of music written by great composers, yet when he wept and laughed and worshiped with the bow on the strings, he created moods as powerfully as famous violinists in vast auditoriums.

Once he had caught his own survigrous emotion in the tones, he was able to modify and elaborate until he had created, in his own mind, a composition that would strike deep into the heart of any sensitive-eared listener. He had been heard to play things that were as wild and free and pagan as anything Pan might have contrived on his reeds at morngloco.

But Fate scarcely recognized his talent as such. Fact is, he was shy about it and ashamed to play for others anything but the usual scraping tunes.

ON ACCOUNT of the strangeness of the music, and Fate's secretiveness about it, the mountaineers roundabout developed a suspicion of him. Late passers on the path that ran along the side of Moon Mountain past Fate's house had heard strange things Possum-hunters had listened with superstitious awe to Fate's musical effects, so powerful was he with the bow and the unknown language he spoke with it.

Some folks had overheard a pert little melody, played for Watt when he was a baby. The fiddle was full of play and laughter, and it fair reminded a hearer of little tads. Womenfolk said that to hear would come nigh to making them want to have a baby. Other times the sounds would come low-toned and wearily sad, as if Fate were praying to the Lord A'mighty.

It was as if he fiddled a prayer for his sins, and maybe for the sins of the rest of the world, too, the music was that sorrowful. Preacher Giles used to say that a man that could fiddle like that must be favored by the Lord, but others thought differently.

The composition about which young Watt was curious had been created for Fate's wife's ears alone. Fate would fiddle to tell Beulah that he loved her mighty well. The tones would start low, crooning and gentle, soft as moonlight on a woman's hair; then, gradually, they would become hot and full of passion until they culminated in a strange and wild crescendo.

While Fate played, Beulah would get excited and her face would reflect the sweet pain inside her. Fate would finish and put the fiddle down, and Beulah would get in his arms, while she would cling tightly to him as though she had no strength and needed his. Folks say he won her, years back, by his fiddle magic.

Tip Leak was courting her and getting ready to marry her. Her pappy, old Ira Pope, was encouraging her with Tip and chasing Fate away. Ira wanted her to marry well, and Tip was in a fair way to being a rich man, for he owned the sawmill and the cotton gin at Briar Ridge.

In those days Fate was just a down-gone losel, like his father and his grandfather before him, and folks said he only worked enough to get money for chewing plug and a bottle of white-corn whisky for Saturday nights. He fiddled at all the dances and never was seen to go nigh the church at Four Corners.

On the other hand, Tip quit going to dances and joined the church when he started courting Beulah. That got him mighty well favored in old Ira Pope's eyes, because the old man, now that his legs were no longer nimble and his weakly stomach never gave him a call to take a pull at a bottle, thought dancing was a terrible sin in the eyes of the Lord.

But Fate was nearer to Beulah's own age, and nights when she set her shoes carefully on the floor and sang a little song before going to bed:

Wishing my true love to see,
I put my shoes in the shape of a T——

she was thinking of Fate instead of Tip, although there was none to know what was going on in her mind.

Fate would meet her down by the creek and play "The Ripples" for her. When he worked out the love tune, she fair began to hate Tip. Finally, when it came time for her to marry her father's choice, she told Fate about it.

Fate got her to run away with him. They were walking over the mountain to Briar Gap to get married, when Tip got wind of what was happening.

Well, Tip was all cut up about it. He got on a horse and galloped over to old Ira's cabin and told him that Fate was running off with Beulah. Old Ira did not say anything at first. He went back in the cabin, and when he came out he was carrying his double-barreled shotgun, which was loaded with buckshot. He handed the gun up to Tip, who was sitting on his horse, with his long legs dangling down almost to the horse's work-bent knees.

"Take this and go git 'em," Ira said. "Just take care that none of them buckshots hits my gal. Better not shoot him till you git close on him."

Then Tip went galloping along the mountain path after Fate and Beulah. When he caught up with them he rode up with the shotgun's hammers pulled back.

Beulah was frightened, and she stood close to Fate, holding onto the sleeve of his old blue shirt. Tip rode up close, knowing that Fate was unarmed, and said:

"Git away from Beulah, Fate! I'm agoing to kill you!"

Fate looked at Tip, and his lips twisted into a queer smile, and contempt was in his eyes.

He made out to step away from Beulah and he made one flashing leap at Tip on the horse. He grabbed him, and the shotgun went off in the air. The horse jumped out from under Tip, but Fate held him still off the ground while he took the gun away from him like you take a dangerous toy away from a child.

Tip was six feet two and, if he was skinny, he was strong, but Fate handled him like a sack of flour. Fate was mighty much a man. His legs were slim, likewise his hips, but his chest broadened out from his waist like a fan and his arms had muscles like a blacksmith's. Fate lifted Tip above his head like a bundle of tops and walked toward the creek, while Tip's arms and legs waved wildly in the air.

He hurled Tip in the creek. Tip hit the water with a big splash and went under. When he came up, sputtering, Fate was breaking the shotgun and taking the shells out. He threw them at Tip, who was wading as fast as he could toward the opposite bank.

Fate laughed, a dangerous, wicked laugh, and caught Beulah by the arm. They walked on toward Briar Ridge without once turning around to look back.

And that was how Tip and Fate came to be bitter enemies. Tip swore to get even with Fate, and at first he said he was going to kill him. For a long time he carried his rifle everywhere he went. Folks were real interested in what was going to happen when he met Fate. Some said it was a powerful lot of bluff, because on the days that Fate was up on Moon Mountain, Tip would be at Briar Ridge bragging about what he was going to do, and on the days that Fate would be in Briar Ridge, Tip would not be there.

"Fate made one flashing leap at Tip on the horse. He grabbed him, and the shotgun went off in the air"

THEY had to meet, though. It happened one day when Fate was sitting on the porch of the post office and Tip came driving up in his Ford. Tip got out of the automobile before he saw Fate. Gin he spied him, sitting there whittling on a stick, he reached back in the seat and got his rifle.

Fate threw away the stick he was whittling, wiped his knife blade on the side of his brogan shoe, and closed it. He stood up, with his legs wide apart and his chest arched out.

"Tip!" he said in a voice that rang out like a fox horn, just as Tip was turning toward him with the rifle. "Tip," he said, "put that there gun back in yore automobile while I tell you something."

Tip held the rifle in one hand and stood stock-still.

"Like h—— I'll put it back," he said. "I'm bound to kill you, Fate, for the way you done me that time you ran off with——"

"Shet up!" Fate roared, lowering his head like a bull getting ready to charge. "Don't you dare benasty her name by bringing it into this."

Tip had his rifle cocked, and his right arm holding it jerked slightly, as though he were going to shoot Fate any minute.

"I don't aim to speak your wife's name," Tip said nervously. "But what was that you wanted to tell me afore I shoot you?"

Everybody looked at Fate, to see what he had to say. They had all walked to one side, to be out of the way of the bullet. There were Bill Overhall and Tom Briley and Tom Briley's oldest boy and Jed Perkins, who ran the post office, and four fellows from up Flatrock way. They all stood aside and waited in a fidget to see what was

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going to happen. Fate didn't say anything for a minute. A chicken looking for pickings in the dust of the road walked between the two men, but they did not see the fowl on account of staring hard into each other's eyes. They were standing about twenty feet apart.

"Things ain't like they used to be, Tip," Fate said. "If you kill a man these days they arrest you. Course, if I had a gun whichever one of us killed tother could get acquitted on account of it being self-defense. That's why I ain't totin' no gun, Tip. Efen I was totin' one I couldn't kill you.

"The Good Book says 'Thou shalt not kill,' and I've sinned enough in the eyes of the Lord without having to account for killing you. And I don't aim for you to kill me, Tip, without you go to the pen for it. Efen you shoot me dead, I reckon these other folks here will tell as how you didn't do it in self-defense."

Well, Tip did not have a thing to say to that. He just stood there, with his rifle loose in his hand, while the pullet scratched in the road at his feet and kicked up dirt on his pants leg.

It was time for one or the other of them to make a move, and both of them stood stock-still, looking into each other's eyes. They stood staring, a minute, five minutes, ten minutes, neither one of them moving a muscle, while the chicken kept scratching in the dirt and the onlookers shifted about silently, taking care not to get in range of the rifle.

It looked as if they would stand there until judgment day, but finally Sheriff Hunter rode up on his bay mare and saw what was going on. It took a mighty lot of nerve to do what he did, but he rode the mare in between them and told them both to get home. Fate picked up his sack of flour and started out for Moon Mountain. Tip got back in his Ford and lit out up the road.

After that folks criticized Fate mightily. They said he must have been scared of Tip, or he would have carried a gun when it reached his ears that Tip was out to get him. It is an unwritten law in the mountains that when two men have a feud on, they both go prepared to fight, and then the one that does the killing can get acquitted on a self-defense plea. If Fate had not been scared, they said, he would have been ready for Tip, and he would not have saved his skin by getting on the side of the law.

And so, as time passed, Fate got to be more and more unpopular. Folks still got him to fiddle at the dances, but they paid him no mind.

Tip never carried his gun any more, but he always talked powerfully against Fate. Maybe that was why Fate got to be disliked, because Tip was always railing against him, although he never said anything against Tip.

Well, the years passed, and Tip kept saying he would get even some day, and he kept telling folks that Fate was a worthless losel, and he was always saying that Fate held truck with the devil on account of the strange music he played. It got so folks shunned Fate, but he paid them no mind.

EVERY year the feeling against him grew and grew, and, on account of it, he found it harder and harder to earn money by hiring out. He could not grow much in the way of crops on the side of Moon Mountain, and it got so he was always having hard times.

All sorts of stories went around about him, but they were doubtless false. Once they even said he stole chickens, but it turned out to be a lie when Sheriff Hunter caught the real thief. There was only one story that had any grain of truth in it, and that was, the one that made people really begin to believe that Fate had truck with the devil.

Somebody spied him playing music to the creek. Whoever it was said he came across him in a wild-like place, where there were yellow poplars that grew mightily high before branches ever started out on them. Fate was sitting on a flat rock beside the stream, which tumbled down the mountain in alternate currents and quiet pools.

Folks said Fate was handling the bow right smoothly like and making music to beat over yonder. He was just naturally wiping it out of the fiddle box, and the sounds were just like those made by the creek. You could scarcely tell the difference between the fiddle music and the sound of the water as it rushed and rippled over the slippery green rocks.

And then folks began to say that Fate loved the creek like a man loves a woman. It was a freakish yarn, but none there was to say it was not so. Folks said a man must be a pure moldwarp to sit fiddling and spooning with a stream when he ought to be earning bread for his wife and young one.

So it happened that Fate, more than likely because he was an artist, got to be considered a bad one, maybe crazy. It even got so that there was talk of running him out of the country. There are some that say Tip was behind all that talk, but there was no way of telling, because Tip was a shrewd one. Old man Ira Pope had something to do with it, because he hated Fate like poison. He never spoke to Beulah after she ran off with Fate, no matter if she was his onliest child.

It was a long time before anything ever came of the talk of running Fate off, maybe on account of the fact that he was mighty much a man. True, nobody ever recalled his having had a rippet besides the one he had with Tip, but folks suspected that his gentle ways served him to hide his deviltry. That is the way it had been with his old grandfather, Hance Shannon. Old Hance used to be a bad one, and many were the tales that were told after him. Once, according to one of these tales, he got into a fight in a Nashville barroom and cracked two men's heads together so hard that he killed them both.

That was late one night, but next morning he was back up on Moon Mountain setting out tomato slips at sunup (and there were no airplanes in those days!). Another time he stood on a flat rock and let men pile sacks of shot on his shoulders until his feet sank ankle-deep in the rock. Of course, the truth wasn't in such tales, but it goes to show how the lies could grow about Fate until they became a danger to him.

WELL, on account of not having been able to hire out, Fate had a mighty hard time of it the winter little Watt was ten. You could tell that things were plumb serious just by the sight of his cabin. The place was downright ramshackle, the most poorly dwelling around Moon Mountain way. Some of the windowpanes were gone and the vacant places were stuffed up with old tow sacks.

Fact is, folks say that Fate was hard pushed to provide Beulah and the young one with victuals. The salt bin in the smokehouse did not have a side of bacon in it to its name. Of course, when there was nothing else to eat in the house, Fate could always go out with his shotgun and kill a mess of game. A nice fat rabbit ain't a thing to be scorned, if a body has some corn pone to go with it, though the Lord knows where Fate got meal, he was that poor-folksy.

Young Watt was not in school that winter. That was on account of his not having any shoes to wear. He stayed in the house with his ma most of the time, while he practiced on the fiddle, but sometimes he tied tow sacks on his feet to protect them from the frozen ground, and went out to play. Tip Leak did some more talking about that. Tip said a man must be mighty much a scalawag if he would not work enough to be able to provide one kid with shoes to wear to school.

Tip said the innocent child had to suffer because Fate spent his time fiddling in the service of the devil and making love to the creek, like he might have been a devil himself. Tip said Fate ought to be run off. Tip said that there were a lot of worthless scalawags like Fate out in the lowlands, but that he was a pure disgrace to upright, God-fearing mountaineers.

The time Tip was saying all these things he was in Jed Perkins's store of a Saturday night. There were about ten other men in the store, all sitting around the pot-bellied stove, squirting tobacco juice on its red-hot sides. Tip was sitting on a flour barrel at the end of the counter. He had a bottle of corn on the floor down behind the barrel, and every now and then he would take a nip and pass the bottle around. Somebody minded how Tip used not to drink when he was courting Beulah Pope, and that way the conversation got steered around to Fate.

Well, Tip said a lot of harsh things against Fate, and every time the bottle went around he said something about how they all ought to get together and run Fate off. He said they ought to give him a hiding first. He said they could all dress up like Ku-Kluxers, and if they did not tell off on each other, Sheriff Hunter need never know who did it.

Bill Overhall spoke up and said:

"I allow you're right, Tip. I mind the time I seed him setting on a rock a-fiddling at the creek. He allows the creek and such things are his friends, and he's plumb stuck-up, like as if he thought he was too good for us."

Bill Overhall screwed up his lean face and squirted a brown stream on the glowing red side of the stove. The tobacco juice sizzled and vanished. Bill's little eyes were red with the liquor, and some of his tobacco juice ran down his chin and dripped into his overall bib, careless like.

"You're mighty right he thinks he's too good for us," Tip said, starting the bottle around again. Tip's eyes were not red, but they were jumpy, and their pale-blue color looked kind of glassy. His long, lean body, hunched up on the flour barrel, with his skinny, booted legs hanging down, was tense and fidgety, like a man just itching for trouble. "He's a d—— stuck-up scalawag," Tip said, "and if he was here I'd be liable to say so to his face!"

Well, the talk went on and the bottle kept going around. That was how it happened that while Fate was teaching young Watt to play "The Ripples", a band of men were walking up the Moon Mountain path in the moonlight. Their feet scrunched on the frozen ground and they were talking in low, excited voices. They had flour sacks with holes cut in them to see through when they put them over their heads as hoods. They stopped to take a drink out of a bottle that was passed around.

"He's a d—— stuck-up scalawag," said the tallest and the skinniest one of them. The moon hid its face behind a cloud that put on silver draperies when the moon slid behind it.

WHILE the old clock on the mantel tickticked on past young Watt's bedtime, Fate showed the boy how to play "The Ripples." Beulah sat rocking in a chair, and now and then tending the kettle on the fire. She was parboiling a rabbit, so it would be nice and tender to fry for breakfast. Every time Beulah looked at the man who was her husband and the man child who was her son her eyes seemed full of misty happiness. You could fair tell that she was proud to be poor with big, gentle Fate and little, eager Watt.

"Pappy, where did you learn to play 'The Ripples'?" Watt asked.

"Down to the creek," Fate told him. "I set and listened to the water and practiced on the fiddle till I learned."

"Pappy, the creek must be the Lord's fiddle." Watt said with the earnestness of a young one who has thought out something for himself.

"You're mighty right; it's the Lord's fiddle," Fate said. The smile left his face, and his brown eyes grew wistful like. "I allow everything is the Lord's fiddle. The pine trees, for a sample, they make music for the Lord when He causes the wind to blow through them. And the birds make purty music, but they ain't got sense, so I reckon when they sing that's the Lord

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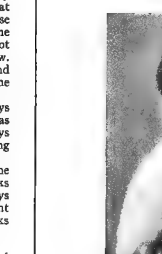

Photo by Bachrach

LOIS SEYSTER MONTROSS

WINNER OF THE THIRD PRIZE IN PICTORIAL REVIEW'S CONTEST

Mrs. Montross, who was awarded the $1,000 prize for her short story, "A Day in New York," on page 9, is the wife of Lynn Montross, also a writer. She was born in Kempton, Ill., and was graduated from the University of Illinois in 1919.

In 1920 she was working in newspaper and magazine offices in Chicago, and there met her husband. The Montrosses are now living and working in Woodstock, Vt.

In collaboration with her husband, Mrs. Montross has written three books. She has also published a volume of verse and another of short stories.

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Drawing by MAGINEL WRIGHT BARNEY

RICH CHILD–POOR CHILD!

Deeply to be pitied are the little ones who never have any fun

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

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THERE are no children in the world so unfortunate as the children of the very rich.

The children of the moderately rich, or the merely well to do, or the reasonably prosperous may or may not be unfortunate. The children of the very rich are doomed.

They are doomed before birth to the saddest childhood any human beings can have. Not the bewildered infants of criminals, dispatched with their felon fathers and mothers to the colonies of Barbados and Saint Lucia in the barbaric days of a hundred years ago, had anything so terrible to face as the children of to-day's millionaires and multimillionaires.

This isn't funny; it isn't Pollyanna-ism. It isn't going to turn into an optimistic attempt to make all poverty romantic and lovely, and all wealth a sham.

It is, rather, as near as I can come to stating what I believe to be a simple and universal truth: that the children of very rich folks are human beings deeply, deeply to be pitied.

If I had to leave a baby to—well, say one of the ten richest families in America to bring up, or deposit that baby in the dark, odorous hallway of a tenement on Rivington Street, knowing that some woman inmate of that tenement would take the baby and rear it with her own, I could not hesitate for one instant. It would have to be Rivington Street, in that crowded, slummy, congested downtown quarter that is ballooned with bedding, lined with pushcarts, threaded with swarming crowds day and night, raucous with the noise of hurdy-gurdies and fights and radios.

More, even though the alternative to enormous wealth were an orphanage, I think I would have to choose it for any child I loved.

Nothing in life is sadder than a contemplation of the children of the rich. They never have any fun.

Frightful words! Frightful commentary upon the sterile limitations of great wealth! They never have any fun.

The old story about Midas is true—just as lots of the old fairy stories are. The greatest Teacher of them all talks about "the deceitfulness of riches," but we go right on thinking that there is a magic cure in money for all the ills of life.

Fathers and mothers are worrying now, all about us, because they are afraid they won't be able to do the right thing for the children—they can't afford private schools, horses, riding costumes, motor cars, travel, special teachers, colleges, privileges for the children. Other men and women have given up those two glorious titles, have given up parenthood, rather than face that worry.

"It costs too much to have children nowadays," they say wistfully. They live half lives, defeating their mother and father hearts, starving for nurseries, responsibilities, increased opportunities for love and service. Every day of my life, in my mail, comes a letter from some woman, perhaps forty now, with twenty years of mother hunger behind her. "We couldn't do everything for them, and so we didn't have them," the letter says.

And years too late—years too late!—one wants to answer every one of the letters, in the same words.

"You," the answer would say, "why, you could have given them everything! You could have given them a childhood of fine American schools, fine American outdoor life, sports and scouting, fine books, marvelous opportunities to help you, to learn with you and from you.

"You could have given them, finally, an intimate companionship with two persons who love them more than life itself—yourself and their father.

"And what more can a king's child have?"

As a matter of fact, king's children have considerably less than that, and as they grow up they develop into queer beings—lopsided, selfish, narrow, peculiar. A palace is no place for a child. *Penrod* had a much happier, saner, healthier childhood than *Faunleroy*.

Nobody's fault, particularly. Plenty of money to spend, plenty of willingness to spend it, the young millionaire mother and father very proud of their baby, deeply devoted to it.

But the fact remains. The strangling, sterilizing tide of wealth rises about the poor little fellow, even in his nursery, and long before he begins to appreciate how wonderful it is to have a zoo all of his own, and a Gran who gives him a million dollars on every birthday, joy and babyhood and fun are all drilled out of him, and not all his father's money and his mother's efforts can give him back what he has lost.

THE position of very rich parents toward their baby, or their two babies, is a painful and difficult one. Their lives forbid them normal happiness, and normal nursery relationships where the children are concerned.

This is so obvious that it seems odd that luckier, poorer mothers do not see it. It is not that the enormously rich young mother does not want to give Peter and Pam a happy childhood; she cannot. The poor woman cannot afford ponies for her children; she knows it. The rich woman cannot afford happiness for hers; she knows that, too.

Their father, to begin with, does not have to work every day, and consequently his mind is continually occupied with a choice of amusements. He wants Betty to go with him to Palm Beach, to Coronado, to Japan. The babies are only three and six, and will do beautifully with Miss Walsh and Minnie. Several servants will remain in the house to cook for the babies, and Miss Walsh and Minnie, and Fox, the chauffeur, and Robert, the gardener, will always be on hand to help in any emergency. Doctor Moore will see the children every week, and of course Gran will drive down from Westchester now and then to oversee everything.

You mother of a small girl, reading this, can you imagine a purgatory sadder and duller for an eager six-year-old than to have her mummy, after agitated weeks of getting frocks and having friends in for good-by teas, sail away on a big ship, and to find her little self marooned in a big, dull, quiet house with Minnie, and a trained nurse, and little Peter, and the servants?

That continually happens to the children of the rich. With nurse, trained nurse, grandmother, servants, doctor all surrounding them, with every step they take agitatedly discussed by these anxious guardians, could anything be more obviously true than the statement that they never have any fun?

BOOKS are read to them, costly toys are wheeled out before their eyes, Minnie pretends to make the bear growl, Miss Walsh, feeling their hands for possible chills, tells them about the little children in the settlement. Now and then little Alice and little Eddie may come over and play.

Play! They do not know what play is. They do not know what a real laugh is, a real adventure with banisters, pillows, and the rope that came around the laundry basket.

The nurse, the trained nurse, the governess, the tutor are not trying to please them; they are trying to please mummy and daddy, and mummy and daddy know nothing about Peter and Pam. Mummy and daddy only want them to be well, and dressed well, and quiet, and well mannered.

My heart aches for them when I see them in their little fur caps and coats in the parks. And, on the other hand, I never pass a swarming corner lot on a Saturday afternoon and see a flight of wild boys and girls go shrieking across it with improvised arrows, bumping vehicles variously wheeled, careening dogs, without a sharp sensation of envy.

Childhood, primarily, ought to be happy. Health, manners, sanitation, French, and dancing are all good things, but, primarily, a child should be happy. His soul needs it. He needs to be ridiculous, excited, daring, noisy, giddy, between the ages of two and twelve. He needs empty milk bottles, hammers, dirt, ropes, wheels, fences, nails; he needs a dog or two—preferably mongrel. He needs a back yard, a shed, a few friendly, neighboring boys. He needs snow, mud, coasters, sleds, skates.

Sometimes orphaned children, especially under the new distributory system, get these things. But children in great mansions never get them.

The little rich girl never runs up kitchen steps and

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"'When the men aren't around be yourself. That's always my motto,' said Kitty. So the lazy days kept on"

NEW SILHOUETTE

In cutting out a rival, Diana cuts a figure for herself

By GERALD MYGATT

THEY called her the Baby Doll, and the title, as these young women of Aldervale used it, wasn't complimentary. Yet the fact that they spoke of Kitty Tennever by any such name at all was a compliment in itself, and if the others didn't realize this Diana Blayden did.

Diana smiled a ghost of a smile. Realizing things was becoming her regular business, she reflected. She made an outward show of tidying up the cards upon the table in front of her, but her ears were acutely attuned to the dull slamming of an automobile door outside, followed quickly by the brief whir of a starter and then the catch of a motor, the clash and drone of gears.

The Baby Doll was on her way. She was on her way, Diana knew, to another of those interminable conferences with a man who fondly thought he was interested in Kitty Tennever merely because he was designing a house for her. This man's first name was William, and his disposition was such that his friends called him Bill. Even Diana called him Bill. Bill Blayden was Diana's [illegible] break they've had in years—and I'll say for the

Now that Baby Doll was gone the room seemed to relax.

"What I don't understand," remarked Dot Kennison practically, "is how she can possibly drive a car with all those skirts in the way. Those yards of velvet, and that flounced taffeta petticoat underneath! Wherever does she put them in that *coupé* of hers?"

"She ups them, naturally," said Mrs. Joe Fancher, who was stout and without guile.

"Well, I won't wear them," stated Dot Kennison. "I don't care what the styles are going to be."

"Oh, won't you, though!" Esther Benlar flung out. "Six months ago, or whenever it was, you were ready to die for the dear old short skirt. And now look at you."

The room snickered, while Dot mumbled something about a decent, sensible length.

Esther smiled languidly, as was her wont when her tongue was brewing acid. She said, "How women like our sweet Tennever do love the new silhouette! Do'tha!

Baby Doll that she's making the most of it while it lasts. If she'd arrived here a year ago she'd have been just another dumpy girl with big legs and clumsy, fat knees. I'll bet every time she looks at a fashion drawing she hugs herself." Esther paused, still smiling. "I'd like to have a ringside seat, though, when she unbolts herself at night. It must be like releasing a captive balloon."

They all laughed, of course. Even Diana laughed. The picture appealed to her. Somehow it bolstered her self-respect, and self-respect was something she needed just then rather badly. She looked down at her fingers, her wrists, her arms. They were slim and strong and firm. She was slim and strong and firm, she knew, all over. That was one satisfaction, anyway, not to have to be ashamed of yourself with your clothes off.

The laughter died, and with it Diana's self-confidence. It was all very well for her to flatter herself, but the fact remained that Kitty Tennever, who had been in town less than a month, was already claiming an undue share of Bill's time and interest. Of course it just couldn't run into a real affair. Bill was too wholesome and too decent for that. Nevertheless fire was fire, and not a thing to be played with.

Pretty young widows without children didn't go around building houses in strange towns. But if they happened to be an attractive young architect with whom one could sit discussing plans—that was something else. It was to be, Bill said, a tiny little cottage which she could use as a *pied-à-terre*. And she wanted it intimate and sympathetic with her personality. Her personality! That was what she would be confiding to him now, of course.

DIANA walked home. She could think best when she walked.

It was seven o'clock before Bill came in. Dinner at the Blaydens' was at seven-fifteen. He found Diana seated in the living room and kissed her as he always did. "Sorry to be late," he said.

"Oh, are you late? I hadn't noticed the time." It pleased Diana immeasurably that she could lie so well. In spite of herself she had been watching the clock for almost forty minutes.

Bill hesitated half awkwardly. "I had to show some new sketches to Mrs. Tennever," he explained.

Diana said very casually, "She's pretty—don't you think so, Bill?"

He grinned. "You know perfectly well, Di, that one of the chief reasons for my tremendous and unparalleled success in the field of architecture is that all my clients are pretty—I mean all my women clients. If they aren't I make them think they are. It's my sex appeal that gets 'em." He stood looking down at her blithely, tall and straight and poised in his well-cut tweeds. His eyes were faintly speculative.

"The only thing I don't like about her," said Diana idly, "is the way she pads."

"Oh, Di, that's catty. She doesn't."

Now Diana laughed. "Bright boy," she remarked.

Bill reddened in spite of himself. "I've danced with her, haven't I?" he defended. "Anyway——"

Diana said, "You don't have to make a blue print for room inside anything she wears for even a thin dime."

He peered at her. "What's the matter with you, Di?"

"With me?" She lifted her eyes to meet his, and for a moment held them so. Then, "That's a question I'm just asking myself."

"Well, something is," he affirmed, glowering. "Something's got into all you women. Even Gabriella. Just because Mrs. Tennever's a little different you all have your hatchets out." He faced her, his head thrust slightly forward. "What do you think I'm going to do—fall in love with her or something?"

Diana said very slowly, "Men have done funnier things."

"You're crazy, Di. Just because I have to consult with her about plans——"

Diana said, "Wasn't that the way that ridiculous mess started with the Latham girl when we were engaged?"

Bill straightened. "Oh, she was a silly kid—that type. This isn't the same thing at all. Mrs. Tennever is entirely different—entirely different. That's what makes me mad at the way you talk. You sit and knock her, and you don't even know her. If you did you'd be crazy about her."

He was a little angry. He was entirely sincere. A vague, gripping chill that was not exactly a chill seized to clutch itself around Diana's heart. It was the cold realization that her instincts had been right. Good old Bill, who loved to fool himself, who liked to think he was a business man because he was at heart an artist, was falling again for the oldest art in the world.

Quite evenly Diana said, "Maybe you're right, Bill. I guess I was just being catty. How will it be if I have her to dinner next week?"

"Why—why, sure—if you feel like it."

"Of course I do."

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With a certain subtlety of intent Diana put her heart into the planning of that dinner. Since Kitty Tennever was one who had to watch her starches and her sweets, therefore starches and sweets, all glorified to the limit of India's talents, should be set before her this night.

"I've got to have some fun out of this," Diana decided.

India, who was chocolate-colored and shaped like a large and plastic fire hydrant, was intensely pleased that her mistress was at last getting some sense about what a dinner ought to be.

When Kitty Tennever came in—she was the last, of course—even Diana had to admit to herself that in a gitly way she was pretty. Her hair, which was chestnut-colored, curled in crisp little ringlets about her forehead. Her wide blue eyes, cunningly penciled, sparkled with a sort of half-innocent, half-sophisticated coquetry.

The whole effect of her was pink and white; even her dinner frock, which was neither pink nor white, seemed somehow to be both. It was, as a matter of fact, of apricot taffeta, exceedingly snug above the waist, exceedingly expansive below. If its waistline was not Kitty Tennever's own, either in position or in laced circumference, Diana was aware that not one of the men there knew this fact or cared. Kitty was a picture. That was enough.

Now Bill and Tod Grannis and Monty Benlar and Hugh MacKannan were crowding in front of her; Bill with a glass and a frosted cocktail shaker, the other three with platters of those luscious *hors d'œuvres* which Diana had planned so carefully.

Kitty Tennever shook her head at the cocktail, but the three platters she regarded with tender eyes. She put out her hand, hesitated, then laughed very gayly and said, "I mustn't show favoritism, must I?" And she took one from each.

Diana, watching when she could, was astounded to see her guest of honor put away three of the olive-and-bacon concoctions, four stalks of stuffed celery, and a square of fried toast liberally spread with peanut butter and mayonnaise.

Diana had thought of serving a lobster cocktail, but had vetoed it because of the other *hors d'œuvres*. After all she couldn't make her dinner a Roman orgy. So she opened up merely with a thick soup, cream of mushrooms, and was aghast when Kitty Tennever finished it, down to the bare plate. But perhaps, thought Diana, that was because Kitty was seated at Bill's right. She seemed enthralled by him. "Probably she doesn't know whether she's eating or not," Diana decided with cynicism.

The next course was roast Virginia ham, studded with cloves, crisp with fat, and bedded in gravy and brown potatoes. To support the ham came creamed cauliflower, and to support the cauliflower came a *soufflé* of sweet potatoes designed, literally, to melt in the mouth; a *soufflé* crusted with baked marshmallows. Hot biscuits followed quickly. This was the course, beloved of India's heart, which Diana had conceived as Kitty's supreme temptation.

Afterwards Diana would be able to say to Bill, very casually, of course, "Wasn't it funny that Kitty Tennever didn't eat anything? But then I suppose women like that have to watch their weight." If Bill seemed incredulous she would remind him of Agnes Marsh, her own cousin, who had put on fourteen pounds in ten days just by letting herself go. Where it showed, too!

BUT Diana was to be deprived of this satisfaction. She watched her guest heap her plate with the cauliflower and the marshmallow-topped *soufflé*. She watched her eat three biscuits, and then, as Bill politely urged her, a second thick slice of ham, which naturally called for more vegetables. If Diana was shocked she did not realize it. Literally she was stunned and therefore incapable of being shocked. For a time she simply watched, and, watching, marveled. The Baby Doll, snug and pink in her feminine wrappings of taffeta, was putting away a meal that would have done credit to a longshoreman.

The ham, sadly depleted, was removed. The plates went with it. In their places now appeared steaming-hot portions of tender green broccoli, effectively and appetizingly garnished with hollandaise sauce. Kitty Tennever ate the broccoli, hollandaise sauce, and all. She ate the charlotte russe that followed it. She ate the Camembert cheese and crackers that followed the charlotte russe. Then, as she drank her coffee, she ate most of an apple, a handful of raisins, and an assortment of nuts.

Diana felt actually sorry for Kitty Tennever. The poor little fool was ruining her life's chances. In a year she would be waddling.

When they all left the table Bill, since he was host, held back till the last. With him, her arm tucked into his, remained Kitty. Engaged in moving her guests into the living room, Diana momentarily forgot them, so that when she turned back to remind Marfa about taking particular care of the crystalware she ran into them entirely unexpectedly.

Bill was standing there looking fatuous and vaguely uneasy. Kitty, her eyes raised to his, was squeezing his arm with hers. "It's so adorable to be here like this with you," she was whispering.

Diana heard it, but of course she pretended she didn't. She said, "Hello, there!" and went on through to the pantry. But once out of their sight her anger mounted.

"I could spank Bill," she vowed. "And as for her——"

It was then, though she was unaware of it, that her plan came to her. It did not come as a plan, but as a savagery. "If I could just have her for one month," thought Diana, "I could make a circus freak out of her." She returned to the dining room, which was now empty, and joined the others in the living room. All evening long she was preternaturally gay.

At eleven-fifteen, when Kitty was saying her good night, Diana surprised three persons, of whom perhaps the most surprised was herself. She invited Kitty to spend July with her at the lake.

"You'll love it," said Diana artfully and to her own astonishment. "It's just informal; nothing but loafing and sleeping and eating. No people or anything. It's an island. Of course Bill generally comes up over the Fourth——"

Kitty Tennever naturally hadn't thought of it. She was thinking of it now, thinking fast. After all, July in Aldervale was a hot month and a dull month. She murmured something.

"The servants go with us," explained Diana. "We call it a camp, but it's really pretty luxurious—isn't it, Bill?"

Bill, bewildered, said it was.

"Well, that's settled then," Diana said cheerfully. And then she added, "I have to keep hold of Bill's clients for him. That's part of our system. We don't let them get away."

"You're very sweet," was Kitty Tennever's comment.

Later, "What's the big idea?" Bill demanded.

"No idea. Why?"

"You know perfectly well I can't be at the lake any time this July, not even over the Fourth. I have to be in Detroit on that Millan factory job."

Diana smiled a smile. "I knew that," she said.

"Well, then, what's the idea?"

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"'It's so adorable to be here like this with you,' she was whispering"

Illustrations by
JOHN FULTON

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"If only he would come back. If only he would walk through that door"

THE ACCIDENT

At night, in a driving rain, something happened that affected the destinies of two women

BY

ELAINE STERNE CARRINGTON

"His brothers were coming out, plunging their arms into their ulsters"

THE accident happened at ten o'clock on a night when the thick, black mud of the Back Mountain Road was glazed with a thin sheet of ice. It was raining, a chill, driving rain which would turn to sleet before morning. The rising wind caught at the loose shutters of the Kincaid house—and most of them were loose—flung them back against the clapboards, veered and smashed them against the window frames.

Upstairs, in the ramshackle place, a child whimpered. Downstairs the three Kincaid men, Al, Harry, and Steve, sat in their stocking feet around the stove. Their wives and two of the older children, Al's boy and girl, were there, too. One of the women was sewing by the light of a kerosene lamp suspended from the ceiling. There was no electricity and no telephone on the Back Mountain Road.

One of the other women was turning the pages of a mail-order catalogue, and the third and youngest, Steve's wife, was seated at the table, cleared of supper dishes, bending over the scattered parts of a jig-saw puzzle which she and Al's boy were trying to piece together. The girl, Minnie, was hooped over her schoolbooks.

Al glanced at the clock. It was ten minutes of ten. He had been uneasy all evening about a window of the henhouse which he thought he had left unlatched, and he decided to go up and see about it. He rose, stretched, moved reluctantly away from the warm circle of the stove's heat, and began pulling on his rubber boots. No one looked up or questioned him.

Harry, his chair tilted back, was asleep, and Steve, torn between a desire to nap and to take a hand at the puzzle game, kept glancing at the table, where his wife's fair head and his nephew's dark one were bent over the irregular blocks of cardboard.

Al picked up a lantern, lighted it, got into his great-coat, jammed his hat down over his eyes, and opened the door. A blast of icy air drove him back a step; then, bracing himself, he bent his head against the cold, cutting slant of the rain and sidled cautiously down the steps of the porch.

The stone path leading up to the henhouse was like glass. He slipped, regained his footing, slipped again. His progress was slow and painstaking. He was halfway up the slope when he noticed the headlights of a car coming down the Mountain Road.

He said to himself, "Whoever it is he's a fool to take that road on a night like this." Then he thought, "It must be the doctor," and he wondered who was sick, running over in his mind the five or six families whose farms straggled on up the mountain. Not the Corlisses. He had seen Jake Corliss earlier in the day. Not the Polaks. He would have heard of it. Nor the Danielsons. Pete Danielson, the night watchman at the shoe factory, had whistled to them as he went by on his way to work two hours ago: Not the Dugans, unless it was one of the children. The car, he noticed, was traveling at a swift clip, its headlights seeming fairly to suck in the rain. The driver, he reflected, turning back to his task, was taking the last, sharp piece of hill recklessly.

He had gone but a few paces farther when he heard, above the scream of the wind in the bare tree tops, the sudden, sickening scrape of skidding wheels, the sharp grinding of brakes, and then, as he stood rigid, listening, scarcely daring to breathe, an awful crash, the splinter of broken glass, silence.

He turned and ran toward the house. He met his brothers coming out, plunging their arms into their ulsters. The women crowded in the doorway, peering out into the night with frightened faces.

Al was the first to reach the wreck, and by the light of his lantern, held high, he saw a smart, shining, maroon-colored sedan turned over on its side, its front wheels, lights, hood, and bumper crumpled by its terrific impact with the big maple tree on the other side of the road. He circled the car slowly. There came from within no sound, no movement. It was as if no one, no living person, had ever been at its wheel, had ever guided it swiftly, confidently down the black road.

By the time his brothers reached his side, Al had wrenched open the door, and thrust his lantern inside. He could make out the figure of a man in a gray overcoat, hunched over the steering wheel. The man's hat had fallen off and his white head and shoulders were powdered with broken glass. The blood from a jagged cut on his forehead was slowly reddening his cheek and collar.

Harry reached in and turned back the man's head. As he did so he gave a cry. "Oh! It's Governor Bigelow!"

The others stared and nodded. The ex-Governor of the State was lying before them unconscious, and yet, for a moment, they could not move.

"Looks like he's done for," Al said, and this seemed to galvanize them into action.

They reached in and pulled him up from the seat, and by one of them hoisting and the other two tugging they were able to get him through the door. They carried him, staggering and slipping beneath his weight, across the road to the house. The women had already busied themselves indoors, tearing cloths for bandages, poking up the fire, setting the kettle to boil. Al's boy held open the door, and the women ran to see who it was, but before they could speak Al said, "It's Governor Bigelow."

The glare of the lamplight smote the white, upturned face; a handsome face with finely chiseled lips and a straight, high-bridged nose; a face which might have been carved from ivory.

Harry's wife began to whimper.

And Al's wife breathed, "Ain't it terrible! Oh, poor Mrs. Bigelow! Ain't it terrible!"

THE men laid him on the old, moth-eaten plush sofa between the windows, and Al tore open his shirt and collar, and thrust his hand inside. There was no heart action, and he moved back a step beside the women. No one spoke. It was as if a being from another planet had suddenly, dazzlingly dropped into their midst; an elegant and aristocratic old gentleman. He was, as usual, well, almost dapperly dressed.

A white gardenia was thrust in the lapel of his overcoat. The gay, lavender-bordered handkerchief, which protruded in a tiny point from his breast pocket, exactly matched his lavender scarf. His feet, small and narrow, were incased in shining patent-leather boots surmounted by neat gray spats. It was to the spats that their gaze traveled and clung.

Steve broke the silence with, "I wonder what was he doing up the Mountain Road to-night."

No one ventured a reply.

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Al said, "Well, we got to go and break it to the Mrs. somehow." A thrill of excitement shot through him as he said it. They, the Kincaids, were to be the bearers of the news. The great iron gates of the Governor's house would be flung wide open to them. They would, for the first and only time, mount the steps, enter the front door.

Steve's wife said, "Don't you want us to go along too?"

Al answered impatiently, "No. We'll look after this."

Harry nodded. They wanted all the importance, all the glory for themselves. Furthermore, they wanted to return to their women and dole out, bit by bit, an account of their adventure.

Steve's wife persisted, "Don't you think one of us ought to go along and break it to Mrs. Bigelow? A woman ought to tell a woman, don't you think?"

Her eyes were fixed pleadingly on Steve, and he shifted his heavy boots and said, "Well, maybe; what do you think, Al?"

Al cut all thinking short. "No women," he said brusquely.

"Poor soul," Harry's wife sighed. "She'll take it awful hard. They were bound up in each other. Nobody never saw the two of them apart."

Al's wife wagged her head. "That's because they growed up together. She was teachin' school and he was runnin' the town paper when they was married. She had a little savings put by, and that give him his start. He went up in the world after that."

"Their not havin' kids is what made 'em so close."

"Yes, she could pick up and go with him whenever she liked."

"It's goin' to be hard on her at her time of life."

"Awful hard."

Al said briskly, "Well, I might as well get out the Ford." He squared his shoulders as he said it, and faced the storm again. This time with a firm, quick step.

DRIVING down the deserted Main Street of Lakeville, the three brothers sat silent, each of them occupied with his own thoughts. Steve was at the wheel, with Harry beside him, and Al sat alone in back. The rain had not abated, and in spite of their heavy coats they were drenched through by the time the high iron railing, which marked the beginning of the Bigelow estate, came into sight.

The house was set far back from the road and it was impossible to tell, through the downpour, whether or not any one was astir. It was not until they were almost on top of the building that they could distinguish a light in the lower hall and one in an upper bedroom.

They brought the car to a stop before the broad, white steps, and for a minute or two, cold and wet as they were, they made no move toward getting out. Then Al opened the rear door. "Well, we'd better get it over with."

As he mounted the steps his heart began a quickened beating. Harry and Steve followed, lagging behind a little. Al had to strike a match in order to find the bell, and after ringing it and waiting a minute or two he pressed it again. A woman's voice called from an upper window, "What is it? What do you want?"

Al stepped back. All he could see of her was a black daub against the light.

"Are you Mrs. Bigelow?"

"No. I'm Mrs. Bigelow's sister. Mrs. Bigelow has retired."

He spoke in a loud whisper, "If you'd just come down a minute. The Governor's met with an accident——"

They heard the quick intake of her breath. "Accident!"

"That'll fetch 'em," said Harry, blowing on his fingers.

Lights sprang out, flooding the lower floor. There was the swift patter of running feet, and the door was opened by a white-haired woman, who had flung a woolen wrapper over her nightdress. Her hand was pressed against her heart. "He's not badly hurt, is he? Say he's not badly hurt!"

The men were silent, abashed not so much at her question as by the magnificence into which they found themselves ushered. The floor upon which they stood shone like satin. Its surface was sprinkled with small, richly colored rugs. When they dared raise their eyes they saw paneled walls hung with large oil paintings in heavy gilt frames. The lamps in the corners shed soft, diffused lights. A curving staircase of polished oak swept up into darkness.

They gathered a confused impression of chairs, of tables, of couches, of marbles, and, high on a white mantelpiece, a shining branched candlestick caught and held the light.

"Have you—have you got him out there?"

Al shook his head, "No, Ma'am. He's at our house. We thought it was better——"

Even as he spoke he saw a woman descending the stairs. She was, he knew, Mrs. Bigelow. She came slowly, leaning heavily on the stair rail for support, clutching about her frail figure a shawl of black velvet. Her eyes, dark, bright, feverish, searched his face. The woman who had met them rushed to her and cried, "Oh, Ida, Charlie's been hurt!"

Mrs. Bigelow came straight to Al and stood before him, her eyes on his face. When she spoke it was in a whisper.

"You needn't tell me. I know. He's dead."

She swayed as she spoke, and her hand fumbled at her throat.

"Mrs. Bigelow said, 'Hush, Mercer.' Then, 'Is he—is he—outside?'"

Illustrations by R. L. LAMBDIN

Al bowed his head, and the woman beside her began to sob. "Oh, he can't be dead! He can't be! Why, only at dinner he said he'd be at Allen's all evening. He can't be——"

Mrs. Bigelow said, "Hush, Mercer." Then, "Is he—is he—outside?"

"No, Ma'am. We didn't move him. He's at our house. There was nothing we could do for him, although we carried him in thinkin' he wasn't—wasn't—" He stopped, and added after a minute's silence, "I'm Alfred Kincaid, and these here are my brothers. We live on the Back Mountain Road. It was coming down that road that the Governor's car got to skidding and smashed into a tree. I guess he was gone before he knew what happened."

He stopped and looked at his brothers. They were staring earnestly at their boots.

"The car's there in front of our place, smashed up pretty bad. The road's a tough one to tackle even in good weather. I wonder what was he doing up it on a night like this."

A silence, thick, heavy, smothering, infolded them, broken only by the racking sobs of the woman who had dropped into a chair and covered her face with her hands. Mrs. Bigelow did not weep. She said in a low voice, "Thank you, Mr. Kincaid, for all you and your brothers have done. I know you tried your best to—to—" She faltered a little; then, turning to the woman, said, "These men are cold and wet. Will you see to it that Parker makes some hot coffee for them?"

Al said, "Nothing for us, Ma'am, thanks. We got to be getting back." And they shuffled from the room.

Once out in the storm again, they drew a long breath. The slap of the rain on their cheeks acted like a tonic. They ran down the steps and into the waiting car.

Al said, "If I had it to do over again I don't believe I'd have the heart to tell the old lady."

"She took it plucky, didn't she?"

"Sure. She's that sort. But you could see it was all she could do not to keel over."

"I wouldn't be surprised if she didn't outlast him by long."

"No, it don't seem likely she can carry on with him gone."

"That's right. What's she got to live for without him?"

They shook their heads dismally, and settled down in their coats, and pulled their caps to their eyes. The ride home was in the teeth of the wind.

Nearing the house, they could distinguish the women at the windows awaiting them, hungry for news. They drew up the Ford alongside the wreck and got out and made a great show of examining it anew. All the while they were pleasurably aware of the fever of impatience consuming their women-folk.

When they could find no plausible excuse to linger longer Al and Harry went toward the house, and Steve

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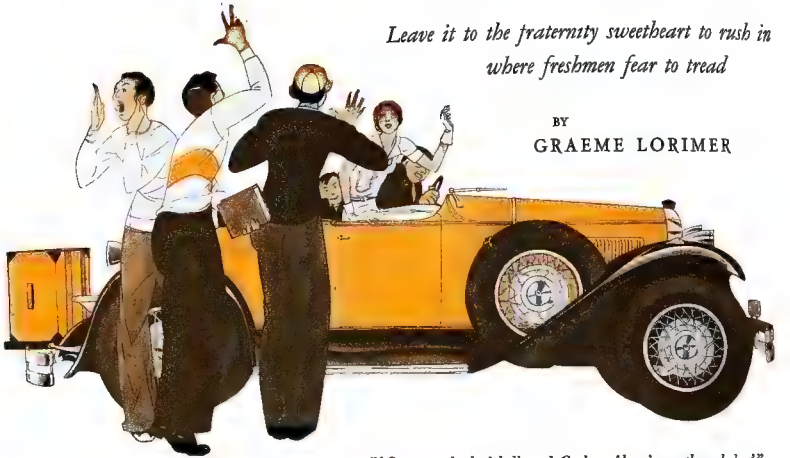
THE BROTHER FROM MU

Leave it to the fraternity sweetheart to rush in where freshmen fear to tread

BY
GRAEME LORIMER



"'Come on, brohs,' bellowed Groben, 'here's another pledge'"

IN FORTY-EIGHT hours another rushing season would be a memory and Elbridge Sawtelle Strawbridge just a freshman pledge, scum, to be kept on the hop running errands and answering door and phone; but to-night he reclined in Beta Xi's biggest and softest morris chair while senior hat men perched uncomfortably on the arms, and juniors and sophomores stood. Duke Fletcher, chairman of Rushing Committee, was talking earnestly.

"I want you to realize the importance of the step you're going to take, Sawtelle." Duke lit a fresh cigarette from the old one and expertly flicked the butt into the fireplace across the room. "You've got a big decision to make, just about the biggest decision you'll ever make in your life. There are two big decisions in a man's life, Sawtelle: when he chooses a fraternity and when he chooses a wife."

"That's right." Several Beta Xi's nodded their heads earnestly.

"Yes," Duke went on, "and choosing a fraternity comes ahead of a wife. If you make a mistake in the girl you can get a new deal, but the fraternity is yours until you die. Now, that's why the question of national standing is so important." Duke seemed unconscious of the apprehensive glances at the door. "You can go into any college town in the country and hold your head up and say you're a Beta Xi.

"Wherever we've got a chapter it's a strong chapter—one of the big three of that college. Strong as we are here we're just a sample of what you'll find in any Beta Xi house in the country. I can say that without fear of contradiction—without fear of successful contradiction." Duke looked inquiringly around the circle.

"That's right, Duke." The voices were filled with conviction—almost too much conviction—but again several pairs of eyes strayed nervously to the door.

"And, furthermore, the men that go out from Beta Xi are the men that do things, the men you will want to know in after life. The greatest osteopath in the country is Beta Xi, the second vice-president in the Elmira Bank and Trust Company right in my home town is Beta Xi—think what that's going to mean to me when I get out—and the Lieutenant-Governor of Nevada and one of the two State Senators of this very State wear the pin of Beta Xi."

Duke noted with satisfaction that Elbridge Sawtelle Strawbridge seemed impressed. He was hooked. Now it was just a question of skilful manipulation to land him. Better play him a bit first.

"What do you think, Sawtelle?" he asked, cunningly seeming to give the fish his freedom, but with his hand on the line all the time.

"I see the importance of national standing all right, and I'm considering you fellows pretty seriously for just that reason."

Duke showed no trace of annoyance at the freshman's patronizing manner. A paddle would take that out of him quick enough after he was pledged. "I'm certainly glad you feel that way, Sawtelle," he said.

"Yes, I'm giving you fellows very serious consideration. I don't mind telling you I liked the rating you got in 'Baird's Manual.'"

Now was the time to reel him in a little closer to shore. Cautiously Duke began: "If you've read 'Baird's Manual' you know the whole story. Of course, I wouldn't sling any mud—our house never slings mud, you understand—but as long as you've read 'Baird's Manual' you know as well as I do what the national standing of the Pi Rho's is. It's a joke, that's what it is, with a chapter in every hick college in the country. They're about as select as a chain of country hotels; they're about as——"

"Tell me," Elbridge Sawtelle Strawbridge interrupted, "haven't you got a Western transfer this term, fellow named Groben, stroke of last year's Mariposa crew?"

It was evident from Duke's expression that the fish had wrapped the line around a snag. "Well—er—that's right," he said, struggling to recover from his confusion. "Fine fellow, great oarsman. Here, have a cigarette." He reached for a large wooden bowl heaped with countless cigarettes.

"No, thanks, big boy," parried the freshman wit. "I'm a banjo player—not a singer."

That laughter followed—uproarious laughter—instead of blows showed how badly the Beta Xi's wanted Elbridge Sawtelle Strawbridge. Even Dana Sowerby laughed, albeit in the subdued fashion becoming a man slightly apart.

STILL chuckling at his own cleverness and happily unaware that another black mark had gone down against his name to be taken out of his hide on initiation night, the freshman pulled out his watch and jumped to his feet. "Here, I can't give you fellows all my time, you know. I'm overdue at the Pi Rho house now."

Two Senior Society men helped him on with his coat, a Phi Beta Kappa held his hat, and at least a dozen not quite such big men on the campus wrung him by the hand.

"Don't forget to-morrow; you've got a meal date with us, and there's a smoker in the evening." Curiously enough, although the prize had escaped without committing himself to Beta Xi, a general relief was evident.

"Well, we got by this time, anyway," said Beanie Edwards, "but every time you pulled that line about national standing, Duke, I nearly passed out. Sweet stuff if the brother from Mu had barged in right then, and he might have. I saw him in Econ 5 this morning and he had he was coming over."

"Don't I know it?" Duke said. "But national standing is one place we've got it over the Pi Rho's like a tent. I had to play it up. It was going across big, too, until Sawtelle knocked me for a row with that question about our brother from Mu. I'll bet the Pi Rho's pan him up to it. It's just the kind of a dirty trick they'd play."

Dana Sowerby smiled quizzically. "Sure it was a dirty trick, but assuming for the sake of argument," there was the usual touch of patient condescension in his tone, "that we were the Pi Rho's, do you think we would have overlooked a bet like that? Hardly."

"Sh-h!" Door Committee gave warning. "Here he comes."

THE doorway was filled with the towering bulk of Brother Groben from Mu, hand outstretched, fingers widespread, ready to give the grip. A sculptor would have liked his lean, craggy face and towering build, shoulders like a buffalo and arms that filled his coat sleeves; but Duke was no sculptor. He noted that Groben wore no hat, and in addition to this crime had his hair clipped so short that the scalp showed through all around for almost an inch above his ears.

"I'm mighty glad to be here, fellows," Groben boomed, wringing the nearest hand, "mighty glad. And I want to apologize for not getting around sooner. They've had me on the jump since I hit this burg, and anyway I didn't think a transfer would be much good around the first during rushing season."

Vigorous nods of assent.

"But now I see my way clear to being some help, I'm here, you bet. We may be the baby chapter out at Mu, but we've got the real loyalty and spirit of Beta Xi," Groben's voice softened from a boom to a rumble. "There's nothing I wouldn't do for the old frat. No sacrifice I wouldn't make. When I think of what it's meant to me—well—" He choked up with sentiment too deep for words.

By the time Groben reached Duke in his grip-giving he was himself again. "Broh Fletcher, you're the man I want to see."

Duke winced, much more from the "broh" than the painfully crushing handshake. All that gush about the fraternity, the sort of thing one simply didn't say, and then calling it the "frat," and now "broh" for "brother." He felt a great sympathy and understanding for the Harvard fraternities that had become local clubs to avoid just such experiences as this.

"Yes," Groben continued, "that sure was a sweet dish you had down by the gym this after." Again Duke winced. He had often applied "sweet dish" metaphorically to a pretty girl himself, but that had been

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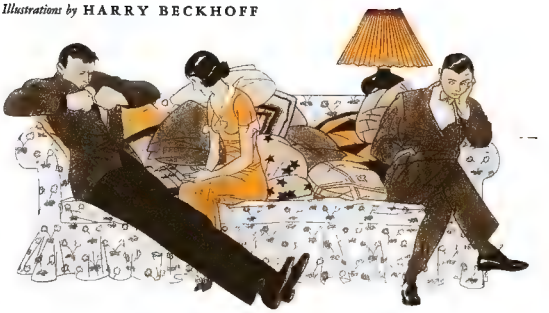
Illustrations by HARRY BECKHOFF



"Groben laid the race at her feet. *'We had the inside course, see'"*

over a year ago, when "sweet dish" was in the full flower of undergraduate favor.

To-day, as far as he was concerned, it was out. Probably just reached Mariposa, he thought, trying not to understand Groben, who had gone on to hint with all the delicacy of an elephant that at Mariposa the bonds of brotherhood compelled generosity in the matter of what he called knockdowns.

Groben quickly bruised a few more hands. "Yes, sir, believe me we fellows out at Mu appreciate what it means to have a national standing after being a local so long. As I was saying, there isn't anything we wouldn't do for the old frat." Burly fist thumped into burly palm. His hearers exchanged harassed glances. There were knots of freshmen about the room whose attention was straying ominously to the commotion at the door. None too soon Duke edged Groben into a little alcove, where he was shut off from view.

GROBEN lowered his voice till it had no more carrying power than a stage whisper. "Say," he hissed, "are you rushing this fellow Strawbridge out for crew?"

"Why, yes," Horatio Whiffle Cathwalader 3d spoke up, "he's just left here." Horatio Whiffle Cathwalader 3d, grandson of a founder, double legacy and diplomatic necessity, because if blackballed there would have been no money from the alumni for the new plumbing, was a nondescript little runt with buck teeth, pimples, and the best intentions in the world.

"Oh, my gosh, I'm sure sorry! I came round on purpose to help you get that guy. I saw him on the machines to-day, and he's built right for an oarsman. When's he coming back?"

"To-morrow after dinner, about eight-thirty or nine," Horatio said helpfully in his anxiety to please, missing the unanimous shut-up signal. Poor Horatio! The look in the senior eyes could only mean that he was going to get tubbed again, and he wouldn't understand why.

"You can count on me. I'll be here with bells on. I can give that fellow a few pointers. He's got the makings of a sweet oar if he gets over shooting his tail and snags into it more on the catch." There was a fanatical gleam in Groben's eye. "You've got no idea what it means to get the right catch. We had a bowman last year came close to losing the inter-collegiates for us—caught a crab.

"We got off with the gun, every man together. I took it up to forty-four and—" One of the men on the outer edge of the circle melted away. A few minutes later with Groben's "At the half-mile—" another did likewise. Imperceptibly the circle crumbled at the edges until at the almost fatal moment when the bowman caught the crab, just before the boat went under the bridge at the three-mile mark, there were only four listeners left.

"Well, brohs," said Groben, somewhat breathless after stroking the boat through the final sprint and snatching victory from Navy by ten feet, "it's getting late for me. Think I better go hold down the bed awhile, but I'll be on hand to-morrow night sure."

An hour later, as the door closed on the last of the freshmen to leave, the weary hosts snapped off their smiles with the lights, and an odor of stale tobacco smoke was all that remained of the spirit of hearty good-fellowship which had filled the halls of Beta Xi to overflowing throughout the evening.

"Oh, how I'm going to enjoy warming the behinds of a couple of those birds!" growled Duke as he flopped into the big morris chair in which for the past four hours freshmen had sat enthroned. "That wisecracking spook we're after because he's the best crew material in the freshman class and will make the orchestra sure—it's all I can do to keep my hands off him till the end of rushing season."

"Me, too," half a dozen brothers, draped in varying attitudes of leisure on the leather-covered davenport, agreed fervently.

President Edwards, known on the campus as "Beanie" and within the mystic circle as "Brother Grammateus," rapped on the great stone mantel against which he was relaxing. "All right, brothers," he called commandingly. "Let's get along; it's after midnight. Meeting will come to order. Can the radio, Brother Johnson."

At the last snap of the fingers in answer to roll call, Brother Grammateus cleared his throat and stood erect. "Brothers," he began, "let's make this meeting short and sweet; no hashing around. Report from Brother Rushing Committee."

Duke Fletcher, known from his melting eyes and sharply chiseled features as "Débutante's Delight," had earned the position of chairman of Rushing Committee because of his ability to talk a freshman into a coma. He groaned and pulled himself out of the morris chair. One of the men perched on the arm promptly slid into his place.

"Brothers, we're sitting pretty with eleven good men sewed up and another on the fence—that's Sawtelle Strawbridge, the crewman. We're not engaged in any unseemly rivalry here, brothers, but if we don't fight back he'll sign up with those dirty sontches down the street. They're giving him a big, heavy rush and slinging mud about us right and left.

"He came up here and asked me how big were our mortgages. I asked him where he got that stuff, and he said the Pi Rho's told him we were better off financially than some of the houses because we only had one big mortgage, the other two being just little ones. That's the sort of thing we've got to fight, brothers."

"Brother Grammateus." A languid arm signaled the chair.

"Brother Sowerby."

"Before we let ourselves get worked up about the people down the street I suggest we decide what is to be done about Brother Groben."

Everybody started talking and then yelling at once.

"That plow jockey——"

"A real wheat, that bird——"

"I saw him in the libe yesterday in a sweater and no——"

"What kind of a place is Mariposa anyway?"

"One of those big butter-and-egg colleges in the Middle West——"

"That shirt——"

"—where they have whisker-growing contests——"

"That louse haircut——"

"—and give Ph. D.'s for ice-cream making."

"He's got the 'real spirit of Beta Xi,' and there's nothing he wouldn't do for the 'old frat,' the *frat.*"

Groans from the Beta Xi's, who had not heard Groben at the door, and then finally Grammateus's hammering with the gavel and yells of "Order! Order!" brought comparative quiet.

"Duke was talking earnestly. *'You've got a big decision to make, Sawtelle'"*

"LISTEN here, brothers. I know Groben's a thug just as well as you do, but he's a brother, and I'm not going to have him put on the pan in meeting. I don't care how bad news he is. Besides, we've got some regular business to transact." Grammateus glowered at the darkest corner of the room, where stood the divan most in need of recovering. "There's a bunch of negative minds in here who it don't seem to make a darn bit of difference to what we do. Wake up, brothers, for Pete's sake."

"For Beta Xi's sake," some one amended sleepily. Laughter.

Something mumbled, probably out of respect for the chair, came from the corner, which sounded suspiciously like, "Aw, dry up!" Then more clearly, "We hear you; we don't listen with our eyes."

More hammering of the gavel. "Brother Epistates—."

Before Epistates could begin his report there was an imperious call from the floor. "Brother Grammateus!"

"Brother Sowerby."

Dana Sowerby arose and surveyed his brothers with a slight tinge of superiority. Why did he act the man apart, and why did the chapter let him get away with it? Certainly not because of his looks. With his long, thin legs and long, thin nose he called to mind a red-headed stork. Certainly not because he was Phi Beta Kappa. Phi Beta Kappas were objects of scorn and derision—the smart set. Not even because he was captain of the soccer team and had made Pyramid, the more coveted of the two senior honor societies. Other Beta Xi's who

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AS A WOMAN BUILDS HER HOME

By GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

Decorations by M. J. GALLAGHER

This series of articles was gathered with the coöperation of the United States Department of Commerce, and bears the indorsement of Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of the Department

ARTICLE THREE

THE STORY OF THE METALS

HAVING learned something of the significance of wood and having set up in our minds the frame of our house, we must now return to its foundation, which we have touched upon but lightly, and which can not be taken lightly, lest it become the plaything of the elements, going down before the will of wind and storm.

In the preceding article of this series we were told that if it were to have a lasting strength, cement was the "best" material to use. This being so, let us look into its story, which goes far back to the days of primitive culture when man first began to build himself an ordered domicile.

In those wide stretches where there were no trees, and wood had to be carried from distant forests, he took the stones that flood and eruption had strewn upon the face of the earth, or, hewing them from cliff and hillside, he placed them side by side and one atop of another for the foundation and frame of his dwelling.

Wood he used sparingly for the beams, thatching his roof with the grasses which grew about him. When the wind and cold and rain came, filtering through the crevices, he learned to make a paste of crushed rocks, which, placed between the stones, hardened as it dried, insuring his warmth and comfort. This child of his awakened mind was mortar, the ancestor of our cement of to-day.

WHAT the hour of its birth, we do not know, but tomb and temple alike testify to its presence in the most remote civilizations of antiquity. In the Valley of the Euphrates, on the site purported to be the ancient city of Babylon, are palace and monument and market place held together by mortar since 2250 B. C. It was used in the building of the Egyptian pyramids. It has been found in the uncovered citadels of the Mesopotamian Plain, now considered to have been the cradle of the race; in buried Indian cities recently unearthed in New Mexico and Arizona; in a temple on the island of Cyprus where men worshiped false gods before time itself was recorded.

Through thousands of years it was carried to the day of the Roman Empire, until, during the reign of Hadrian, 130 A. D., the builders of his temple found that volcanic ashes mixed with lime hardened under water—an improvement on the formula which had come down to them from the older races of men. This composition had its hand in the construction of the Pantheon, of Caracalla's baths, of bridges and cisterns, of aqueducts and docks. As "Roman cement" it answered the need of the world's builders until the middle of the eighteenth century, when it took another step forward at the cry of a sorrowing people.

On the coast of Cornwall, England, at Eddystone, were sharp and dangerous crags extending far out from shore. At high tide the swirling waters grew deep about them, often betraying mariners in the darkness. They had sent many ships with many lives and many cargoes to the bottom. Lighthouses were built upon them in vain. Two had gone down in quick succession under the lash of the angry sea.

The people of Cornwall sent a bitter plea to the English Parliament, which appointed John Smeaton, an engineer, to search for a substance to weather the fury of the elements.

At Aberthaw in Cornwall, not far from Eddystone, he found a soft, clayey limestone, which hardened better in air and under water than the pure lime rock which had been hitherto employed. Burning this stone, he produced a cement of which a new lighthouse was built, one which has stood its ground for close to two centuries. This was the beginning of the cement industry.

In 1824 Joseph Aspdin, a humble bricklayer of Leeds, working with road dust and later with crushed limestone, combined it with a clay of high gypsum content. Keeping his kiln at white heat, he burned the mixture until it reached a state of fusion. Reduced to a fine powder, and mixed with the proper proportions of sand and gravel and water, it attained iron strength.

His discovery, because of its resemblance in color to the stone which came from the famous quarries in Portland, England, Joseph Aspdin called "Portland cement." And this is the cement used so freely to-day that we can scarcely walk in the streets of the cities without the sight of men busy with its mixing.

To those ignorant of its ways—and I have been one of them—it may seem drab in purpose. But like all those things involved in the progress of man, it has its high moments.

As human character gains in grace by its baptism of fire and water at the hand of life, so cement achieves its enduring qualities only by anxious travail at the hand of man.

Broken by sledge hammers from its native quarry, it is taken in great carloads to the mill and thrown into a cylindrical machine with thousands of iron balls which wear it to shreds with their torment. Its next inferno lies in steel kilns tempered to a white heat, where it is rooted free of carbonic-acid gas, where it forms "clinkers," which are again submitted to the *bastinento* of the iron balls. Reduced once more to powder, it is mixed with water and run into great vats called "slurry tanks," where the air from a blast furnace turns it into a whirling geyser.

THOROUGHLY cooled and mixed with gypsum, it runs the gamut of the grinding mill, emerging as fine and soft as face powder. The finer cement is ground the better it is, and in order to gain the approval of the Bureau of Standards it must be able to pass through a copper sieve with a mesh of 40,000 openings to the square inch. Otherwise it must be returned to the grinder.

As it is not necessary that the foundation be entirely of concrete—only that part which comes in direct contact with the ground—the difference in the cost receives its compensation in stability.

Our house now being fitly framed together and set in lasting strength, our attention is turned to those metals and alloys whose bright and shining purpose it is to equip it so that neither moth nor rust may corrupt nor the elements undermine it. Copper, bronze, brass, nickel, aluminum, iron, steel—they are words rich with meaning.

Among these copper was necessity's first and most ready helpmeet. It led the way to invention, to art, to science. Without it man's progress would have been retarded and we might never have come to civilization as it is to-day. Upon it in great part depends electrical industry. Like time itself, it has no age. When the universe hung a vast nebula in infinite space the elements of copper were there. It is of the stuff of which the worlds were made at the word of God. It is of the stuff of the sun and the moon and the stars. It is of the stuff of men's desires, for without it many of their dreams might never have been made real.

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When the earth broke away from its mother nebula and went spinning away into the ether, an inchoate molten mass; when after countless ages of rapid whirling it shaped itself into a globe; when its waters were divided and it began to harden; when man came at last to walk upon it, copper was one of the first metals to offer him a helping hand. The day of its discovery is not determined, but science declares that it was known to the Egyptians as early as 8000 B. C.

The ancient Cyprians, whose civilization ended at a time between 8000 and 4000 B. C., wrapped its origin in myth and legend. It was Venus, their tutelary goddess, they said, who, arising from the sea, brought them copper in the mirror in which she gazed upon her beauty. And so it took its name "*cyprium*," corrupted by the Romans into "*cuprum*," and centuries later into the English, "copper."

Its symbol, the sphere with a cross attached below, comes to us out of the myths of antiquity. Known as the "ankh," it was also the Egyptian cipher for enduring life. The Chaldeans, who were the first astrologers and the fathers of modern astronomy, used this cipher to express the planet Venus. As "red metal" copper became the symbol for enduring love.

IN OUR first article we learned how man, on some far day, adapted this metal to his growing needs; how with his stone hammer he beat it into useful implements and utensils; how he melted it and molded it into shape; how in time he came to mixing it with tin; how by it he stepped forward from the stone to the bronze age. We learned, too, how, two thousand years later, a few centuries before the Christian era, with the finding of zinc, in small proportions he fused it with copper, producing brass.

We have seen how, through many generations, copper with its children, bronze and brass, was full of good works, marching side by side with man on his long march to comfort, utility, and beauty.

Having done so much for us and being indispensable as it is in our daily life, we are by curiosity bound to inquire into its personality and its way of life.

By nature copper is the most prudent of metals. It was as if it knew man's inclination to use extravagantly those gifts which come to him too easily. So when copper was thrust up from the caldron within the earth, it appeared in native ore only in a quantity to meet his immediate demands. Filtering into pocket and ledge, close to the surface, for the time when his inventive faculties were awakening, it urged him to further thought by secreting itself and mingling with other minerals deeper down for that day when a greater need would develop both his invention and his appreciation.

It took but a few centuries for man to dispose of the native copper which lay about him. Long before the Christian era he had come to digging for it in and beneath the ground. And for many centuries, as he struggled upward, he struggled also in his mind to find a way to retrieve the metal from conglomerate ores, and to make it useful in large quantities for a growing race.

The book "De Re Metallica," written by Agricola in the sixteenth century and translated from the Latin by President Hoover and Mrs. Hoover when they were on their honeymoon, tells a fascinating tale of man's determination to master the problem of mining. We see him digging sloping tunnels and descending into them first by sitting on a stick and letting himself slide, and sometimes without the aid of the stick, and later descending by ladders, and hewing the ore in small quantities, scrambling upward again with his load on his back.

His first furnace was an open hearth fed with fagots from near-by trees. Later he built kilns of brick, firing them with coal and coke. By degrees his methods were improved, until in the last century, when it became necessary to dig deeper and deeper into the ground, he found the way to mine and extract the metal from low-grade ores and to make it useful in large quantities.

The development of the copper industry is fraught with a peculiar interest for women, as it was a woman, Mrs. Carrie J. Everson, the wife of Dr. William Knight Everson of Chicago, who found a way to help in extracting the metal from low-grade ores, thereby increasing the supply of copper in America and making it adequate to a large demand.

In 1878 Dr. Everson lost a large amount of money in a mining property which failed because of the low copper content of its ores. A student of chemistry, Mrs. Everson, hoping that she might find some way to retrieve their lost fortune, took a course in mineralogy. While her husband was in Mexico on a trip for his health, she made a number of experiments, discovering the affinity between oils and the copper particles.

In 1886, after a series of experiments and deductions, Mrs. Everson obtained a patent on the resultant process. Dr. Everson died in 1889. Mrs. Everson, unable to sell her patent, turned to nursing as a means of livelihood for herself and her young son. Undaunted by her failure, she devoted her leisure to experiment, and to further attempts to market the consequent formula.

In 1909 Mrs. Everson went to California with her son, where she died a forgotten heroine of progress. Men who had preempted her patent brought lawsuits involving millions of dollars against one another. It was only after her death in 1915, when her home and the reports of her investigations had been burned, and her patents had run out, that she was given a posthumous praise for a life-work which had made it possible to mine millions of tons of copper which might otherwise have been lost to their purpose.

There are whole mountains of low-grade ore in Montana, Arizona, Utah, contributing generously to our present-day copper supply which would have been without value had it not been for Mrs. Everson. Because of her we may now use lavishly those metals which insure the life and latitude of the modern home.

The translation of copper from the earth to ingots is one of a torrid glory. We see men a mile and more beneath the ground, on floor and in tunnel, artificially lighted and with cool air pumped down from the outer world, working day and night, with drill and hammer and pick, breaking the ore from the lode. Or like bees in a hive they gouge the hillsides with steam shovels, sending it in unending carloads to the devouring crushers, when it is passed on to baths of flaming oil in vat and tank, where, by Mrs. Everson's process, the metal is drawn to the surface.

From vat to furnace it goes, until by white heat and scathing blast its impurities are carried off, and—a flaming molten mass of free metal—it is poured into molds, from which it emerges in ingots, cakes, or billets, according to the use to be made of it. For further purification it is given drastic electrical treatment.

For the making of bronze and brass, the ingots are again melted and mixed with the right proportions of molten tin, in the first instance, and zinc, in the latter, both of which have been thoroughly fired. And so we have the three metals which give to our homes utility and comfort combined with beauty in appliance, fixture, and ornament.

Now as to suggestions for their application.

Both outside and inside of the home, copper and its derivatives are the conquerors of that great destroyer, rust. Unlike iron, which is its easy prey, they develop a protecting green-blue crust under which the pure metal preserves its integrity. In tombs which until recently have been sealed through thousands of years, copper pipe has been found unimpaired since 5270 B. C.

As rust and leakage are the roof's besetting enemy, so is copper its most redoubtable safeguard. Flashings—the metal casings imposed upon angles and corners to prevent moisture from seeping through—must, therefore, be of copper. So also must the gutters and down-spouts which carry the rain to the ground. Made of ordinary metals, these fittings give good service if they last three years, and the initial saving in cost, which is slight, is more than lost in their first replacement.

IN THE plumbing system there are two considerations—sanitation and drainage, and the water supply. For the first, brass pipe is the most practical. Care should be taken to secure "iron size pipe," which is better than the thinner tubes, and insures the proper strength where it enters the fittings. If it is to be bent, "soft annealed pipe" should be demanded; otherwise "semi-annealed" will do.

The purpose of the sanitary unit is to prevent the escape of sewer gases. Care should be exercised, therefore, that the sewer system should have the proper slope toward its connection; that a clean-out be placed where the drain enters the house; that the drain should be large enough to carry off the maximum amount of sewage; that a fresh-air inlet, not less than four inches in diameter, connect with the house drain, and that it be so placed that its mouth is removed from any opening into the house; that a soil stack join the drain and is run up through the house to receive the discharge from the fixtures in the system; that there is some form of trap between each fixture and its opening into the soil stack, so that there will be no outlet of bad air or gas from the stack; that the trap is large enough to hold enough water to stand evaporation without breaking the seal; that a vent pipe connect each trap with the open air, so that the water seal in the trap may not be broken by the action of water through the main soil line; that the size of the pipe be increased an inch from a point a foot below the roof, so as to prevent the outlet from becoming choked with hoarfrost during the cold weather; that the drip pipe in the refrigerator connect with a small sink in the cellar, so that if the water sewer should back up or the water seal of the refrigerator is dry, sewer gases may not escape into the ice box.

FOR the water system all storage tanks should be of copper, or at least lined with copper. The pipes should be of brass. Otherwise corrosion and rust will attack them, as water absorbs air, gases, and other chemicals, causing the rust to clog the pipes and impair

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"As a pyrotechnic display, the making of steel has no rival. A trip through the mills reveals the glory and unending toil by which man makes all things obedient to his needs"

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THE SILVER SWAN

Claire's flair for the sensational amazes English society as the fourth installment carries on this brilliant novel of international marriage

By E. BERTRAND COLLINS

Illustrations by OSCAR HOWARD

"She was oblivious of the dancers"

AS THE PLOT PROGRESSES

Claire Watson, a beautiful American girl from Ohio, has married, in London, Ian Bulteel, a captain in the British army, and gone to Paris and Italy for her honeymoon. She is restless, selfish, and spoiled, the only child of a nervous, scheming mother and of a wealthy, indulgent, delightful father who leaves the management of his family to his impossible wife.

It is no wonder that with such a mother Claire's greatest desire is to escape from home. Mrs. Watson is never satisfied with anything or anybody. Her attempt to rule Claire's in-laws has nearly wrecked both families, and her self-satisfaction and social errors have amazed English society. Claire might be considered a young chip from the old block. Only her husband has seen no flaws in her beauty or behavior, attributing her disregard of his family and his wishes to her inexperience with English kinks and customs.

Had he known of her wild flirtation with a fascinating Irish artist, named Derek Barran, when Claire and her mother were assembling her trousseau in Paris, he might have realized his wife's way at dalliance. But her affair with Derek was Claire's secret, and her choice of Ian as a husband was deliberate. Always safe and sane was Ian. Derek, on the other hand, was untamed. He looked something like the statues of the fauns she has seen in famous galleries.

At the end of the preceding installment Claire has gone to live in Holtshire with Ian in an enormous, ugly house near his barracks. Her father supplies her with money and she spends it recklessly. The county people have entertained her and tried to make her one of them, but Claire finds the women's attentions tedious and is indifferent to every one.

She is headed for exciting adventures, but where can they be summoned from this crowd of conservative people? She begins to think often of Derek and has written him, thanking him for his wedding gift. Ian is just awaking to the fact that his beautiful Claire is not cutting the proper social capers. Is it possible that she will come a cropper?

SPRING. *Plein printemps*, as a taximan had said, one day, a year ago, in Paris when Claire had come back from Egypt and Italy to buy clothes before going home. Yes, full spring. Warm, yellow sunshine. White clouds. A bright-blue sky. Cherry trees all white with blossoms. Green fields. Green-leafed elms. What a day to be, say, in New York or Paris! Paris! The Ritz. The Rue Royale. Molyneux's. A day that made one think of summer clothes; capes, large hats.

Claire was lying in a *chaise longue* in the drawing room of Twysdale. On the floor beside her was a copy of a magazine. Through the open window she could hear Ian talking to the gardener. Irises to be transplanted. A thorn tree to be sprayed. The borders.

"But not too much purple in them, though. A goodish bit o' sweet Williams."

She shrugged—how typically British!—her mind drifting back over the months she had spent in Holtshire.

It had not been at all bad. Not so gay as Cairo, but not bad. Quite good fun. True, the women had not approved of her; but who cared about women?

Englishwomen fell into two categories. There were the dowdy, penniless lot, like the Honorable Mrs. Gore-Langley and her two long-toothed, hopeless girls, and the Ryders and the Effinghams. Dreadful, dreary people, who had awful food and cheerless houses, but were, every one, related to some duchess. Then there was the other lot: long, hard-riding, arrogant women, smooth as the heels of their own spurred riding boots, and capable of roweling one with a stinging jab and an insolent smile.

Claire had not bothered with either lot. Too many attractive men about. All the officers of the Sixth, besides General Charteris's A.D.C.'s.

Yes, on the whole, quite an amusing winter. Hunts. Dinners. Hunt balls. She smiled as she thought of the time she and Ian had gone to the Currans' at Melton. The Prince of Wales had been there. Claire had done the Charleston, and Ian had been annoyed; told her not to make a bally show of herself. For three days she had refused to speak to him.

Curious how particular men became about one's behavior, once one had married them! Ian was especially tiresome that way. Always objecting whenever she enjoyed herself. Her mind went back to Christmas. How ghastly it had been! Jenny and Wilbur had come up. And Jenny had been calamitous. Garrulous. Affected. Such airs! Claire had decided never to have her again.

Once Lady Victor had come, for a week-end, on her way to a dog show with three crates of terriers. One had had distemper.

Once Sibyl Maitland had come, for a night, between two other hunting visits, for the Duchess of Shetland's ball at Barnat Castle. What a place! Walls and a moat and a drawbridge. Footmen in breeches and white-silk stockings. Pictures. Holbein, whoever he was. They had danced in a gallery hung with tapestries. Champagne and hothouse grapes. The prince had been there, too, but somehow he didn't seem to remember her.

Her own party, Mardi Gras. It had not gone too well. Two young lieutenants got quite drunk. Ian had sent them home; said Colonel Lloyd would be furious if he saw them. What fusses these people made about trifles!

But her cocktail parties had really been a success. At first Ian had demurred, but Claire had insisted. Every one, everywhere, had cocktail parties, even in London. All the men came. Lady Kitty had disapproved, had said so to Ian. The old prude!

Bores, all those women. Not one of them was really smart, not even the Duchess of Shetland. The only person Claire had seen whom she considered really smart was that Lady Alexandra Agar, the one who had just come back from Cannes. Claire had seen her for the first time a week previous at a charity *fête* at the Gore-Langleys'. She had arrived in a wonderful gray limousine, with a chauffeur and a footman. Frightfully casual. And what a whispering and a raising of eyebrows her appearance had created! Ian had refused to introduce her to Claire in spite of greeting her like an old friend.

"Hello there, Sandra!" he had said. "When did you get home?"

"This morning. Yesterday. I don't know. Can't say. How are you? You're looking most frightfully fit."

"But, Ian," Claire said, as they drove back home, "why not introduce me? But why not? But Lady Kitty and the duchess and all those women spoke to her. What if she has been divorced twice? That doesn't mean anything nowadays."

AND now Claire was going to have a baby. Her first response had been one of mild surprise. Then, as she began to think what it would mean—no Court, no Scottish meetings, no Deauville in July—surprise became dismay, dismay resentment. Ian's attitude made her especially angry. His childish delight. How irritating of him to be so pleased over something that ruined her first season!

Sibyl and Colonel Bulteel were as bad. Worse! As heir to inherit Steyning. Steyning! They thought of nothing else. That ridiculous old house down in the depths of the country. It consumed their lives, devoured their income. Really, it was too much!

For a month now Ian had wished her to write her

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musicians, any one, 'Where's Derek?' She was weeping. 'Tell him I've got to see him. Please!'"

mother of this new turn of affairs. But Claire knew that the instant Jenny heard of it she would start for England, and Claire did not propose to have her about. There was time, ample time. There was nothing urgent about it. To silence him she had told Ian, finally, that she had written her mother. One could always say later that the letters had gone astray.

The butler came to the drawing-room door and asked her some question. She sent him out to Ian. From the very beginning she had refused to run the house.

"I simply refuse to do it," she had told Ian. "I won't make a housekeeper of myself. It's appalling, the amount of work Englishmen expect their wives to do. I don't care whether the Duchess of Shetland does or not." She would not even manage the household accounts. "Oh, dear! I'm so sorry! I completely forgot about their bill and, anyway, I'm overdrawn. You'll have to pay it, dear. Really, the way these tradespeople hound one for their money!"

It had been the same about their dinners. Why, she had asked, couldn't people simply go in and sit down anywhere? Why all this pother about rank?

"Why must I always have to go in with some old man who doesn't know anything about anything and who's never been anywhere but India or Ceylon or somewhere? Really, Ian, it bores me to death."

When he told her once, rather sharply, that there was more to being a hostess than flirting with callow subalterns she had been furious, then decided he was jealous. More recently she had made a resource of this baby. Whenever she saw a certain stubborn look on his face Claire sank back, her cheek in her hand, her eyes fixed wistfully on space, and sighed. She had learned that in England a possible heir was a more potent argument than any other one could summon.

The sun had moved till it shone across her feet and made a bright path halfway across the drawing room. Outside, in the park, the trees quivered in a little breeze. How divine the Champs Elysées would be this afternoon! She shut her eyes and could feel herself whirling up the avenue toward the Arc de Triomphe. She smiled and heard Ian's footstep in the hall. Luncheon had just been announced.

"WELL, old thing"—he bent and kissed her as they entered the dining room—"how are we this morning?"

"Darling," she said, "let's go over to Paris. Just for the week-end. Oh, yes, dear. Why not?"

"What an idea! Paris? But no one goes to Paris now. People would think we were quite gaga."

"Oh, who cares what people think?" She helped herself to curried eggs. "Why not, Ian? Now, really. Give me just one reason."

"Well, you see, my dear, I couldn't possibly take off this week. There is this gymkhana affair."

"Well, tell Allie Baillie or Jim Bothwell to run it off for you!"

"Oh, no. One couldn't very well do that. It's my job. Got to see it through. But we might run over for Easter. Paris is rather jolly at Easter."

"But I don't want to go at Easter. I want to go now! Can't you understand? Now! Why wait ten days till Easter? My dear, in Egypt the regiment never interfered with anything I wanted to do. That time we went out into the desert with the Ashtons. You simply dropped everything and came. But now—"

Another moment and she would begin to weep.

"But, Claire dear, I said we'll run over for Easter. That's the time when every one goes."

"Oh, what a country! Now you hunt, and now you shoot, and now you fish, and now you go to Scotland, and now you go to Paris! Can't any one ever do anything spontaneously?"

She flung herself out of the room. After an interval he followed her into the library.

"I say, my dear," he asked, drawing on his gloves, "coming in to pick me up at H. Q. this afternoon? What time?"

It was Claire's custom to drive to headquarters for Ian and bring him out to Twysdale every afternoon, a custom which she had inaugurated because it gave her such an opportunity to see all the other officers and invite them, apparently on the spur of the moment, to dinner, without their wives.

"No," she said curtly. "Lady Alexandra Agar said she might drop by."

"What?"

Claire did not relish his tone. No matter. Let him be angry.

"I said that Lady Alexandra Agar told me she might come by this afternoon."

"Where've you met Sandra Agar?"

"In Holt the other day. In an antique shop. The day I had luncheon with Lady Kitty. We went in to look at some Waterford glass, and Lady Alexandra was there, and Kitty introduced us. And I think she's awfully nice. The most attractive woman I've met in England."

"Oh, I see, but I don't believe we want to get mixed up with Sandra. She's not quite our kind."

"But why not? She's related to everybody. I don't see why you don't want me to know her. I think she's terribly nice. She told me that she used to know you awfully well. Is that why you don't want me to know her?"

Ian turned scarlet. "That is rather abominable. There's never been anything, I swear, between——"

"Oh, my dear, don't bother to explain. I simply mean that I think Lady Alexandra's terribly nice. What if she has had lovers?"

"Listen, dear," he began patiently. "Poor old Sandra's notorious, and after a woman's been twice through the divorce courts, with servants' testimony and all that——"

She gazed toward him without seeing him, her mind far away. She was thinking of Paris and of Derek.

"What're you thinking about, dear?" he asked.

She smiled. "Oh, nothing. Nothing at all."

"Then I'll expect you at H. Q. round five-ish. Righto!"

"But, Ian, I can't. I told you. Lady Alexandra—"

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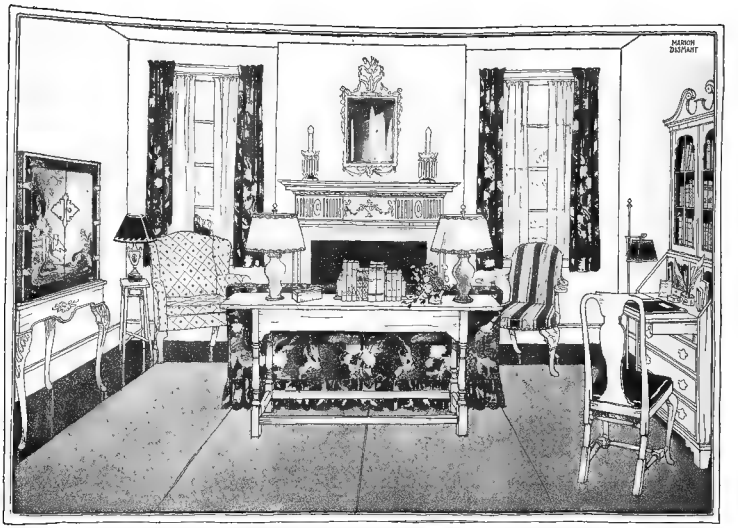


The arrangement of furniture will help make your living room the center of recreation and hospitality

COMFORT COMES FIRST

By ETHEL DAVIS SEAL

WHEN you return from your summer vacation it is so much easier to see your home with fresh eyes. How the ugly spots do stand out like sore thumbs! How much more unfriendly than ever the uncomfortable pieces do look! And the heretofore vague thought that "some day something really must be done about this or that" is crystallized into an instant determination that at least some of the long-awaited improvements shall be accomplished at once, as a joyful beginning of another busy year of strenuous working and pleasure.

So in September, that blessed lull between seasons, when your house reminds you of some of its real lacks in comfort, promise yourself to get right at a few of these problems you've been neglecting.

Perhaps your living room lacks the comfort of proper lighting. It's the easiest thing in the world to find an adjustable floor reading lamp to place at the left of the desk, so that it may provide adequate light for writing, and at the same time be used as a reading lamp when pulled over to some near-by armchair or sofa. Perhaps the long table back of the davenport has had only one lamp, which, in order to shed enough light, has had to be so large it sheds glare as well, besides blocking out the room's most welcoming feature, the lovely mantel and hearth.

Even if you have only vaguely realized this discomfort, you will find real joy in a pair of smaller lamps for your davenport table, with the old large lamp transferred to an occasional table having a thirty-six-inch top, designed to provide new comfort in some dark corner of this same room. Every armchair needs access to a reading lamp, whether it is of the floor type, or of the table variety to be found on some near-by large table, or upon a tiny table set almost against the chair arm.

The popularity of these small arm tables proves that they are real steps in comfort. Every room should boast of at least two, and if the room is large, even more. You will have no trouble in finding any number of such diminutive tables within reach of your purse, both in finished and unfinished wood. And the medium-sized lamps suitable on them are often especially tempting both pair of end tables, each holding a lamp, and one set at each sofa arm, provides real lighting comfort. And electrified candlesticks, on mantel or console, are aids in general illumination not to be scorned.

Of all rooms, the living room must be the most comfortable. Its davenport and chairs must be selected from the standpoint of comfort as well as of looks. The upholstery fabrics may be beautiful, but they must not be too delicate in color or texture to fail in wear. On the other hand, the loveliest mohairs and friezes are not lavishly patterned, and the plainest of fadeless velours give excellent service because they age delightfully.

Cretonnes and printed linens, however, are smart when large-figured, well covered, and richly colored, and in these materials such types yield extra comfort for living-room use, chiefly because they need little care to keep them fresh and effective. A cretonne of this type is a fine choice for slip covering some of the shabby living-room pieces, and every one knows that slip covers are real aids to living-room comfort; they are easy to look at and to sit on, they clean beautifully, and they are just as smart for winter use as they used to be for the summer.

Living-room draperies lack oppressiveness when they are made of some stunning cretonne, and yet they have a richness of appearance which makes any room look homelike and comfortable at once.

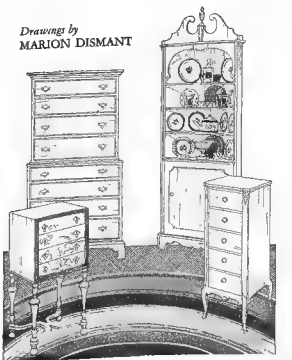
A cabinet, which may be used for magazines, music records, maps, cards, and games, as well as all the other odds and ends which contribute to pleasant living-room occupations, is a real luxury. And it is amazing how many keeping places for things a well-ordered living room can take use of. A pair of French chests, or two of these tall, narrow open cabinets for books, also are comforts which deserve consideration.

The living-room desk may need the comfort of new interior fittings, a good-looking desk set including blotting pad, inkwell, pen tray and quill pens, and letter holder. Tables may need cigarette boxes and ash trays, book ends, and flower bowls. Not every living room will need all of these attentions, but if your room naturally falls in some of these comfortable features, I'm sure you'll put a few of them at the head of your fall shopping list.

And don't forget the hall. Just because halls need so little attention, perhaps you have been neglecting yours, and you've put off from season to season getting the few new pieces which will give it real comfort: the small commode, which is ever so much more practical than the more usual console, because the inclosed shelves in the lower portion are so useful for outgoing packages, for garments awaiting the call of the cleaner, and such every-day matters; the small chair for the front-door tradesman; the mirror for that last reassuring glance as you dash out to meet some appointment.

Then there is the coat closet. Are you ashamed of it? Why not paint it Chinese red or jade green inside, and

Drawings by MARION DISMANT



Cabinets offer infinite storage possibilities

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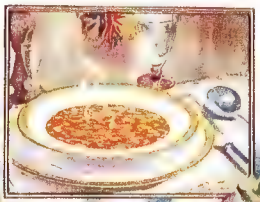
Original from

Do you wish to benefit from soup rich in vegetable goodness?



Your choice . . . Every soup you ever want, at its delicious best!

Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Bean	Mulligatawny
Beef	Mutton
Bouillon	Ox Tail
Celery	Pea
Chicken	Pepper Pot
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Vegetable
Julienne	Vegetable-Beef
	Vermicelli-Tomato

Everybody's eager these days to obtain the full, well-known benefits of vegetables—those precious health-builders of Nature. So this is one of the main reasons why Campbell's Vegetable Soup enjoys such a tremendous, nation-wide popularity. It's brimful of choice and tempting vegetables—the pick of the gardens—whole, diced or in puree. 15 different vegetables—a luncheon or supper in itself. So delicious! And you have twenty other fascinating choices in Campbell's Soups! 12 cents a can.

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Campbell's in the pantry—
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Isn't that a dandy way
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MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

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test after test shows

Old Dutch Cleanser gets all the dirt, all the impurities . . . none escape

For your family's protection, clean the bathroom bowl or tub with Old Dutch after each using. Old Dutch removes all the impurities; it's perfect for porcelain and enamel.

Old Dutch doesn't scratch; it contains no harsh grit. Try this simple test. Sprinkle Old Dutch on the porcelain drainboard of your sink; lay a smooth coin on top of the cleanser, and rub gently. You'll neither feel nor hear the scratching of gritty particles. Avoid gritty cleaners.

keeps homes healthful . . . and lovely

Would that we could send chemists into every home in the land! With their tests, they would convince that it's positively healthful to have things cleaned with Old Dutch. No dirt ever escapes Old Dutch, no matter how obstinate. Old Dutch gets it all—the visible dirt and, more important, the impurities you cannot see.

So often housewives rub and scrub and think things are clean, when, in fact, still clinging to the surface, are invisible impurities that constantly menace health. With Old Dutch, one smooth sweep and its tiny, flat-shaped particles have removed all uncleanliness. Things are thoroughly clean; they're wholesome; they're sanitary. You have Healthful Cleanliness in your home—and that's conducive to the well-being of your family. Always use Old Dutch for Healthful Cleanliness.

And when it comes to those lovely, lustrous surfaces of which you're so proud; use Old Dutch . . . exclusively. Old Dutch protects beauty; keeps lovely things lovely. The microscope reveals why. Old Dutch contains no harsh, scratchy grit; Old Dutch doesn't scratch. Neither does it mar the finish; there's no acid or caustic in its content.

Aside from its Healthful Cleanliness and Safety features, Old Dutch finds favor because it's so easy to work with; saves you time and effort. It's economical, too, because a little goes a long way. Keep a can handy in the kitchen, bathroom and laundry—it's a sign of good housekeeping to have Old Dutch in the home.

Old Dutch has no equal for cleaning and polishing white and colored porcelain and enamel, tile, marble, kitchen utensils, pantries, floors, refrigerators, woodenware, crockery, metal fixtures, glassware, windows, painted walls, woodwork or any surface on which water may be used for cleaning.

1905 Old Dutch Cleanser on its 25th Anniversary celebrates the greatest achievement in modern cleaning efficiency - Healthful Cleanliness 1930

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...no substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

RICH CHILD—POOR CHILD!

Continued from page 13

ds some one baking after school. She ver grabs a cooky, confidently, gayly, and bbles it while she pours forth the story at begins, "Mother, we girls have made new club, and kin we have the windmill om, and kin we have some of gramp's ples? We're going to dress up, and aybe have a party, and the boys are wild cause they're not in it, and maybe Ann n get her mother's typewriter, and dad'll t us—and you'll let us—"

Little Millions never dreams of an hour e this, much less weeks of it, months of years of it. Years of playing—just good, d-fashioned playing—playing house, dolls, hool, mud pies, Indian, cops and robbers, e-foot-over-the-gutter, prisoner's base, e o'cat, tag, blindman's buff, hide and ek!

The twilights of the early nineties come ck to me as I list the old names, twilights the wooded roads of a California moun- in town, when every play hour had its rieks, its perils, its triumphs; when faces ere red and breaths were short at the din- r table, and bursts of reminiscent laughter oke through the decorous study hour terwards.

No servants, except fitfully, casually, in at memory. Instead a book-loving, wise, ildren-adoring father, always approach- le, always interested, and a mother to hom one could tell anything; indeed, to hom one must tell everything. A mother hose sternest rebuke was a puzzled, "But hat possessed you to do that?"

Fortunate children, who have that sort of background. Money not only cannot eate it; it goes far destroying it. hly humble folk n be as close as at to their chil- en. Every thou- nd added to the mily income idens the gulf a tle, shuts away st a little of the mpanionship, e love and con- dence, the counsel d help, that chil- en so need, that take men and omen of them.

But more than hat, much more an that, is true. he general serv- nt, the old trusted izzie or Hop Lee f the unpreten- ious, crowded, ilarious house- old, is apt to be a mple, gentle, in- rmal soul, too.

The trained and ualified and segre- ated service of a eat establishment quite different. trange characters sometimes turn to he work of grooms nd pantry maids, astry chefs and housekeepers. Chil- ren's nurses, if hey are expensive nough, and uniformed sufficiently, are ften pathological cases. They have mor- id, jealous, twisted ideas. Normal, healthy oyous young womanhood does not go into hat job. Mummy regards dear "nursey" as essentially her inferior; the other domes- ics also regard the nurse as only a lesser ervant among servants. Servants have their own terrible snobberies and arro- ances, their own childish standards and rejudices.

Peter and Pam absorb them, and super- mpose upon them the knowledge of their own position and power. We all know just how some of the Peters and Pams turn out. We all know through the newspapers of their surprising bursts of young lawbreak- ing, their queer silences, their erratic gener- osities, their inexplicable cruelties. They find their pleasures in strange ways; they have no simplicity, no real gayety, no ease, in beginning life.

One such girl was once my companion on a sea trip. There were few women on board; we became friends. Long before I ever saw her I knew that she had been left some ten million as a child, had shown her own horses and dogs at shows, had her own airplane, had Heaven alone knows how many other fads and indulgences in her very babyhood.

She was an overgrown, big girl of nine- teen now, very handsome and haughty, flawlessly costumed. Her too-easy manner was a shield for agonizing self-consciousness; she was painfully shy, really. She talked of servants—the old one she had teased, bul- lied, and triumphed over as a child, and the ones she had now. Books meant nothing to her; she jabbered French and German readily, but it was babyish German and elementary French; she had no real things to express in any tongue.

Sometimes she laughed convulsedly, like a rather low type of peasant servant, imme- diately growing cold and stern again. Scan- dals were her delight, and she had a ser- vant's simple curiosity, and a servant's en- joyment of bad tidings, or of witnessing anything unpleasant.

Money meant a great deal to her, as it does to most rich folk, and she felt that any one who failed to make or have money was contemptible. She could not have had the upbringing she had had without holding this as Article One of her creed. Persons cultivated her, she was convinced, because of her money. "I don't mean you!" she would say, over and over, with apologetic laughter.

This girl was a pathetic study in the re- sult of abused childhood. With her pearls, her furs, her attentive maid, her big car, her lofty chatter of Biarritz and London, and uncle's yacht and aunty's estates, she remains in my memory as one of the most pitiable individuals I have ever met.

Her case sounds like an extreme ex- ample. But any nurse, doctor, psy- chiatrist, nerve spe- cialist, family doc- tor, governess will tell you that it is not. These guar- dians of the poor little rich girls and boys of the world know that no mon- ey, no care, no pains, no planning can make them grow straight and normal.

Children do not need money. But they do need laugh- ter, racket, gayety, freedom; they need opportunities for self-expression— not once, not twice, in childhood, but for unremanded months and years.

And above all, they need love. Not theoretical love, shut away from them by big, empty, flower-perfumed hallways and closed doors, removed from them by motors, trains, planes, and with polo ponies, bridge scores, and theaters.

No, actual human love, close and real— some one to kiss, to follow about the house; some one with arms to put about a little, lonesome human thing; some one with hands to tuck bedclothes firmly in at night; some one with wisdom to settle school quar- rels, to administer reproofs and rewards— in a word, they need mother and daddy.

The kindest nurse, the smartest govern- ess, never take their places.

The other day, in one of Chicago's lake- side parks, I saw a beautiful little creature of perhaps five years on the lap of a big, coarse-faced, gentle, stupid nurse. The child's clothes, the nurse's clothes, the wait- ing great car, and liveried chauffeur told the story of one more "lucky" child.

"Aggie, I wish you weren't a servant!" the little girl was saying, adoringly. Aggie laughed humbly. Her small charge already

Continued on page 28

ARE YOU A GOOD MIXER?

Do you know how to prepare walls, how to wash off colors, how to remove paper, how to use the cor- rect brush, and how to apply paint? You can know everything you need to know in ten minutes if you send 25 cents for a copy of our new booklet to How to Beautify with Paint, care of Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

FOR Clearer, lovelier SKIN

KEEP IT HEALTHY AT THESE STARS

MY MANNEQUIN SHOWS WHY

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

by Frances Ingram

YOUR skin can be so clear, so satiny smooth and soft and young—if only you will use my Milkweed Cream and my special method to keep your skin *healthy!*

For Milkweed Cream is a marvelous corrective for the complexion. When you use it, you will understand my enthusiasm —you will see how its delicate oils cleanse the skin exquisitely and how its special toning ingredients help the health of skin as no other cream possibly can.

Let me show you how Milkweed Cream brings health and loveliness to your skin.

First, study carefully the six starred places in my famous mannequin—the places where lines and imperfections first appear to steal away your youth and beauty. Then, scrutinize your own skin at the same six spots. Is there a tiny, thread- like wrinkle here? A blemish there? Take steps to banish them, now!

The Milkweed Way to Loveliness

First, apply Milkweed Cream generously upon your skin (preceded by bathing with warm water and pure soap if your skin is oily). Leave it on for a moment to pene- trate the pores. Then carefully pat off every bit. Next, apply a fresh and lighter film of Milkweed Cream and follow my method at the right to make lovely the six vital places where skin beauty dwells, and where my cream awakens it swiftly.

★ THE FOREHEAD—*To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.*

★ THE EYES—*If you would avoid aging crows' feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.*

★ THE MOUTH—*Drooping lines are easily de- feated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.*

★ THE THROAT—*To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.*

★ THE NECK—*To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.*

★ THE SHOULDERS—*To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palms of hand in rotary motion.*

All drug and department stores have Milkweed Cream. Begin this sure method tonight. If you have any special questions, send for my booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young", or tune in on "Through the Looking Glass with Frances Ingram", Tuesday 10:15 A. M. (E. D. T.) on WJZ and Associated Stations.

INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

THREE SIZES . . 50¢ . . $1 . . $2.75

FRANCES INGRAM, Dept. B-90, 108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young", which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name _____

Address _____

Schooling Raises Pay

Statistics show that, on the average, high school graduates earn $1.00 for every 72 cents earned by boys with merely elementary education.

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"Dad, I want to get a job. Lots of rich men didn't go to school any longer than I have."

"My boy, you have heard about only the rare exceptions. You don't know how many millions of men have been barely able to keep body and soul together because they were only half educated and unable to compete with better trained men. You'd better go back to school."

MAYBE it is the boy next door—perhaps it is your own boy—who is eager, restless and ambitious, who would like to quit school and go to work. He is looking forward to the day when he will have more spending money and more independence.

He has read of self-made men who had but little schooling. He sees no reason why he could not do equally well.

Tell him that if he had a chance to talk to one of the big, self-made men of whom he has heard, he would probably be told "While I was earning a place for myself in the business world I studied at night trying to keep up mentally with my old school friends—even those that went through college."

Before he is permitted to leave school it would be a great thing if he could talk to some man or woman in charge of employment for a big company. He would learn that the better educated boys and girls are given preference, from the outset, over those who quit school too soon.

In almost every kind of work, whether manual, mechanical, business or professional, higher wages and salaries, in the overwhelming majority of cases, are earned by the best educated and best trained.

Apart from the greater enjoyment of books, arts and science gained through education—and just as a matter of cold dollars and cents—education pays the best dividends.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Frederick H. Ecker, President — One Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

RICH CHILD—POOR CHILD

Continued from page 27

pitied her; the little girl knew that her parents had scant regard for Aggie.

And right there the little girl's whole scheme of things began to go askew. She began to sense that her money—those precious millions of which she heard so much—made her superior to Aggie. She did not know quite how or why, she never would know, but the dry-rot curse of money began its work in her veins there and then.

IT WAS a relief to walk away from this picture, through one of Chicago's still autumn days, and presently come to a street where they were tearing down a row of old brick houses. Union hours were over, and a troop of youngsters reigned over the ditches, planks, trenches, heaps of brick and lumber, scaffoldings, ladders, and barrels. Indians were besieging a stockade, government troops being summoned by wireless; forest fires were driving distracted mothers, each carrying a large unruly infant, who appeared to be anxious to assume the rôle of parent itself, down from animal-hunted forests toward the north.

Excited feminine voices demanded direction and advice; hoarse boyish voices gave it with amazing readiness. The Canadian mounted police were there, also a doctor, aged about nine, with a school bag full of morphine and also of white pellets that would cure, he said, "broken legs, or whatever your kid has."

In the hot September dusk all these protagonists in a dozen dramas were scarlet-faced and panting; they ran, leaped, climbed, wrestled, shouted like young maniacs. When dark shut down they began to struggle away, still vociferous, still loud and rage-screaming at each other that they would return the next day.

"I got to get my baby home, my mother'll be mad at me!" one fire refugee said to an maternally, placing the baby in a pushcart.

"I gotter get bread!" a fellow outbound nine remembered suddenly.

"I hope your mother won't punish you," I said apprehensively

"Mama? She says I'm the greatest kid she has," the baby tender answered in sidel, happy confidence.

They were giggling as they hurried away, bumping the baby ahead of them.

Oh, I know—I know. They were to homes entirely deficient in material quiet, beauty, culture. They represent the other extreme, and neither extreme is ideal. But if the baby in that pushcart had been my baby, and if my only alternative to leaving it alone had been to carry it to my very richest home in Chicago, I would have left it alone. It would have been sure, at least, of the alert and fiercely devoted protection of a big sister, and of the love of a mama who found time occasionally to warm the hearts of her children with loving praise.

SOMETHING to think about by the mothers of the world's richest children. The chances are that your child never in her life or his life has had once single hour of the fun, the excitement, the self-expression, the daring, the joy that those two children were having in the ruins of those old brick houses on an autumn afternoon.

NEW SILHOUETTE

Continued from page 15

"Just that I want somebody up at the lake with me," she dissembled. "Gabriella can't come and Bill and neither can Helen. I've been wondering who I'd get, and tonight I thought I'd try Kitty Tennever. That's all." She faced his narrowed eyes blandly.

"I don't get you," said Bill.

"That's a comfort sometimes."

"You know you don't want her," said Bill "I could tell by your eyes."

"Could you? Well, for once you're wrong, husband mine. Anyway," added Diana, who suddenly felt like giggling, "anyway I have a feeling she's the kind of a person that grows on you."

Thus it came about that Diana's plans for the lake became largely culinary. Where heretofore she had haunted the great New York stores given over to sports equipment, where heretofore she had lavished hours upon such matters as trim bathing suits and surf boards and cushions for the speed boat, now she pored over cookbooks, became an intimate of the cookery pages of the women's magazines. From Bill, of course, she kept most of this activity a secret, but in India she found a willing though an entirely innocent accomplice.

"You sure are gettin' sense, Mrs. Blayden," was India's repeated comment. "I'm sure glad this lady's goin' to be up there with us."

"So am I," said Diana. And in a way she meant it. With Bill in Detroit, not even coming up week-ends, that month at the lake would have been pretty deadly. But now the month would be a sort of game. That was how Diana, who loved games, actually looked at it. This particular game would be to see how many pounds of weight and inches of flesh could be added between June twenty-third and August third to the not entirely unwilling person of Kitty Tennever.

It was a perfectly fair game too, because Kitty was certainly of age and of reasonably sound mind, and she assuredly possessed enough acquaintance with her native tongue to understand the meaning of the simple word "No."

Diana made one quick trip to the lake, as she always did, to see about opening the camp for the season. But this year it was not to inspect for roof leaks, for bursted water pipes, and for rusted and broken screens. It was to get the three full-length mirrors out of the house and hidden under canvas in the boat house loft; the three big mirrors and the weighing machine.

She arrived at Willsboro Point sleeper, and by midmorning the work was done. There were numberless other things to be seen to, but suddenly as she thought of them the day stretched drab and endless before her. And then Diana realized that for the first time since her marriage she was panicky at being away from Bill. She took her head and shoulders roughly, and was even a little surprised that the feeling of panic did not shake away.

"It's just that I want to get back," she explained to herself. "I want to get back to Bill. It isn't that I'm a snooper. I'll send him a telegram from Willsboro if it won't be snooping."

She had planned to return by that night's sleeper. Now, because she was taking the noon train, she felt like singing. It would land her in New York in plenty of time to make the eleven-three for Aldervale. She would see Bill, not to-morrow, but to-night.

The lake, as they crossed to the mainland in the caretaker's old motor boat, lay calm and blue and warm under the high summer sun. Willsboro Point was a finger of pale green against the dark bulk of the mounting Adirondacks. Diana breathed deeply and fondly, drinking it all in, the familiarity of it, the peace of it, the loveliness. This was where she and Bill belonged, together.

At fifteen minutes before midnight she dismissed a taxicab at her gate and wearily walked up the brick path to her own front door. There was a single light in the house, in the downstairs hall. That meant, of course, that Bill was out. The fact spoke her dully, but then she brightened. Perhaps he had gone to meet her at the Grand Central and had missed her in the crowd. Or maybe he'd started too late.

As she opened the door with her latchkey a yellow slip of paper whirled in the draft. It informed her, when she picked it up, that an unsuccessful attempt had been made to deliver a telegram and that the message could be had by calling a certain telephone number in New Rochelle. She started at the yellow slip. It was for her own telegram, which Bill had not received. She went upstairs and started undressing slowly At one o'clock she climbed into bed.

It was half past two when Bill came in. He came in noisily, whistling, thumped his hat down upon a chair, and presently came whistling upstairs. The sight of Diana lying there in the soft glow of her bedside lamp brought him up short.

"Good Heaven!" he breathed, his jaw sagging. "I thought you were a burglar."

Continued on page 30

Mention this magazine when you write advertisers

Tell them you saw their advertised brand every time!

THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

"Beauty is Romance" says Mrs. BIDDLE STEWART

"Beauty is romance, and romance is youth! To cherish youth, to live for beauty is the sure way to make your heart's desire come true. A radiant young girl, a beautiful woman is a magnet for romance," says Mrs. Biddle Stewart.

CHARMING young favorite of society in New York and Philadelphia, Mrs. Biddle Stewart is so romantic that her friends call her the "Fairy Princess." Tall and slender, with the lithe grace of a willow, she has the idyllic beauty of youth.

You notice her exquisite complexion the moment you look at her . . . its enchanting ivory pallor in vivid contrast with the cherry of her lips.

"A fresh, clear, youthful skin," she says, "is essential to beauty," and it is true.

Of course she uses Pond's! For, as she says, "Pond's provides the best and easiest method of home care.

"There is the delicious Cold Cream for cleansing," she adds, "to keep the skin flower fresh and satin-smooth . . . the dainty Cleansing Tissues to remove the cream immaculately . . . the bracing Skin Freshener to banish oiliness and bestow a lovely natural color . . . and the exquisite Vanishing Cream for powder base—a true hand-maiden of romance," says Mrs. Stewart with her winsome smile, "for it keeps one's nose from ever looking shiny—and one's hands always velvet-white."

Yes, a lovely skin is the ensign of romance, and to catch and hold the springtime of her beauty is every woman's duty toward her happiness. That is why Pond's Method is such a success—because of the amazing efficacy of its four simple steps:

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, several times and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores, and float the dirt to the surface.

Second—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, super-absorbent.

Third—dab skin with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.

At bedtime—never fail to cleanse immaculately with the Cold Cream and wipe away with Cleansing Tissues.

Distinguished and lovely women use Pond's four delightful preparations to keep the skin always at its best . . . Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing . . . Cleansing Tissues to wipe away the cream . . . Skin Freshener to banish oiliness . . . Vanishing Cream for exquisite powder base.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S FOUR DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. J, 106 Hudson Street, New York City

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

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Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time

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1 EXTRA glasses

Saved from all the luscious fruit juice that used to boil away!

Like magic this easy modern way gives you half again more glasses from the same amount of fruit

You fill one glass . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . more and more! Is there no bottom to that jelly kettle? Apparently not . . . when you follow this modern short boil way to make your jellies and jams.

When you use Certo, you see, only one minute's boiling is needed . . . and hence no fruit juice boils away. . . . You get half again more glasses . . . ten when you expected a meager six.

Now figure up the costs, and another thrill is yours. Including fruit, sugar, Certo, fuel, everything . . . these extra glasses bring your jelly cost down to less than 8¢ per glass!

But best of all, perhaps, is the speed, ease and certainty of this modern jelly-making way. A few minutes to cook, a second to add Certo, a minute more to boil, three or four minutes to pour . . . and you are through. Without the slightest hurry you are putting your jelly out to cool 12 minutes after you start!

What is Certo? Certo is the natural jellying substance of pure fruit, scientifically extracted, concentrated and bottled.

This jellying substance is so scarce in some fruits that jelly cannot be made from them by the old-fashioned way. With many others, jelly can be made only with partly ripened fruit and after long, wasteful, tedious boiling.

Now in Certo this jellying substance is yours to use whenever you wish. With it you can make jellies from *any* fruit—even from strawberries and pineapple; yes, even from bottled grape juice! And, because with Certo you use the fruit at its ripest and best, your jellies take on an exquisite new deliciousness.

Certo is a product of General Foods Corporation. A single bottle will show you why it has won 4,000,000 jelly-makers.

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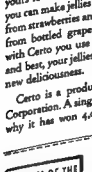
Address Elizabeth Palmer, Home Service Dept., Certo Corp., Fairport, N. Y. (In Canada, address General Foods, Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ont.) (S.E. 2-30)



FREE! Miss Palmer's new booklet, "Secrets of the Jam Cupboard," contains many recipes for exquisite desserts and salads using jellies and jams. Another booklet contains 93 jelly and jam recipes! Just send the coupon at the right.

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Continued from page 28

"I'm not. I got finished and came back. I wired you, only you didn't get it. The notice was under the front door." She paused. Then, "Glad I'm home?"

"I sure am. Of course I am." He stood there in the doorway. He said, "I never guessed you were coming back so quick. I—I've been out dancing."

"Where was the party?" Diana asked innocently.

"Party? It—it wasn't a regular party. *I* mean—you know—we just thought of it, sort of on the spur of the moment, and wound up at a road house."

"Who was there, Bill?" She eyed him levelly. There was one satisfaction about Bill Blayden; he hated to lie.

Diana could see him draw himself up, as for an ordeal. Very slowly he said, "I had dinner with Kitty Tennever and afterwards we went over places. After that we thought we'd go out and dance, so we did. Is that what you want to know?"

"Just the two of you, Bill?"

"Sure. Do I have to have a chaperon or something just because you're away?"

Diana had had a long day. She had clambered out of the sleeping car that morning at five forty-five. She was unbelievably tired, and the one thing that had brought her back had turned out wrong. It was so that she made the mistake of telling Bill the truth.

"So I need a chaperon, do I?" he blared at her.

"It might not be a bad idea."

Until half past three they fought it out. And Diana gave in then only because the realization came creeping over her that the Kitty Tennevers of this world were not to be disposed of by argument, by so many mere words flung out in a stress of emotion and pride and physical weariness; for emotion and pride and weariness, she knew, were the fundamental requisites of any hot dispute between woman and man. In any case this particular Kitty Tennever must be given the opportunity of singing her own swan song.

ODDLY enough this was the one item of the night's argument upon which Diana and Bill seemed fundamentally agreed.

"I can't take back my invitation," Diana pointed out.

Bill considered this. "It certainly would look funny as the dickens," he said.

"It certainly would."

"But I don't see how you can stand it, Di. If you feel about her the way you say you do——"

"Oh, forget that!" Diana was awake now. "Probably both of us have said a lot of things we didn't mean."

"Didn't you mean everything you said?"

"Didn't you?"

It was over. With India's help Diana prepared menus, six weeks of menus.

"Put down Philadelphia scrapple, India. We'll serve that with maple sirup. Put down maple sirup. Put down candied sweet potatoes, pop-overs, strawberry jam, orange marmalade. Candied apples, too. We'll want potato soup and cream of corn. We'll have chocolate at night instead of coffee. Put that down. We'll have lots of cheese, all different kinds. I suppose we can get Lima beans and things like that at the lake. We mustn't forget creamed chipped beef, and we'll have lobster *à la Newburg* and clams casino—how'll we get clams, India? —and don't forget the spices for stuffed veal. Yes, and we'll want two hams a week——"

"Oh, no, Mrs. Blayden. Unless we're goin' to run a regular restaurant or somethin' we couldn't use any two hams a week."

"I mean ham, some way, twice a week."

"Three times," said India. "Three times in seven days. You bake her once, slice her and fry her next time, and the third time she goes for lunch—ham patties or ham hash."

"That's the idea," Diana proclaimed, her eyes alight. "When we have salad, India, we'll have it with mayonnaise or with Roquefort dressing. How about stuffed eggplant? Can we do that? Plenty of oatmeal, India, and turn yourself loose on hominy. Can you do eggs Benedict? Good —and don't forget truffles. Can you do Boston cream pie? Can you do caramel custard? Can you do baked Alaska? Put kidney stew in somewhere. And macaroni, macaroni and spaghetti. We'll need plenty of that.

"Don't forget corn fritters. And whatever you need for hot breads and biscuits and muffins and puddings and pies. And, oh, yes, layer cakes. We'll always keep a fresh layer cake on the sideboard. I like that idea. It's old-fashioned. And don't forget honey and molasses."

"You're goin' too fast for me, Mrs. Blayden."

"That's all right," Diana laughed. "I'm going too fast for myself. I'll say one thing, India thinking about food certainly makes a person hungry What are we going to have for dinner to-night?"

Diana sent India and Mark up to camp a day ahead, by tram She and Kitty would follow by the next night's sleeper. It was not in Diana's plans to take the car, as she and Bill usually did There must be no car until Bill himself came up with it in August, for the car meant trips to Plattsburg, to Hotel Champlain, to Lake Placid, to Montreal.

Diana knew that trips meant clothes, and that clothes meant awareness of one's physical appearance. No, for the month of July their island was to be an island, a luxurious desert island, without revealing intrusions, without men, without instigation to personal pride

Kitty, to Diana's astonishment, was not at all displeased at the desert-island picture. She surveyed the camp, two miles from shore, and pronounced it sweet. "It's such a relief knowin' there aren't any men around," she remarked with ingenuousness. And then she said surprisingly, "Will it be all right if I take my corsets off? They're awful tight, no foolin'."

Diana felt like dancing with delight.

The first morning's breakfast Kitty ate *en toto*. It consisted of stewed pears, honey with sugar and cream, buttered toast, corn muffins, coffee with cream, and old-fashioned ham and eggs Kitty put away three eggs. For luncheon, explaining that the change of air must have made her hungry, she ate a deep plate of cream of tomato soup, a heaping portion of cold salmon with mayonnaise, several small boiled potatoes with drawn-butter sauce, a mass of fresh green peas, a half-dozen slices of bread, two cups of chocolate, and a banana sliced in cream.

Since India was outdoing herself the dinner that evening was somewhat more elaborate. It opened up with hearts of artichokes frozen in jelly It went on to onion soup in the French fashion, to fried fresh lake trout, to larded pot roast garnished with an encircling ring of vegetables, to hearts of lettuce with Russian dressing, to Washington pie, to a finale of hot chocolate and nuts and raisins. Kitty ate everything.

"But, India, you can't possibly keep this up," said Diana later in the kitchen.

"Can't I just!" said India. "Suppose you leave these yuh meals to somebody that knows what meals is, Mrs. Blayden."

"I must admit," Diana laughed, "that I'm getting an education."

Said India sagaciously, "Eatin' is like scratchin' All you got to do is get started."

Kitty with her corsets off, both physically and mentally, was such a different Kitty that it took Diana a little time to become accustomed to her. Out of her three trunks, or out of one of them—Diana did not investigate—Kitty produced what proved to be a succession of faded silk flimsies, all rather seedy and apparently beloved. In these, after the first few days, she proceeded to live

TO DIANA, of course, this was ideal. To uphold Kitty she simplified her own camp uniform to colored cotton smocks and sneakers. If Kitty Tennever was mounted to let herself become sloppy, Diana meant to give her every sort of encouragement, even the encouragement of example

Said Kitty, "When the men aren't around be yourself. That's always my motto."

It cost Diana something to do without exercise, but she had decided that the purpose of this month was worth the sacrifice. Ashore, less than twenty minutes away by speed boat, were companions, golf, tennis, riding, but for this one month even the thought of them must be forbidden.

It never occurred to Kitty, apparently, that there could be anything else on but mountain-piled stretch of uninhabited but the

Continued on page 44

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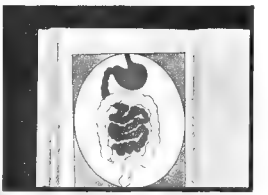
Clear away Body Poisons, and the *Skin Clears up*, too . .

EXPLAINS THIS NOTED VIENNA DERMATOLOGIST

DR. ALFRED BRANDWEINER, of the Academy of Medicine of Austria, is head of the department for skin diseases in the great Vienna General Policlinic. He has written a number of important books and hundreds of articles on skin diseases.



POISONS that form here cause most skin troubles, doctors say! "Fresh yeast keeps intestines free of these poisons," Dr. Brandweiner explains.

WHAT wouldn't you give to be rid of those ugly complexion blemishes . . . to restore your skin to lovely smoothness . . . to recapture the delicate coloring of youth! Then will you follow the simple advice of one of the world's greatest skin specialists . . . Dr. Alfred Brandweiner, of Vienna?

"Skin troubles," Dr. Brandweiner says, "are usually associated with and the result of digestive and intestinal disturbances, including, of course, constipation.

"Fresh yeast keeps the intestines clean and free of the poisons that cloud the skin.

"The effects of yeast on the general health," he adds, "are well known."

Simple advice, yes. But how sensible! Just a remarkable *food* treatment—3 cakes a day of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast—that stones up and purifies your intestines . . . that aids digestion . . . that actually corrects the *cause* of your complexion ills.

Try it—and see how much better you feel . . . how much better you *look*. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today—and keep it up!

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"I was worried about my appearance," *writes* Mrs. Maebelle Thompson *from Winnipeg, Man.* "My doctor suggested Fleischmann's Yeast to clear up my system. Soon everyone remarked how much better I looked. And I felt better, too."

(*Right*) Try this new way to glowing, clear-skinned health! Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, before or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in water (cold or hot) or any way you like. At grocers', restaurants, soda fountains.

Purify the System with Fresh Yeast, These Skin Specialists urge . . .

DR. ERNST KROMAYER, of Berlin, head of the famous Kromayer Sanitarium for skin diseases, declares, "Fresh yeast purifies the intestines . . . corrects skin troubles such as pimples and boils."

PROF. DR. PIO PERTCONI, chief physician of the San Gallicano Hospital for Skin Diseases in Rome, says: "Yeast keeps the system 'regular' . . . corrects boils, pimples . . . and other manifestations of irregular digestion."

Follow these famous physicians' advice! Eat Fleischmann's Yeast every day. Each cake is rich in the indispensable vitamins B, G and D. Write for booklet. Health Research Department, Standard Brands Inc., 595 Madison Ave., New York.

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

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Summer complexions are painless and easily whitened again if you know how to treat them

The hot-oil shampoo and facial will freshen your sun-dried hair and skin

TEMPERING YOUR SUN TAN

By DORIS LEE ASHLEY

WE STOOD among the roped-off group of people at Grand Central Station the other evening waiting for my friend's daughter to return from camp. The station was filled with people rushing hither and yon. Conspicuous were the holiday makers and returning vacationists.

You could easily single out those who had acquired their bronze complexions with scientific care during the browning period. Their skins were lovely and soft and smooth. I made a mental note that it would be an easy matter to bleach them for the coming social events, when bronze would seem *de trop*.

There were many who appeared seared, sallow, and literally sun-dried as to skin—weather-beaten—and many were deplorably freckled.

"There will be much more skin to be whitened this autumn than for many seasons past," I murmured.

My friend's daughter did me credit, for when she left I had presented her with a cream which she had promised she would use faithfully before exposing her skin to the ardent rays of the sun. And she had evidently been faithful, for she came back beautifully bronzed—the picture of health. She told me she had had no painful days during the tanning period, and she was most enthusiastic in her praise of the preparation and in her gratitude to me.

She smiled as she said, "I suppose I will be coming to you soon to learn how to remove it, for I dread the time when I begin to look faded and sallow."

I had this in mind the next day when my telephone rang. When I had hung up the receiver I had made an appointment with one of the exclusive beauty specialists for a facial. Never heard of it? Neither had I, and I was curious to learn all about it. Many of her clients, she told me, were returning from their summer holidays complaining of their excessively dry skin and were making regular appointments to have it reconditioned. She had created an amazingly fine dual treatment to overcome the dryness while the skin was being bleached to its pristine fairness.

I want to describe this hot-oil treatment, which should alternate with the bleaching treatment, so that you can follow it in your own homes.

First, my skin was cleansed with her delightful new cleansing oil. I confess I am quite interested in oil as a lubricant of the greasy, modern dirt that we all have to combat. My skin of course received the usual gentle exercise to stimulate the action of the muscles and accelerate the circulation of the blood. Then she produced a small container of warm oil, which she massaged into the skin of face and throat. After this my face and throat were covered with narrow bands of gauze saturated in the warm oil.

When she finished there was a complete mask of oiled gauze covering my skin. Over this she poured, drop by drop, the remaining reheated oil as warm as I could bear it, after which I literally took a nap in the comfortable, hospitable, reclining chair. Some time afterward the bands were removed, the oil gently wiped off, and the skin patted with a very fine astringent. The effect was remarkable, for my skin, usually exceptionally dry, was as humidly soft and velvety as a baby's.

Such a treatment should be taken two or three times a week during the bleaching treatments, as bleaching agents are drying in themselves and often found irritating to thin, dry, sensitive skin. If you do not care to go to the trouble of such a hot-oil *régime*, do, I beg of you, if you are bleaching your skin, use a generous amount of nourishing cream or oil on alternate nights.

Dried, parched skin begins to show lines, and if you are at all interested in keeping them from becoming wrinkles you will heed my advice and nourish the skin regularly each night you are not using a bleaching agent.

WHEN using bleaching agents be sure to read the directions through before beginning to use the preparation; and if you have never used such a preparation before give yourself the arm test. Apply a bit of the bleaching agent on your arm above the elbow at night before retiring, and in the morning remove it gently with tissues. If the skin shows no irritation you may use it on your face.

However, if there is a slight irritation, for your skin may be the oversensitive type, apply the bleaching agent over a thin film of cleansing or nourishing cream when using it on your face. Be sure to use the hot oil or nourishing cream on alternate nights.

It is quite usual for the summer vacationist to return with the hair in poor condition from salt-water bathing, exposure to sun and wind, and lack of regular treatments and too frequent shampoos. Again I say, adopt the hot-oil treatment. Now, don't think I have a hot-oil complex, for all the best hair specialists recommend the remedy both in the spring and in the autumn, and especially for keeping permanently waved hair in good condition. Always they recommend such treatments for a period previous to having a rewave if the hair is to emerge at its best—soft, silky, and lustrous.

I am told that equal parts of olive and castor oils are best unless you purchase a specially prepared oil for the purpose. First brush the hair free from dust. Part it and rub on the scalp the oil, which has been heated. It is easy to brush it along the scalp with a stubby paint brush, but many people find a pad of absorbent cotton convenient.

After the whole scalp has been thoroughly oiled part the remaining oil on the hair and rub it down the strands until even the ends have their share. Now wring a Turkish towel out of very hot water and roll it around your head like an East Indian does his turban. Keep the towel there until it cools. Wring it out of hot water again and again, at least five or six times. Now put a hand towel closely around the head, lean over the bathtub, and direct on your head the hot water for a few minutes from a hand or bath spray.

Proceed to shampoo in the usual manner by using a generous amount of your favorite prepared shampoo preparation or a shampoo liquid made from your own toilet soap. Use the shampoo liquid at least three times, more if necessary, and rinse until you are sure not a trace of the oil or soap remains. Place towels over the radiator or wrap them around the hot-water pipe in your bathroom to heat, for heated towels dry the hair much quicker than you imagine it is possible.

When you have become settled again in the regular routine of living at home make a solemn promise to have your rendezvous with beauty, not forgetting after your bath to use regularly a good deodorant for personal daintiness and to save your frocks from unsightly perspiration stains. Then for a week spend one night in giving yourself a hot-oil treatment, the next night the bleaching one, which is very short—a thorough cleansing, then an application of the bleaching agent. At the end of the week I will be willing to wager that your skin will be in marvelous condition, satin-smooth and clear.

Just one other appointment with yourself, and that is for the hot-oil treatment preceding every shampoo if you would have your hair healthful, abundant, and lustrous.

To recondition your hair and free your skin of sun tan and freckles write for our free leaflet "For Fair Skin," sending a stamped envelope, addressed to yourself, to the Beauty Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

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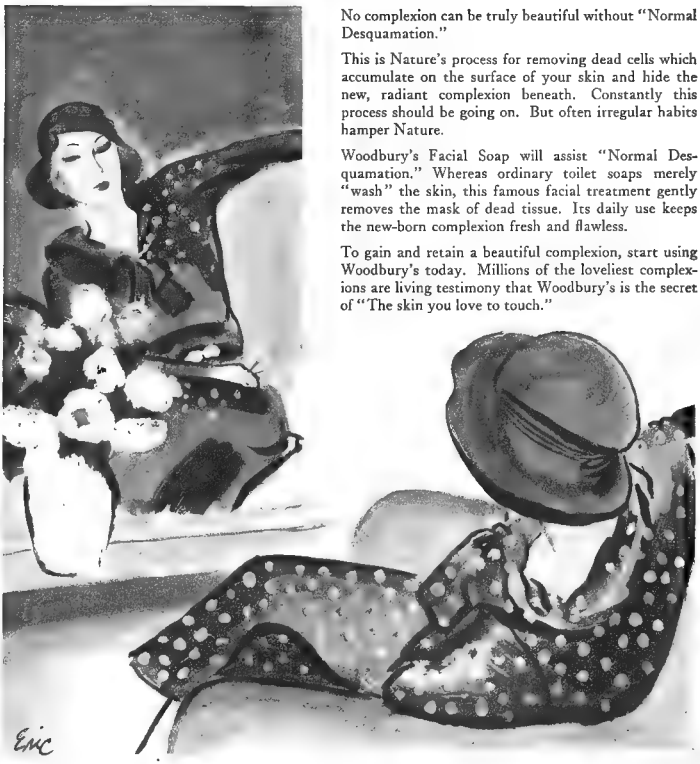
This season's Clothes ...but last season's FACE?

How "Faulty Desquamation" hides the true beauty of complexion ...and how a famous Facial Treatment corrects this irregularity



No complexion can be truly beautiful without "Normal Desquamation."

This is Nature's process for removing dead cells which accumulate on the surface of your skin and hide the new, radiant complexion beneath. Constantly this process should be going on. But often irregular habits hamper Nature.

Woodbury's Facial Soap will assist "Normal Desquamation." Whereas ordinary toilet soaps merely "wash" the skin, this famous facial treatment gently removes the mask of dead tissue. Its daily use keeps the new-born complexion fresh and flawless.

To gain and retain a beautiful complexion, start using Woodbury's today. Millions of the loveliest complexions are living testimony that Woodbury's is the secret of "The skin you love to touch."

Try this for 10 days
and greet your new complexion

Bathe the face gently with warm water. Rub up . . . in your hands . . . a rich lather. Massage it into your skin from the chin upward toward your temples. Rinse with warm water. The old dead skin cells are "washed away." So next tone up your skin with a brisk splashing of cold water. Then . . . for the final touch . . . go over your face with a piece of ice wrapped in a soft towel.

What good the silken texture of fall's newest Paris frock . . . if the texture of the face above fails to be silken too?

One little moment . . . one little stamp . . . one little ten cent piece . . . and you've started toward a new complexion. Send the coupon.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC.
8117 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.
(In Canada) JOHN H. WOODBURY, LTD., Perth, Ontario

Enclosed find 10¢ for trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and generous samples of the two Woodbury's Creams, Face Powder and Free Booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time.

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PAINT AND BE PROUD

Nothing adds more character to your home than color harmony in the exterior finish

By COLLIER STEVENSON

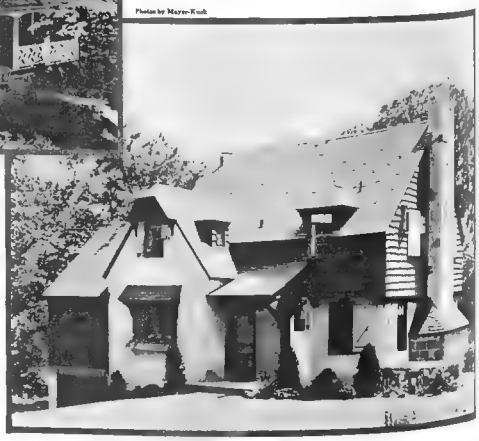
Houses designed by
D. WENTWORTH WRIGHT, A.I.A.

A GOOD painter is known not only by his paints and stains, but by his high-grade brushes and his strong, sure strokes.

THE continuing popularity of white and green can be attributed to the marked adaptability of the combination to varied sites and architectural styles. The response of these colors to the Colonial style and to a typical suburban site is instanced above. Glistening white paint is used on the clapboard walls and on the exterior wood trim. The dark-green painted shutters and green-stained shingled roof lend the necessary emphasis, and link the house to the surroundings.

DEPICTED above is a little house of Cape Cod type which shows an application of white paint to walls that combine vertically battened boards with clapboards. White paint is also used on all the exterior woodwork except the battened shutters, which are painted a cool grayish green. The roof is of wood shingles, made colorful and long lasting by a finish of light gray-brown stain.

Photos by Mayer-Kraft



THE useful and decorative qualities of paint are applicable to masonry as well as to woodwork. As an example the great chimney of the house pictured above is painted white to correspond with the white boarded upper walls. Shingles stained to a light silver gray are used with gray stone in the construction of the lower walls, and the roof, of picturesque contour, is covered with green-stained shingles. White-painted blinds at the lower windows and green blinds at the upper windows complete an effective color scheme.

DARK-COLORED stains and paints are best adapted to houses which show a foreign influence rather than those we think of as strictly American. This is instanced at the right by a quaintly roofed Normandy house, which has an overhanging second story of irregularly cut rough siding stained to a warm weathered brown. The wood trim is painted in a darker brown, brightened by emerald-green shutters. Over all is a roof of shingles, varied as to size and thickness, and stained in several shades of brown to suggest age.

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THE OHIO STATE

Portrait of a Lady
(not quite)

THERE is sweetness, delicacy, and breeding in this face. And rightly so, for hers is a family of splendid traditions.

Its men were always men of courage and gallantry. Old New Orleans and Louisville, Virginia and Kentucky, knew them well and honored them. Their names are written brilliantly in the history of their times. Its women were always fair, always aristocratic—ladies every one. In the winsome, lavender-and-old-lace annals of the South, their romances and their lives form a lovely chapter.

Surely if any young woman inherited the right to be called a lady, it was Lila . . . the sixth Lila . . . with her breeding and her charm silhouetted against the rudeness that is 1930.

And yet . . . and yet—her friends avoided her, and behind her back people whispered the damning truth. Too bad she couldn't have overheard.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the unforgivable, social fault. It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—*but it ought to be the first.*

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infections. Or excesses of eating, drinking and smoking.

Intelligent people recognize the risk and minimize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. Night and morning. And between times before meeting others.

Listerine quickly checks halitosis because Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide* which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Carry it when you travel. Take it with you on your vacation. It is better to be safe than snubbed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

* * *

***Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000, in 15 seconds. (Fastest time science has accurately recorded.)**

Remember the initials; buy the advertised brand every time!

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The finest coffee in all Paris — said the patrons of this 18th century cafe! What improvements in coffee flavor . . . what changes in coffee tastes . . . the world has seen since then!

The Café de Procope, Paris. Host to Voltaire, Rousseau, Franklin, Napoleon. How they loved its coffee. But how little the coffees of *any* older generation are suited to this modern, critical age.

But is the coffee you enjoy today the very best this present age can produce?

Lift DEL MONTE Coffee to your lips . . . . and learn what a new ideal and a new point of view have accomplished in coffee flavor.

You'd expect coffee quality to change and improve with the years, of course!

New tastes—new methods of growing, shipping, blending, roasting, grinding and packing. *All* of them, products of this newer century.

But are you sure you are getting *full* advantage of all these changes in coffee flavor?

We ask you to try DEL MONTE Coffee—and learn for yourself.

In creating this new blend, we had the finest opportunity ever offered a producer of coffee.

Back of our work was all the long flavor-experience of the DEL MONTE organization.

But our vision was fresh—and new. We were in a position to take advantage of all new developments and improvements, all the best knowledge of the modern coffee world, and to *combine them in a single brand* blended and roasted expressly for *today*.

We were able to say "Accept nothing because it is old, reject nothing because it is new. No coffee that has ever been blended may be precisely the coffee for 1930. When we *know* what 1930's coffee should be, then and not until then shall the new DEL MONTE Coffee be presented."

That time has come.

Your grocer now has DEL MONTE Coffee—or can get it for you easily. Under the same green label and red DEL MONTE "quality" shield you know so well.

Make it just as you like coffee—brew it lovingly, with full care, as befits a new, modern contribution to the art of better living. Add just the amount of sugar and cream your taste approves. Then lift the joyous cup to your lips, breathe its delicate aroma, sip slowly, deeply and with critical attention this golden-brown, full-bodied, newly-created nectar of a modern age.

We know that you'll thank us. Here is truly a new discovery—for critical, twentieth century tastes!

Fresh as the morning—in this tinned-steel container

DEL MONTE Coffee comes to you in only one possible condition—absolutely, unvaryingly fresh.

The tinned-steel can is hermetically sealed *within a vacuum* chamber. Once sealed, it retains all the volatile aromatic oils that give DEL MONTE Coffee so much of its new distinction and better flavor. When you open the can, with its convenient key, you know you are getting coffee as fresh, as rich, as full-bodied, as the moment it came from the roaster.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION

Always fresh
IN THIS MODERN VACUUM TIN

DEL MONTE COFFEE

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A MODERN COFFEE — FOR MODERN TASTES

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

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Food and Cooking for the Up-to-Date Housekeeper

THE HOME BUREAU

CONDUCTED BY NELL HOWARD ENLOE

Modern Methods and New Appliances for the Home

Photo by Sharer-Kunk in Pictorial Review's Dining Room
Tea wagon, equipped with electric outlets courtesy of Imperial Table Co.

At an informal tea the hostess sits at a small table or tea wagon when serving

WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES FOUR

Tea for two or twelve with delicacies to surprise your friends

By MRS. PENROSE LYLY

"I'D LIKE to give a lovely afternoon party." That sort of wish deserves fulfillment more frequently in hurried modern lives. With prepared foods to make hospitality easy, you need little more than the desire to give an enjoyable afternoon to yourself and your friends, and then a little thoughtful planning. There are all manner of exotic pastes, potted meats, and other delicacies for the tiny sandwich or the less secretive canapé; and there are choice teas and blends of coffee to meet the increasing demand for these festive beverages.

How large a party shall it be? If you intend to honor some particular friend who may be your house guest, or some new member of the community, or one high in local or national esteem, plan a rather formal occasion. Send invitations on your engraved calling cards, writing on them, for example, "At home Tuesday, the tenth, at four o'clock." It is customary to add the honored guest's name—"To meet Miss Blackstone." Inclose your cards in small white envelopes.

For a less formal gathering, one to which you invite only a few guests, send a personal note stating that you are asking a few friends to drop in next Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock. The very informal afternoon requires no more than a telephone call.

For the formal reception use your large table and spread over it your finest tablecloth. In the center arrange flowers. At one end place your tea service; at the other end your coffee service. Silverware, china, crockery are all suitable.

Near the tea and the coffee service lay small napkins and plates. The regular dessert plates are the best size. During the winter months, when darkness comes fast after four o'clock, the warm glow of candles is pleasant. At other times daylight is preferable.

At receptions, the hostess requests two friends to preside. One pours coffee, the other tea. From time to time the hostess relieves these accommodating friends so that they, too, may enjoy visiting with the other guests.

The hostess, herself, welcomes her guests and sees to it that they receive refreshment at once. Social success is awarded to the hostess who allows no guest to leave her home without easy acquaintance with every other guest.

For the less formal affair, when you invite from eight to twelve guests, your arrangements and menus can be similar, but in less profusion. Perhaps a few rubbers of bridge will increase the pleasure of the afternoon.

The informal afternoon has its own procedure. The hostess sits at a small table in the living room and serves her guests and herself, with the assistance of a maid or a willing friend. Strawberry jam and toasted English muffins with fresh butter, or tiny sandwiches and little cakes are served at the informal tea.

Sandwiches

RANSACK your grocer's shelves for unusual delicacies to combine with your choice of bread. At your service are pâté de foie gras (goose-liver paste), truffles, lobster, shrimp, smooth pastes of turkey or squab, as well as the more familiar chicken and ham, caviar and anchovy, olives in amazing variations with anchovies hiding in their centers or almonds and hazelnuts, and fish in tins to mix with minced green peppers into savory fillings. Sardines, salmon, and tuna, unusual fruits like alligator pears, permit the young hostess to lay before her guests surprising sandwiches just large enough for a bite or two, yet so delectable that a hundred of them would leave the appetite eager to begin again. Chopped tart apple with water cress between rounds of snow-white bread is an example of this gracious art.

Canapés

THE canapé, or small open-faced sandwich, is ideal for the tea table. Rounds or diamonds of bread, lightly toasted on one side or sautéed in butter, make the foundation. Your grocer carries specially shaped boxed crackers for the canapé, too.

Mayonnaise blended with whipped cream makes the best base for the fish or meat. Here are a few suggestions:

Romanoff Canapé

OVER your base of sautéed rye bread spread a thin layer of blended mayonnaise and whipped cream. Next a layer of caviar or tuna fish. Pink shrimp, canned or fresh, cut in small pieces, goes on next. Then a little mayonnaise, smoothed over the shrimp, a few drops of lemon juice, and a garnish of water cress.

Jade and Ivory Canapé

USE fairly large rounds of fresh whole-wheat bread, lightly toasted on one side. Spread very thinly with mayonnaise mixture. Cover one half of round with mashed pulp of alligator pear mixed with lemon juice. Cover the other half with cream cheese mixed with a little heavy cream and pulverized pistachio nuts. Hold a flat knife across the diagonal of the bread when spreading. Make sure that the line between the alligator pear and the cheese is sharp.

Savarin Canapé

SLICE white bread very thin and cut into diamond-shaped pieces. Spread pâté de foie gras between and press bread together. Spread the top thinly with

Please turn to page 72

LITTLE DINNERS

Good food to serve your guests when you are both hostess and maid

By FRANCES HERRICK

A GRACIOUS home atmosphere, a hostess refreshed and unhurried, delicious food served with the utmost simplicity—these are the pleasant memories awakened in my mind by the term "little dinners." Little dinners that I remember most pleasantly were served in a leisured tempo, with pauses between courses that added to our appreciation of the gifted cooking and the company of congenial friends. Instead of having intricate dishes and many courses the hostess had concentrated on the details that create beauty: a table properly laid, a few flowers selected to harmonize with the colors of the foods, and a menu notable for its simple but well-cooked food.

In order that you too may use this delightful way of entertaining your friends, I am passing on to you three menus that are so planned that each dinner requires only about an hour for its preparation.

Creamed Chicken

THE flavor of your creamed chicken is a fine measuring stick by which to prove your right to the title of "gifted cook." Intangible flavor results if you will sauté ½ teaspoonful of minced onion with 1 tablespoonful of flour and 1½ tablespoonfuls of fat to each cupful of liquid. Cook these until they bubble a minute or more before adding milk, and you will have no uncooked starch flavor and no lumps. Instead of using all milk, use some of the broth in which the chicken was cooked.

Lastly add a dash of nutmeg and a teaspoonful of minced parsley to the finished sauce. Chicken in such a sauce, generously served on piping-hot green-corn waffles, honors guest and hostess as well.

Green-Corn Waffles

1¾ Cupfuls Flour
2 Teaspoonfuls Baking Powder
¾ Teaspoonful Salt
4 Tablespoonfuls Shortening
2 Eggs
1¼ Cupfuls Milk
¾ Cupful Cooked Corn

SIFT the dry ingredients and cut in the shortening with a fork. Beat the yolks thoroughly and add to the corn and milk. Blend these two mixtures and fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Bake in a hot, ungreased electric waffle iron. If canned corn is used decrease the milk slightly.

Stuffed Tomato Rose

PEEL 1 tomato for each guest and cut out the stem. Partially cut into 8 sections and spread open to resemble a full-blown rose. Fill the center with the following mixture: To each cupful of mayonnaise add ½ cupful of finely sliced celery, 2 tablespoonfuls of minced parsley, 2 tablespoonfuls of minced chives or 2 thin slices of garlic, and 3 drops of Tabasco sauce or a few grains of Cayenne. If the mayonnaise is of the thick variety thin with a little sour cream or whipped cream. Use a sprig of parsley or a design cut from narrow strips of tomato as a garnish. This salad is also an excellent choice with a fish dinner.

Fresh Peach Delight

ALLOW half of a large peeled peach to each guest. Put the inverted peach in a sherbet glass and fill the hollow with vanilla ice cream. Serve with a sauce made by melting a glass of mint jelly in a double boiler. Cookies or a light cake should accompany this dessert.

Photo by Marer-Kuck — Silver, from Black, Starr & Frost—Gorham, Inc. Chloe, from Herbach & Co.

Shoulder lamb chops offer more than a "bite" and are a delicious main course

Veal with Mushrooms

BUY veal from the shank. If you order a piece with little bone 2 pounds will be ample for 6 generous portions. Cut the veal in pieces 2 by 3 inches, roll in salted flour, sear in hot fat, but do not brown. Place in a deep saucepan with a bay leaf, 1 tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, a dozen small white onions, and boiling water to cover. Cook for 40 minutes on a moderate fire, add ½ pound of sliced mushrooms and cook for 5 minutes more.

Lastly add ½ cupful of cream or top milk and 2 tablespoonfuls of minced parsley and roux to thicken. Roux is made by combining flour and fat in the proportion of 1½ tablespoonfuls of fat to 1 tablespoonful of flour and cooking this mixture until it bubbles evenly. It may be kept in the refrigerator for a week. Added to hot liquids it gives a uniformly velvety sauce.

Broccoli

IN PREPARING broccoli for cooking cut off the stem ends if they are tough. Cook uncovered in a quantity of rapidly boiling water and boil swiftly until tender, and you are assured a succulent vegetable of a fresh green color. Add salt to taste when the broccoli is half done. Drain and serve with melted butter.

Beet in Onion—Circle Salad

CUT tiny cooked beets in half and flute the edges to resemble a rose. Slice a Spanish onion and separate the slices into circles. Place a beet flower in each onion circle and arrange three on a lettuce nest on each salad plate. Sprinkle lightly with caraway seed, and serve with a generous amount of tart French dressing. A clove of garlic in the dressing will improve its flavor.

MENUS

CREAMED CHICKEN — GREEN-CORN WAFFLES
STUFFED TOMATO ROSE
FRESH PEACH DELIGHT
BLACK COFFEE — COOKIES

VEAL WITH MUSHROOMS
BROCCOLI — GREEN BEANS
PARSLEY POTATOES
BEET IN ONION-CIRCLE SALAD
BRAN MUFFINS — JELLY ROLL — RUSSIAN TEA, ICED

PAN-BROILED LAMB CHOPS
SCALLOPED CUCUMBERS — BAKED POTATOES
LETTUCE WITH SOUR-CREAM DRESSING
BAKED BLUEBERRY ROLL
COFFEE — MELBA TOAST

Pan-Broiled Lamb Chops

BROILED lamb chops are universal favorites. The so-called "English" chop always pleases most. The shoulder cut also offers a substantial serving. In pan broiling pour off all extra fat so that the chops may broil, not fry. An attractive garnish for your chop plate is made by hollowing a half lemon, fluting its edges, and filling its center with chili sauce. The perfect accompaniment to a chop is a baked potato. Its flavor is improved by slitting the hot potato, spreading the opening, and inserting a square of butter, a teaspoonful of grated cheese, and a bit of parsley. The cheese flavor, though not pronounced, is excellent.

Lettuce with Sour-Cream Dressing

THIS dressing, as served at a famous Viennese hotel, can be used on almost any variety of salad greens. It is especially good when lettuce is combined with the slightly bitter chicory. To ½ cupful of thin, slightly sour cream add ½ cupful of cider or tarragon vinegar, 1 tablespoonful of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of prepared mustard, and beat well. Press the yolks of 3 hard-cooked eggs through a coarse sieve and fold into the cream mixture. This dressing should be almost as thin as coffee cream. The whites may be used as a garnish.

Baked Blueberry Roll

2 Cupfuls Flour
¾ Teaspoonful Salt
6 Tablespoonfuls Shortening
1 Egg
3 Teaspoonfuls Baking Powder
1 Tablespoonful Sugar
½ Cupful Milk
1 Cupful Blueberries, Mixed with ½ Cupful Sugar

SIFT the dry ingredients together, cut in the shortening, and add the milk and beaten egg. Mix well, toss on a floured board, and knead for a few seconds. Roll out very thin into a sheet about 10 inches square and spread with the blueberry mixture. Roll up as you would a jelly roll; pinch edges together to prevent the fruit juice from escaping. Place lengthwise in a shallow pan 8x12½, and bake in a hot oven (475 degrees F.) for about 20 minutes. Slice and serve hot with cream or the following hot sauce:

½ Cupful Sugar
1 Cupful Blueberries
½ Cupful Boiling Water
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
1 Tablespoonful Lemon Juice
2 Tablespoonfuls Flour

COOK the berries and water for 5 minutes and pour them gradually over the flour and sugar, mixed together. Return to a double boiler and cook for 5 minutes longer, then add the butter and lemon juice.

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"When women use the wrong soap my work is doubly difficult . . . *I certainly recommend Palmolive*"

says

DR. N. G. PAYOT

Parisian Beauty Expert

Graduate of the University of Lausanne

Mme. N. G. Payot finds that Palmolive Soap complements her own "physical culture of the face" and her good preparations in keeping skin lovely.

"WHEN women use the wrong kind of soap, my work as a beauty expert is doubly difficult. The woman who wants to help her beautician must use a soap which offers every guarantee of purity. I can certainly recommend Palmolive Soap because it is one of the purest," says Dr. N. G. Payot, Parisian beauty specialist to the elite.

"Vegetable oils have a most delightful effect on the skin. It is the palm and olive oils in Palmolive Soap which, blended artfully, give a smooth, rich lather, which is most beneficial."

You have probably heard of Mme. N. G. Payot

Certainly, if you have been to Paris, you know the smart salon of Mme. N. G. Payot. And in this country you no doubt know her reputation as a beauty expert.

Many of our own specialists have studied with her abroad and they, too, recommend Palmolive Soap to combat the countless dangers that threaten complexion beauty. There are more than 23,720 specialists who advise daily treatments with this vegetable oil soap.

This is the twice-a-day home treatment advised by thousands of celebrated beauty shops: make an abundant lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. Massage this gently into the skin of face and throat. As you rinse it off you can feel the impurities being carried away. Finish with an ice-cold rinse in the morning. Get into the habit of using Palmolive for the bath, too. Millions already do, on expert advice.

Dr. Payot's booklet, "Physical Culture of the Face," tells how to use her Cream No. 1, Lotion No. 1 and Lotion No. 2 in the special Payot exercises for which she is so famous.

"Beware of soaps that harm the skin. Beware of free alkali, caustic soda, harmful irritants in soap. Ordinary soaps may irritate your skin. You can use Palmolive without risk because it is an absolutely pure soap."

Dr. N. G. Payot

12 RUE RICHEPANSE, PARIS

No dye, no heavily perfumed soap

Palmolive is a pure soap . . . made of vegetable oils. Its color is the natural color of palm and olive oils. Its natural odor requires the addition of no heavy perfumes.

A soap that touches your face *must be pure.* Use Palmolive, on experts' advice, and feel safe, feel sure you are using the best protection against skin irritation.

S197B

Retail Price 10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR – Broadcast every Wednesday night–from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time–over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Please mention this publication; buy the advertised brand every time!

Digitized by Google THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

COMPANY IS COMING!

And guests are ever welcome if your dining room is "dressed for dinner" every day

Photos by Mayer Kaufi

IN COLONIAL days the best was always saved for guests. Now the family may enjoy its meal in a setting that many of us a generation ago could afford to use only for "company best." Here is a table laid for a formal dinner.

These photograph were taken in Pictur Review's own dinin room, and were plan to show how smal accessories could b pleasingly combine with furniture and acc sories of other pieces

The furniture is in production of eight American maple by Berkey & Gay. The wall paper is a mirro pattern from th Wallpaper Associatio of U S The linen cloth is from the Iden Damask Guild; china from Haviland & Co. modern collection is from Black Starr & Frost Gorham, Inc and the glass is from the Fostoria Glass Co

TO THE person who conceived the idea of building a cupboard into an otherwise unused corner, we women who treasure our china and glass owe a bit of thankfulness. In no other manner can we so well display some of our choicest pieces in a decorative way. The cupboard is from the Curtis Woodwork, Inc.; the china from Haviland & Co.; the glass curtains are rayon, from Schumacher & Co.; and the overdraperies are a Waverly print.

BESIDES its charm as a piece of furniture the buffet offers a great convenience in serving meals. The coffee service may be placed on the buffet in readiness for the last course. The drawers hold extra silver and linen. Mirrors are a decoration within themselves; they also reflect the sheen of your silver and the sparkle of your glass. The buffet is from Berkey & Gay, and the silver from Black, Starr & Frost Gorham, Inc. The floor is Armstrong's linoleum.

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THE OHIO STATE

You need this Penetrating Dentifrice

. . . to give your teeth the kind of cleansing dentists recommend

Surface polishing only half cleans. Colgate's does more—it washes away decaying particles.

SURFACE polishing gives good-looking teeth. It keeps them white and attractive. Almost any toothpaste will scrub the tooth surface.

But Colgate's is different! It not only *polishes* teeth—it also *washes* them perfectly, flooding out the decaying particles from *between* the teeth and in the tiny crevices.

The extra action is due to the Colgate formula, which includes an ingredient that breaks into a sparkling foam. This foam bathes the teeth with active penetrating bubbles.

This lively foam goes where the ordinary sluggish toothpaste can't—into tiny fissures and spaces between the teeth.

Thus Colgate's does two things at one time—(1) its soft chalk polishes brilliantly (2) its penetrating foam loosens and washes away dangerous decaying particles.

Why be satisfied with a mere polishing dentifrice? By using Colgate's you not only maintain attractive white teeth, but you also protect the crevices by flooding out the embedded impurities.

This double action has made Colgate's the world's favorite dentifrice—used by more people, recommended by more dentists.

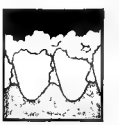
If you have not become acquainted with the superiority of Colgate's, mail coupon for free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream and interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth.

• • •

Colgate's comes in powder form, for those who prefer it. Ask for Colgate's Dental Powder.

Colgate's is most economical—the 25c tube contains *more* toothpaste, by volume, than any other nationally advertised brand priced at a quarter.

Diagram showing tiny space between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having "high surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having "low surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-585, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York. Please send a trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet, "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

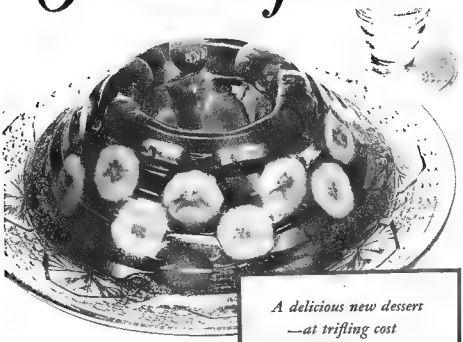
Name.....

Address.....

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

Google

5 o'clock·MIXED.. 6 o'clock-jelled



A delicious new dessert —at trifling cost

LIME LOUISE—Dissolve 1 package Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert (lime flavor) in 1 cup boiling water; add 1 cup cold water. Chill until it begins to thicken. Mix in ½ cup canned cherries and 1 banana, sliced. Pour in mould and chill until firm. Sliced strawberries or raspberries, blackberries, or other fresh fruits in season, may be used in place of canned cherries. Serves 6-8

Approximate cost—16c.

This new Royal Quick Setting Gelatin Sets in half the Usual Time

IMAGINE! A gelatin that sets in an hour. That's good news, you'll agree, if you have meals to prepare in a hurry.

You mix this new Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin just before the rest of the meal is put on to cook. Then slip it in the ice box. At dessert time it's ready—perfectly set—tender-textured, quivery, smooth.

What a convenience! No more bother about making your gelatin hours ahead. No more uncertainty, wondering if it will "jell" on time. When you're ready—Royal is ready, too.

Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin is something entirely new—made by a formula recently developed in the laboratory of the famous Royal Baking Powder Company.

So please don't confuse it with any other gelatin you have used or may be using. Royal sets nearly twice as fast as ordinary gelatin desserts.

And, in addition to this convenience of rapid setting, you get a full-bodied, richer flavor.

You can actually taste this difference the minute you try Royal.

Remember, mothers, that gelatin is good for your children. It's a growth food. And it aids digestion.

So be generous with Royal. Serve it often. Two or three times a week. As a salad. As dessert. Plain—or with cream. Combined with fruits, nuts—or bits of left-overs. Its possibilities are almost endless . . . for giving zest and variety to your menus.

But when you buy—insist on getting the *quick setting* kind—in the red box, the same color as the Royal Baking Powder can.

Ask for it by name—Royal Gelatin Dessert. Tell your grocer nothing else will do.

Six delicious flavors to choose from: Raspberry, Strawberry, Cherry, Lemon, Orange and a brand new flavor—Lime.

ROYAL *Quick Setting* **Gelatin Dessert**

Beware of substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time.

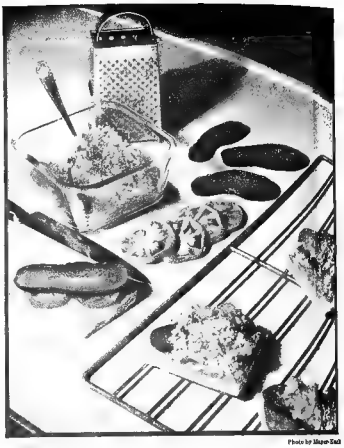


Photo by Major Hall

The men at your party will like Tomato Surprise

TOMATOES APLENTY

By LOUISE H. CARSON

AT EVERY stand along the highway and in the stores and markets are baskets and baskets of luscious, ripe tomatoes. With their delicious flavor and their cheerful color they contribute generously to our meals.

These recipes are planned to use with fresh tomatoes. Yet when the season is over, in most instances, canned products may be substituted satisfactorily.

Tomato Surprise

SPREAD slices of bread with mayonnaise. Place a thick, firm slice of tomato on the bread. Salt it and spread thinly with mayonnaise. Then lay a thin slice of pickle (dill or sweet) on the tomato. Mix grated cheese with pepper, celery, and onion, that have been chopped fine, and spread thickly over the tomato and pickle. Place under flame in the oven until well toasted. Serve as a first course at dinner or use for luncheon.

Tomato and Oyster Canapé

PLACE a large slice of tomato on a buttered round of bread. Sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs. Top with a fresh oyster. Place in oven and toast. When serving add a little highly seasoned French dressing or catchup to the oyster. Serve as a canapé.

Delicious Baked Tomatoes

PEEL 6 tomatoes, slice, place in a saucepan with 2 tablespoonfuls of chopped green pepper and 1 tablespoonful of chopped onion, and cook for 20 minutes. Season to taste. Place 1 cupful of bread, broken into bits, in a bowl and cover with 1¼ cupfuls of milk. When the tomatoes are ready add ¼ teaspoonful of soda and let boil up for ½ minute. Mix with the soaked bread and pour into a baking dish. Sprinkle with a few crumbs and bits of butter. Bake in a hot oven (400 degrees F.) until light brown. Remove from the oven and sprinkle with grated cheese, returning to the oven long enough to melt the cheese.

Quick Tomato Salad

BREAK lettuce apart and put the tender, young leaves in a cloth on ice. Cut 4 solid tomatoes in quarters, lengthwise. Chop ¾ cupful of crisp celery and 2 hard-boiled eggs. Place the lettuce in a large bowl. On top of this arrange the tomatoes, and sprinkle with the chopped celery and egg. Pour over ½ cupful of French dressing, and serve at once. Roquefort cheese dressing may be used if desired.

Tomato with Baked Egg

PEEL large, firm tomatoes, cut off the tops, and scoop out the pulp. Salt inside, drain, and sprinkle with chopped onion. Fill half full with well-seasoned bread crumbs and finely chopped meat. Put into hot oven (400 degrees F.) and bake for ½ hour. Remove and break a whole egg into each tomato. Salt, pepper, and butter the eggs and return to the oven until the eggs are nicely jellied. Serve as main course at luncheon.

Tomato Sandwiches (Open)

CUT rounds of buttered bread to fit tomato slices. Place tomato on buttered bread and cover with a mixture of mayonnaise, chopped pepper, and chopped walnuts. Place a small olive in the center. For variety the tomato may be sprinkled with chopped egg yolk and chopped olive flavored with a little onion juice.

Tomato Sandwiches (Closed)

MAKE closed sandwiches by placing a slice of tomato on a round of bread spread with anchovy paste and add chopped celery or sliced cucumber and mayonnaise. Place a round of bread on top.

Macaroni and Tomatoes

COOK macaroni until tender. Drain, place in a baking-dish, and pour over tomatoes which have been well seasoned and cooked with peppers and onion. Spread grated cheese on top and bake until light brown.

Tomato and Salmon

DRAIN, skin, and bone the salmon from 1 medium-sized can. Place in a baking dish. Pour over it 7 fresh tomatoes or a small can of tomatoes that have cooked for 20 minutes with 1 teaspoonful of onion, 1 tablespoonful of chopped green peppers, a little salt, and ½ teaspoonful of sugar. Place strips of bacon on top. Bake in a hot oven (400 degrees F.) for ½ hour.

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DATED Coffee Delights these Men and Women *who serve their insatiable public*

RESH . . . TWICE A WEEK!

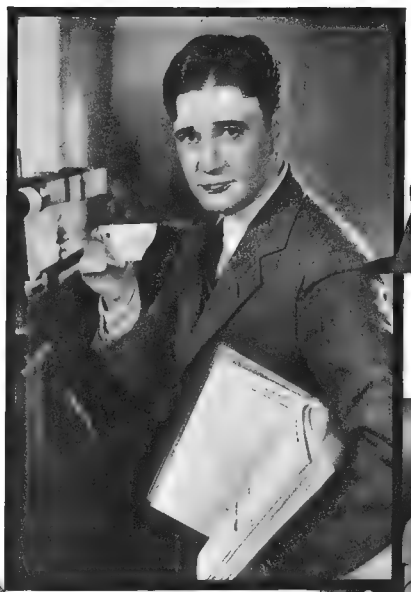
Direct from fragrant roasting ovens to ur grocer! No storage anywhere! Just ough put into a store at a time to last til the next delivery! Every can is plainly rked with the date on which the grocer ceives it. Any can left over at the end of n days regularly collected and replaced fresh!

"I've never heard of such a thing," you y. "I've never tasted such good coffee!"

Of course not. Coffee has never before en nationally distributed in this way.

Chase & Sanborn's Coffee—*dated*—de- ered by the "Daily Delivery" system of ndard Brands Inc., is the first coffee er to be handled exactly like a fresh food . so that not a whiff of its superb, freshly asted flavor can be lost!

Lover of good coffee . . . busy man or oman impatient of anaemic-flavored cof- es that are weeks old before you get them . say to your grocer tomorrow, "Send me hase & Sanborn's *dated* Coffee." You'll joy it.



LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE, distinguished author of more than a score of novels. "The real test of good coffee," he says, "is in your after dinner cup. This is where Chase and Sanborn scores highest. Breath of the magic East is in its rich aroma, vigor of the West in its true, fresh flavor."

RICHARD DIX, Radio Pictures star, who thrills the hearts of at least a million screen fans . . . like all men, likes "solid comfort." "Chase and Sanborn took the 'chance' element out of coffee by dating it," he says. "It always was good, but this new way of making sure you get it always fresh makes it just about perfect."

MAY WILSON PRESTON, noted illustrator whose clever drawings humorously reflect her broad contacts with a smart social and artistic world, says: "I am terribly fussy about coffee. Chase & Sanborn's is perfectly delicious. I find it is the one coffee everyone likes."

(*Right*) RACHEL CROTHERS, wise and witty author of a dozen sparkling plays, is also a brilliant and experienced hostess, with faultless taste. "Isn't freshness the most important thing in coffee?" she asks. "It's the never-failing freshness which we can rely upon in Chase & Sanborn's 'dated' coffee."

LOOK FOR THE *date* ON THE CAN

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee –DATED

Copyright, 1930, by Standard Brands Inc.

Go gle

Next to Minutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

MUST BEAUTY COME TO TERMS WITH TIME?

As the years pass, must every lovely face yield a portion of its beauty, must every satiny throat and every youthful chinline accept the marks of middle age? Yours need not. If you will devote a fraction of each day to the proper care of your skin, you can make your youthful loveliness last indefinitely.

"Proper" care means a treatment that suits your type of skin, a treatment that guards those three places where Time most easily puts his mark. Dorothy Gray discovered that the three first marks of age are:

—wrinkles at eyes or mouth

—a crêpy texture of the throat

—a drooping of the underchin.

And so Dorothy Gray evolved simple, successful treatments for combating double chin, crêpy throat and wrinkles. Each treatment is planned to suit the different types of skin, each is readily followed at home—in just a few moments a day. The Dorothy Gray preparations are sold at leading shops everywhere. Ask for them today—and ask or write for the Dorothy Gray booklet.

When next you're in Paris, enjoy your regular Dorothy Gray treatment at the newest Dorothy Gray salon, a lovely old house charmingly situated at 34, Avenue George V.

DOROTHY GRAY

Dorothy Gray Building

683 Fifth Avenue, New York City

© D. G., 1926

PARIS, CHICAGO, LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO, WASHINGTON, ATLANTIC CITY

(Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time)

NEW SILHOUETTE

Continued from page 30

haunts of woodsmen and isolated farms. In any event she was content where she was. Said Kitty, "I wouldn't miss one of India's meals for all the mountain scenery in the world."

The meals kept on. So did the days—lazy days such as Diana never before had let herself experience. Before breakfast each morning the two of them went into the lake, Diana with zest, and Kitty more conservatively. But after that swim and the hearty breakfast that followed it the day would settle down to a not unpleasant waking dream. Between midmorning and noon there would be a sun bath at full length on the boat-house pier, then a surprisingly welcome luncheon, then a drowsy nap, then perhaps a run up or down the lake in the slower motor boat, then eventually dinner, and then after a while bed.

Kitty, who had started white and shapeless, was now pink and spotty and shapeless. How many actual pounds she must have gained Diana didn't even dare guess. Kitty's convexities were so casual and so characterless that it was difficult to check up on them. As she lay each morning sunning herself upon the boat-house pier, with a protecting pillowcase over her head and shoulders and her arms inside the pillowcase, she certainly did look like a partially-inflated sausage balloon.

"I wish Esther was here," Diana thought. "She'd die."

When Kitty rolled over, which she did with difficulty, since her arms were imprisoned with her head and neck, it summoned up for Diana a recollection of trained seals. You always felt sorry for seals; they seemed so helpless. Well, perhaps that was why the seal look had come to her. Diana realized that she was beginning to feel a little sorry for Kitty Tennever.

The fourth week dragged by. It rained a good deal that week, but it did not rain in India's kitchen. With no small pride India prepared the twenty one meals which were to remain in her mind as a fitting rebuke to Diana's fear that a really good cook couldn't set the pace for a gourmet and hold that pace indefinitely.

Kitty ate all twenty-one meals. As a matter of fact there wasn't much else to do but eat for either of them. "It's time I began to slow down myself," Diana thought. "I'm getting lazy." But the rain kept on.

In the fifth week there came a telegram from Bill. It said he was leaving Detroit.

"Oh, isn't that wonderful!" Kitty exulted. "It will be just like home havin' Billy with us again."

With us! With us, indeed! And it was going to be like home, was it? All Diana's old resentment against Kitty Tennever flooded to the surface.

Bill's second telegram told them that he and Tod Grannis were starting up by car next morning, which would be Saturday. With luck they would arrive by late afternoon, and anyway by early evening. The telegram concluded with the mystic sentence:

REPLY WHETHER HOTEL CHAMPLAIN OR CAMP DIRECT LOVE.

"What's that mean?" Kitty wanted to know.

Diana, who was thinking, said, "Oh, nothing. I used to meet him at the hotel when he came up on his vacation. It's almost as near from New York if you come the Elizabethtown road. We used to have one night of dancing and whoopee and then come back here for sport at dawn." Get the car later, you know. It's sort of fun," she added reminiscently.

"Why haven't we been?" Kitty demanded.

Diana smiled. "Without men?" she inquired.

"Of, of course." That was understandable to Kitty, who now added hastily, "Let's go."

Diana continued to smile, though vaguely. This was going to be her revenge, but somehow the relish she had anticipated seemed to be lacking. She said, "All right, Kitty, I'll telegraph him. We'll leave here about four or five to-morrow afternoon. I'll wire for rooms at the hotel, too, so we can dress."

Next morning Diana and two of the full-length mirrors lugged in, one for Kitty's room and one for her own. She explained that she had been able to get them at an antique sale on the mainland, which was strictly true. She watched Kitty lying on an array of cosmetics and creams.

"It'll take most all day," Kitty volunteered.

"What will?"

"Gettin' myself fixed fit for a man's eyes."

It would take, Diana thought uncomfortably, a whole lot longer than that. "If she can wedge herself into her evening clothes she's a contortionist," she said to herself as she went to her own room. She was beginning to feel badly about it. For some strange reason she had grown fond of Kitty.

Diana took out the new dancing frock that Bill never had seen. It was a soft, caressing dress of flowing white satin. With her tanned skin she would look well in it, she knew, perhaps she would look a little better than well. It fitted her perfectly. It was adorable.

Since the mirror was back in place she decided to inspect herself in the new dress, to inspect herself, as it were, with Bill's eyes. This time of all times it seemed particularly important that Bill should like it.

She flung off her smock and sneakers and took from the bottom drawer of the chiffonier her seven-worn dancing slippers of Nile-green satin. She got into them and stood. They felt funny and tight, but that was natural. They were her first high heels since June.

Now, very tentatively, she lifted the dress from the bed and slipped it over her head.

It went over her head well enough, but at her shoulders it stuck. She shook it off, smoothed it out, looked up through it carefully, and then slipped it over her head once more. Silently she struggled. Something was wrong. She cried it a third time. Then she called Junior.

India's gentle fingers did their best. Then India shook her head. "Better try stepping into it, Mrs. Blaydon."

Diana tried stepping into it. The frock came up as far as her hips and no further.

"Looks as if you'd have to let it out some," remarked India philosophically.

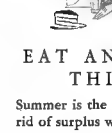
"Let it out!" Diana was aghast. "How on earth can I let it out? Anyway something must be the matter. It can't have shrunk just hanging on a hanger."

"No," said India. "The dress ain't shrunk. You just got bigger, that's all."

"Me?" Diana's eyes were wide, horrified.

"Yes, Ma'am, you're considerably bigger than you was."

Continued on page 47



EAT AND BE THIN

Summer is the time to get rid of surplus weight. No one wants to overeat in hot weather. Here is a remarkable new booklet that will tell you the simplest way to leave out of your diet the foods that make you fat. Send 25 cents for your copy of "Eating to Stay Slender" to Home Bureau, care of Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

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"So many intriguing ways of serving this most appetizing dish . . .

"Here's a happy thought for luncheon or supper," says Miss Gibson, of the Home Economics Department, H. J. Heinz Company, "that's sure to please your family or your guests. It's not only appetizing in appearance—it's full of flavor and nourishing goodness as well.

"And so simple to prepare—green-pepper cases heaped high with Heinz *Cooked* Spaghetti. And the higher you heap them the more you'll please those you serve. For there never was quite such a delightfully tasty spaghetti as that which Heinz makes. And with reason!

"For Heinz begins at the beginning. The dry spaghetti itself is made in the Heinz plant from the very finest wheat—made with such care that even the air in the drying room is washed. Plump, luscious, vine-ripened tomatoes are simmered down to a thick red essence, then spiced, for the piquant tomato sauce. A special cheese is added for savor. And all this making and cooking and blending is done according to the recipe of a famous Italian chef, by Heinz chefs who themselves are masters of flavor.

ENJOY THESE RADIO TALKS . . . *Tuesday and Friday mornings at 10:45 Eastern Daylight Time, Miss Gibson of the Home Economics Department, H. J. Heinz Company, will broadcast new and delightful recipes over WJZ, KDKA, and 34 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company.*

"Let me give you the recipe: HEINZ *COOKED* SPAGHETTI in *Green-pepper Cases* . . . Wash six large green peppers, cut in half and remove seeds. Place peppers in boiling water, turn off heat and allow peppers to remain in water about five minutes to remove sting from peppers. Cool. Fill peppers with 1 medium can Heinz *Cooked* Spaghetti, dust lightly with salt, cover with buttered crumbs. Place in casserole, add small amount of water and bake in a moderate oven until peppers are tender and crumbs are nicely browned."

HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI IN TOMATO SAUCE WITH CHEESE

Ready in 5 minutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

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THE STATE UNIVERSITY

WORLD'S LARGEST GROWERS AND CANNERS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

Look for DOLE stamped on the top

A color photograph

Read the meaning of the three DOLE grades

Each grade number stamped in the can top is dependable as the name DOLE itself. Knowing what each grade means will prove a convenient short cut for you.

DOLE 1 **Grade 1**

Sliced—Slices which are the pick of the pack—uniform in size and color—in richest syrup of pure pineapple juice and cane sugar only. In appearance and flavor the finest pineapple skill can produce or money can buy.

Crushed—The same fine pineapple, in crushed form—packed in the same rich syrup as above.

Tidbits (Salad Cuts)—Grade 1 slices cut into small, uniform sections—packed in the same rich syrup.

DOLE 2 **Grade 2**

Also comes in Sliced, Crushed and Tidbits. Slightly less perfect—less evenly cut, less uniform in color—Grade 2 pineapple is less expensive than Grade 1, though still a fine, delicious product. Grade 2 syrup is less sweet than Grade 1.

DOLE 3 **Grade 3**

Broken slices packed in the same syrup as used in Grade 2. Grade 3 costs the less because broken in cut, but the fruit is of good, wholesome quality.

A name and a number will bring you this glorious fruit

Just at the point of golden ripeness—just when its flavor and fragrance are at their finest—that's when DOLE pineapple is picked and packed in the sunshine of far-off Hawaii.

To let you know at a glance exactly what grade you're buying, DOLE pineapple now has the name DOLE and beneath it a grade number, 1, or 2, or 3, clearly stamped in the top of the can. Read the grade descriptions in the column on the left. *Insist on seeing both name and number* when you next buy Hawaiian Pineapple. Be certain what you're getting before you open the can.

You can thank "Jim" DOLE for Canned Hawaiian Pineapple—properly graded and marked—so you can know the grade you buy.

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY

Honolulu, HAWAII

Sales Offices: 215 Market Street, San Francisco

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

Delicious new salads, main courses, desserts

You'll find these 39 recipes nowhere else—but leading food editors created them just for this booklet. Most of them are clearly illustrated in full color—all you will be proud to serve. Just let us have your name and address on the coupon and we'll send you a copy free.

Mail to:
HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY, Department P-98
215 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

P-98

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NEW SILHOUETTE

Continued from page 44

"I don't believe it," Diana stormed.

She marched to the boat-house loft and came back with the weighing machine. She planted it upon the floor and stepped upon it, a little angry. She jounced to be sure it was working. Then she looked down at the dial, which in the last three years had never registered her weight as less than 122 or more than 116. She looked down at the dial and stared with stupefaction, for the needle balanced itself at exactly 133 pounds. That was merciful Heavens, she was seventeen whole pounds overweight!

She stood there in a daze of stupefaction. Abruptly she got off the scales and examined them minutely, pushing them up and down with nervous energy. She couldn't have gained seventeen pounds. It wasn't possible. Yet when she clambered back upon the scales the needle hung again at 133.

It was then that the tears flooded into Diana's eyes. She made an attempt to see herself in the long mirror, but she really didn't want to see herself. She groped for her bed.

A long time later a gay voice startled her. "Don't I just look like a million?" it chanted. And then quickly, solicitously, "Oh, honey, is somethin' wrong?"

Diana sprang up like an animal. Kitty Tennever stood there surveying her, a Kitty Tennever sleekly incased in an evening dress of gold net over gleaming black satin, beneath the hem of which the toes of two tiny golden slippers glimmered coyly. Kitty's hair was waved. Her lips were rouged. Once more, as by a miracle, she was the pink and pretty Baby Doll of Aldervale.

Diana stared at her and laughed a jerky laugh. "Nothing's wrong," she said. "It's just a joke on me, that's all." But, then, because she had to, she told the truth about the seventeen pounds and the dress she couldn't squeeze into.

"There now, there now," Kitty comforted. "I was thinkin' you'd put on some, but don't you worry, darlin'. I'll just let you have one of my long corsets—I've got oodles of 'em—and any dress you want to pick out. I've got three new dresses——"

"Oh, no!" said Diana.

"Now don't you be foolish," persisted Kitty. "We can lace you up so it'll fit you just like the paper on the wall These new styles are just a godsend to people like us."

Like us! While Diana blinked Kitty spied the scales. Daintily she stepped upon them. "Hmm," she murmured, eying the dial, "that's more than I expected. I'm up two pounds." She turned to Diana, smiling placidly. "It's funny, I never gain," she explained. "You see I'm a born little pig, I guess. I ate myself fat a long time ago, and since then eatin' doesn't bother me."

It was only now that Diana really began to laugh.

AT SEVEN o'clock that evening Diana stood rigid and alone in her room at the hotel, looking fixedly at the door. It was an ordinary wooden door, but in a moment it was going to open, and Bill was going to come in. The telephone operator had rung to say that Mr. Blayden was on his way upstairs. It was absurd, Diana knew, that she should feel so suddenly weak. Actually she was trembling.

Now she heard his footfalls in the hallway, and instinctively she gathered about herself the rough tweed coat that she wore. It was an old coat of Bill's, an English coat, comfortably long and full.

He came in smiling, at the heels of a bell boy. "Hello, there," he said, while the boy deposited his heavy bag. "What's the matter—chilly?" He was making conversation, of course, while the boy was in the room. He said, "I thought you'd be downstairs. Kitty was there. She looks fine."

THE boy, tip in hand, closed the door behind him. Bill grinned. "I guess you're right about Kitty's being fat, Di. I never saw it before." He laughed nervously, and added, "You've got more sense than I have. You know I don't like 'em fat."

Diana faced him squarely, her eyes drawn. "Kitty's a peach," she said. "I'm crazy about her."

Bill sobered. "I was only trying to tell you," he said, "that you needn't be worried about Kitty any more—Kitty or anybody else. It's hard to say, sort of. I—there's nobody but you, Di—ever. There really never was. It was just—oh, you know." He took a step toward her.

"Wait a minute," Diana warned, backing away. "Supposing I got fat like Kitty—"

"I'd divorce you," he stated solemnly, though his eyes had begun to twinkle.

Her face twisted, and she backed another step. "I've got to break it to you," she told him. "I—I'm all ashamed of myself, Bill. I'm just the way you hate. I've gained seventeen whole pounds—where it shows—just the way Agnes Marsh did. I—oh, honey, please don't be disgusted with me. I'm afraid to have you look at me."

"Is that the idea of the coat?"

"Yes. I couldn't even get into my own clothes Kitty loaned me one of her dresses, and I had to borrow a corset too. One of those long things. I'm all laced up—I mean really laced. You know how I've sworn I'd never. And I'm just terribly ashamed of myself."

"Let's see the worst," said Bill, and smiled an uncertain smile.

"From the waist down," Diana remarked with her own first smile, "I'm mercifully and gorgeously swathed, But from the waist up——"

She let the coat drop. The dress she had chosen was, of course, a dress to Kitty's taste; a snug bodice of pale-green taffeta set like a flower in a fluffy, billowy skirt of taffeta-banded chiffon. Compared with her plumpness, Diana stood very straight

Bill's eyes changed. They widened. His smile changed. It widened. He uttered one word, "Baby!"

A little later he called cheerfully from the bathroom, "Stand in the doorway, will you, Di? I want to look at you in the glass while I'm shaving." Next he spoke over his shoulder. He said, "The difference between you and all the other women in the world—" He didn't finish his sentence, but laughed comfortingly instead. Next he paid Diana a spoken compliment. He said, "Maybe I have a complex or something, but you've never looked so lovely in all your life. I'm crazy about you, Mrs. Blayden. It's the truth—you look exactly like a baby doll"

THE BROTHER FROM MU

Continued from page 19

were big men on the campus were not accorded the same respectful attention when they spoke.

No, it was neither of these last two things, but both. By some strange alchemy a Phi Beta Kappa key was transmuted from a blemish to a signal mark of distinction when combined with a senior hat.

DANA returned to the subject of his former question.

"Without seeming to criticize our esteemed brother from Mu, may I ask what we are going to do about him to-morrow night? He is coming over to help rush Sawtelle Strawbridge, you know."

"Why not just tell him to clear out?" a sophomore suggested.

"Why not?" It was evident the idea appealed to the meeting.

"We can't do a thing like that," protested Grammateus. "I don't care how crude he is, he's a brother—and he thinks he's helping us."

"May I offer a solution?"

"Let's have it, Dana."

"It's very simple. Brother Groben has done Duke the honor of falling for his girl. So Duke takes him out there to-morrow night, and that keeps him away from here."

Duke's protests were drowned in a chorus of delighted cheers, but finally he made himself heard. "That's a hot idea. Sic him on your girl, Dana. Why don't you?"

"I would in a minute, but it wouldn't work. He's fallen for yours. What's the matter with you? Afraid of competition from an ape like that?"

"No, you fool, that's just it. What would I rate with Melie if I took that bruiser out there?"

Continued on page 50

Unchanging Beauty for your Fingertips

GLAZO POLISHES, *which never vary their tones, are the smartest colors you can wear*

1

The delicate sheath of Glazo that gives your fingertips loveliness by day . . .

2

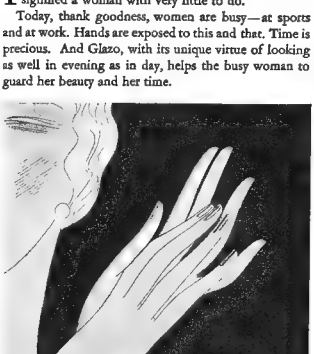
. . . retains the same charming tone by evening light. Glazo's smart colors . . .

1

. . . never vary with a change of light. The beauty it brings is constant, and lasts for a week or more.

IN a less active generation, lovely nails and fingertips signified a woman with very little to do.

Today, thank goodness, women are busy—at sports and at work. Hands are exposed to this and that. Time is precious. And Glazo, with its unique virtue of looking as well in evening as in day, helps the busy woman to guard her beauty and her time.



Only with Glazo will your fingertips be constantly smart

Beauty at the fingertips was never before so easy to have or so certain in its effect. Glazo liquid nail polish, in a few moments' time, brings to your nails a lovely delicate sheen that lasts a week or more. It never peels or cracks, and it never verges on artificiality.

Glazo's modish colors are the smartest you can wear. And Glazo has the added advantage of never changing color, regardless of varying lighting conditions. Other polishes, pleasing by daylight, take on a different and disappointing cast by candlelight or electricity. Glazo alone, because scientifically made so, remains unaffected.

So no matter what you think you like in nail polishes, try Glazo. For with Glazo, you are sure that your nails will always be lovely, will always be admired.

Smart women everywhere have acclaimed Glazo's Lipstick Reds—three new perfumed nail polishes that harmonize, respectively, with light, medium and dark lipsticks.

Flame, Geranium and Crimson are their names. With a "light" lipstick use Glazo Flame. With a "medium," use Geranium. And with a "dark" lipstick, use Crimson.

These Lipstick Reds, as well as the standard Glazo shades, may be found at all toiler-goods counters.

GLAZO *Coupon*

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GP-90
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

☐ Plain ☐ Perfumed

I enclose six cents. Please send me Glazo samples (polish and remover). See check above. Also booklet, "Lovely Eloquent Hands" (If you live in Canada, address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal.)

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

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Baby Oil...

then Talc...

to keep him cool and comfortable

SAVE him from the galling irritation and the painful red rashes that attack his skin, by following these simple directions: After bathing baby in the morning, gently pat him dry, and rub his entire body with Mennen Baby Oil. The oil is medicated and sterilized. It will keep baby's body soft and smooth, and prevent rubbing and chafing in the folds of the skin. It is pleasantly scented and will not soil diapers, clothing, or bedding. After any excess oil has been removed, dust Mennen Borated Talcum over his body to keep him cool, sweet, and comfortable. Be particular to massage the buttocks after every diaper change with Mennen Baby Oil, and then dust with Borated Talcum to protect the skin and prevent "ammonia diaper" condition.

BABY GIFT BOX

A delightfully modern Gift Box for mother and baby, containing the very things baby needs. Price $1.50 at druggists, department stores and gift shops.

THE MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

MENNEN
BABY OIL
BORATED TALCUM

THE PRESENT-DAY CHILD
CAUSES OF UNDERNOURISHMENT

The Mother's Child Welfare Club

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE
Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

WE NOW take up this subject as it affects the preschool child 2 to 6 years old and the school child up to the age of 12 years.

The preschool child often becomes undernourished because he is allowed to "eat everything" after his period of actual babyhood is over. No regular time is set for his meals. He comes to the family table and eats whatever the adults have, very often at irregular hours; or he may have "snacks" in his hands while he plays about, if his mother is too busy to set a table and prepare a proper meal.

On such a diet he may possibly grow fat, even to excess, but his muscles and bones will not be properly developed, and he may be considered undernourished quite as much as if he were losing weight or not gaining

Three *regular* meals daily, at the same hours, are needed by the preschool child. Fruits or fruit juices may be given in addition between meals once or twice daily, and plenty of pure water to drink. One and one-half pints pure milk from a cup, never from a bottle, is needed. Part of this may be poured over a well-cooked cereal or used on puddings or in cream soups, milk toast, etc.

It is usually best to serve the milk to drink at breakfast and at supper rather than between meals, but if the child has become much underweight an extra cup for lunch may be needed also. If this extra milk takes away the appetite for the next meal, it is wiser to work it in at mealtime, as suggested above, and give only fruit juice as the between-meal lunch

The child who is undernourished should be kept off his feet at least 1 to 2 hours daily; he should lie down in a room full of fresh air and sunshine, if he will sleep so much the better for doing so. He must go to bed by 6:30 or 7 P. M., and rise at 7 A. M. He should play out of doors as much as possible and be suitably dressed. Our clinic list from 2 to 6 years of age goes into detail with 7 sets of well-balanced meals, and will be mailed to any one who will give the child's age and inclose a stamped envelope addressed to one's self.

School children are often undernourished from 5 chief causes: 1. Physical defects. 2. Lack of home control. 3. Overfatigue. 4. Improper diet and faulty food habits. 5. Faulty health habits.

Enlarged adenoids and tonsils, decayed teeth, poor posture, and shallow breathing are among the physical defects. Lack of home control usually means the child is allowed to do about as he pleases as to sleeping, eating, taking fresh air, etc. Overfatigue is found in too much school work, especially home study. Overexercise is another cause, especially if not enough rest and sleep are had, with late hours, constant visits to the movies, shut up in bad air, and so forth.

Improper diet and faulty food habits consist of unbalanced meals, irregular meals, and excess of sweets, especially between meals. Faulty health habits are due to not paying attention to the bowels, teeth, care of the skin, enough bathing, and to other poor hygienic conditions.

Camps have done wonders in preventing and curing undernourishment in children. They make the child himself see how much better a well-balanced life is than an irregular one. They arouse his interest in his physical condition, so that when he returns home, even if conditions there are really bad, he will often continue the good-health habits taught him in camp.

An undernourished little girl, who had never had any hygienic care at home, was 13 pounds underweight when she went to camp. She gained 6 pounds in as many weeks, and, when she returned home she followed out all the health rules taught her in camp, so that she caught up in weight and development during the next few months, even at home, where no help was given her.

Our 2 personal-service clubs, with their many instructive leaflets and diet lists, are free to all if the self-addressed stamped envelope is inclosed and the age of the child given. They are our contribution to American children, our part in helping to realize President Hoover's "The Child's Bill of Rights," for we firmly believe that "the ideal to which we should strive is that there shall be no child in America that ever suffers from undernourishment."

FREE CHILD HEALTH SERVICE

If your baby is under 6 months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, by which you will receive monthly help until the baby is 2 years old. Send us the baby's name and age, and an admission blank will be sent you.

If you want advice about older children up to the age of 12, ask for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class.

No diseases will be treated by mail nor medicines prescribed. No blanks will be sent or inquiries answered unless you inclose a United States stamped envelope addressed to yourself.

Address your correspondence to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

Clothes that touch Baby's Skin need Borax

YOUR clothes—baby's clothes—all the family wash—need the gentle purifying touch of BORAX.

To begin with Borax-softened water permits the soap itself to do 3 to 5 times more work. White clothes are actually whiter and colors look brighter. Then BORAX *deodorizes*. A final Borax-and-water rinse will sweeten and soften the clothes—and remove every tiny, irritating particle of the soap besides! Let 20 Mule Team give you this special freshness, softness and purity—so grateful to baby's tender skin—and yours as well.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

Pacific Coast Borax Co., Dept. 325
51 Madison Avenue, New York City

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "Better Ways to Wash and Clean."

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Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

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MARGUERITE AND CYNTHIA McADOO

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They're ready for anything on land or in the air!

Almost six and almost four. Blue eyes. Yellow hair. Extremely dainty little girls, these daughters of Mr. and Mrs. William McAdoo, Jr. But *intrepid!*

They fly with enthusiasm. (Their parents are much interested in flying and are well known in aviation circles.) They swim . . . they garden in their own little plot . . . they romp in the California sunshine with Gypsy and Chita, two beloved and phlegmatic cats, and with Merrylegs, a little white dog.

In their blond heads there's no idea of the careful supervision that is theirs. But their mother, and their extremely efficient English nurse, keep up a watchful surveillance.

Their exercise, their play, their hours for sleep, their general routine and, above all, their diet. When each little girl was six months old the family physician advised a *hot, cooked* cereal. That cereal was Cream of Wheat, the one approved by 221 leading child specialists of San Francisco, Chicago, Toronto and New York, in a recent investigation.

"Mimi and Cynthia have always eaten Cream of Wheat," says Mrs. McAdoo. "It's a dietary matter that we're very particular about."

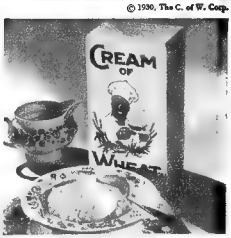
Mothers of small girls and boys all over the country have made a daily bowl full of Cream of Wheat part of the regular, accepted routine. They know that Cream of Wheat is rich in the energy that children consume so fast, that it is amazingly quick and easy to digest. Inexpensive, too. *Forty generous servings in a box.*

Let your youngsters have this good start in the morning—a Cream of Wheat breakfast.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg.

• • •

● TUNE IN on Cream of Wheat Radio Program every weekday morning at 7:45. Stations WJZ, WBZ-A, KDKA, WHAM, WLW, WJR, WLS.



FREE—a wonderful child's game

All children love the H.C.B. Club with a secret meaning. It makes a jolly game of their morning cereal. All the wonder working material is free—badges, gold stars, and big new posters with stirring color pictures of childhood heroes—Joan of Arc, Roland and Oliver, Richard the Lion Hearted. We will also send valuable child health booklet. Mail this coupon to The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Dept. E-46, Minneapolis, Minn.

*Child's Name*_____

*Address*_____

To get sample of Cream of Wheat, check here ☐

Avoid substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

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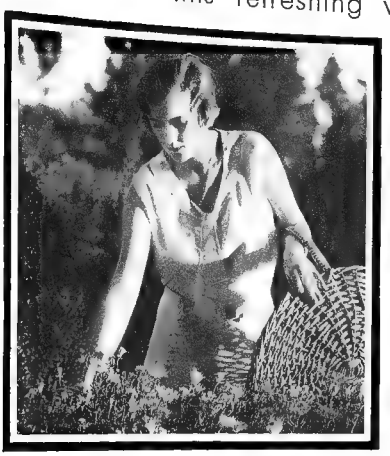
Skin more radiant

when you complete your cream cleansing this refreshing way

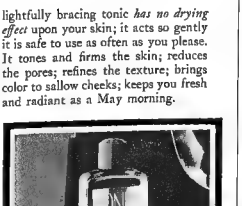


Charming MRS. ALISTER MCCORMICK, of the distinguished Chicago family, guards her lovely skin with utmost care . . . "Pond's Cleansing Tissues," she says, "remove cream better than anything I have ever tried . . . Pond's Skin Freshener is marvelous to free the skin from oiliness and shine."

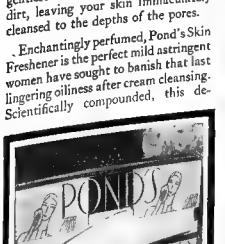
TO bring a more radiant beauty, a more exquisite bloom to your skin . . . follow each cream cleansing with generous use of these two delightful accessories prepared by the makers of the famous Two Creams.

To wipe away the cream, Pond's Cleansing Tissues are more luxuriously soft and fine than anything you ever used. Ample in size, they are so marvelously absorbent that, with the gentlest touch, they *lift off* cream and dirt, leaving your skin immaculately cleansed to the depths of the pores.

Enchantingly perfumed, Pond's Skin Freshener is the perfect mild astringent women have sought to banish that last lingering oiliness after cream cleansing. Scientifically compounded, this delightfully bracing tonic *has no drying effect* upon your skin; it acts so gently it is safe to use as often as you please. It tones and firms the skin; reduces the pores; refines the texture; brings color to sallow cheeks; keeps you fresh and radiant as a May morning.



Pond's Skin Freshener, to banish oiliness



CHECK OFFER YOU WISH

☐ Free sample of Pond's Cleansing Tissues.

☐ For 10¢ enclosed please send me samples of Pond's Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener and Cold and Vanishing Creams.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. Y
108 Hudson Street . . . . New York City

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Street_____

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Two Tissues, to remove cold cream *Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand, every time.*

THE BROTHER FROM MU

Continued from page 47

Hammering of the gavel and stern reproof from Grammateus. "Cut that! Remember, he's a brother."

"Besides I've got to be here to help sweat Sawtelle."

"If Groben gets started on 'How we won at Poughkeepsie' we'll do the sweating, not Sawtelle."

"Aw, come off," Duke pleaded, "I can't do a thing like that."

"Where's your fraternity spirit?"

"Yeah, for dear old Beta Xi," added some one else. Everybody laughed but Duke. He was up a tree, which Dana proceeded to cut from under him.

"Do you want those dirty sonofches down the street to have the laugh on us? You're a fine washout of a Rushing Committee."

"All right, all right." Duke knew when to give up.

Meeting adjourned after one more feeble attempt to get the regular business done, and Dana and Beanie descended upon the victim. "Better call her up right now and be sure she doesn't make another date," they urged.

"What's the big idea? Who ever heard of calling a girl at one o'clock in the morning?"

"She'll be up. You know darn well she'll be up." Duke was escorted to the phone room.

"This is a terrible thing you're making me do," he was still protesting as he picked up a cobblestone from under the wall phone.

"Now, now, we've been all through that," Dana spoke soothingly. And Beanie added reassuringly: "You're getting yourself all stewed up over nothing. Mellie's a good sport. I bet she gets an awful boot out of it. It'll be better than taking her to see the animals at the zoo. Hurry up, will you?"

Glumly Duke took off the receiver and called a number

"Five cents, please," came over the line.

OBLIGINGLY Duke thumped the bottom of the telephone with the cobblestone There was the tinkle of a bell, and he was connected.

"Hello, hello. Is that you, Melie? Have you done your good deed to-day? . . . Certainly I'm not going to tell you who I am. I'm hurt, deeply hurt, that you don't know my sweet voice, and if I could get a nickel back I'd ring off."

"Get going, will you?" hoarse whisper from Beanie. "Can the applesauce."

"Well, seriously, about the good deed. Lucky I called you up—luckily for you, I mean . . . Now don't get funny with me." Pause while Duke held out the receiver so that Beanie and Dana could hear what was coming over too.

"How about my coming out to-morrow night? . . . Who? You wouldn't let a date with an ape like that stand between us, would you? Call him up and tell him the game's been called on account of rain. . . . No, now listen, Melie, this is serious. Shut up! . . . Don't be mad, *please*. I wasn't insulting you. A fellow just came in here making a lot of noise and I was talking to him, honest.

"What I mean is there's one of the cellar gang we've got to get out of the way to-morrow night or we'll lose the best freshman in the class, and he's fallen for you—love at first sight, very romantic. He stroked the intercollegiate champions last year. . . . You'll know he's on the cellar gang when you see him. He's the roughest diamond that ever came out of the West. . . . Listen, Melie, if you'll help me out on this I'll mortgage the old home and we'll have ourselves a real party on pledge night—that is day after to-morrow—theater and supper and everything.

"You're a real sport, Melie. Maybe I better prepare you for the shock. He's a great big bruiser right off the range with a four-button suit and never wears a hat—Keep your shirt on, Beanie! And, Melie, I guess I better tell you the worst, he—he wears a black shirt. . . . Gosh, you're a real sport, Melie. Don't forget our blow-out pledge night. And, Melie, I'm hoping you'll go to the interfraternity with me—and the senior ball too. You don't have to say now. We'll talk it over. Nighty, nighty."

Duke hung up, and turned on Dana and Beanie. "Stop hurrying me, will you?" he said irritably. "Nice pile of jack it's going to cost me squaring myself with Melie, if I ever can square myself. I'll be just so much deadwood to saw off and burn up when she sees that thug That's right, go ahead and laugh. You can. I'm the one that's getting sucked in."

"It's a tough break for you," Beanie said sympathetically, but Dana was without pity.

"As Brother Groben would say," he made the words ring out impressively—"No sacrifice is too great if you've got the real loyalty and spirit of Beta Xi. *The spirit of Beta Xi.*"

DUKE, faultlessly arrayed against the elements in black Chesterfield with velvet collar, white-silk scarf, and a this year's derby, pulled up in front of a none too savory rooming house just as the luckless brother from Mu descended the steps.

"Hi! I've been looking for you all day."

Groben came over to the battered, four-year-old sport model "That so?" he inquired pleasantly. "What's eating you?"

Acute anguish clouded Duke's trusting eyes, but he managed to continue with fraternal warmth, "How about stepping out to-night?"

Reflectively the big fellow munched something. Duke wondered whether it was liquorice, tobacco, or gum. "Where to?" Groben asked at last.

"Out to see my girl I had her at the gym yesterday, remember?"

Groben did remember "She sure is a sweet dish, Broh Fletcher"—it was evident that he was being torn in opposite directions—"And it's mighty white of you to ask me, but I've promised the boys at the house to help with that crew freshman, and they'll be counting on me up there."

Duke harbored, for a moment, a selfish and blameworthy hope. It yielded to his better nature—and to the thought of how the Pi Rho's would swank if they got Sawtelle.

"She's a great crew fan," he said temptingly.

Groben weakened, but caught himself. "No, I can't go back on the frat. I may be from the baby chapter, but I'm Beta Xi through and through, and I've got the real Beta Xi spirit Why, when I think what——"

"They don't need you," Duke broke through forcibly. "The boy is as good as sewed up already."

"Sure about that? I heard some talk down in the locker room about him going Pi Rho."

"Not a chance. We have the straight dope from his roommate that he's coming our way. Besides, we can get back before he leaves."

Groben pulled the lavender-bordered handkerchief half an inch farther out of his pocket and looked down fondly at the lavender tie to match. "Lucky I got all dressed up, isn't it?" He climbed in beside Duke.

Five minutes later, with an air of renunciation he blew out a full pack of gum in which probably the flavor still lasted, one six minutes later he was gingerly enveloping the tiny white hand of as sweet a bit of froth and fluff as ever graced a college town.

"Pleased to meet you," he said in a faint, scared voice, very different from his usual assured boom and rumble. At any other time Duke would have chuckled over the elephant frightened by the mouse, but at the moment he was in no mood for humor. His soul was full of bitterness as he watched Groben balancing on the edge of a chair, perspiring freely and snapping his thumb joints. What would Melie think of him for having a fraternity brother like this? What would she think of any fellow with a lavender tie? Melie was so tasteful, from the shining little wave in her hair above her right ear to the equally shining buckles on her slippers.

"I wouldn't be seen in black patent-leather slippers without cut-steel buckles," Duke remembered her saying once. "It's like cream and sugar"—a bit of swagger—"peaches need both" He shuddered in the ecstasy of remembering the comment that followed, then gloom again sat upon him. If she felt that way about buckles, what could she possibly think of a person that brought around an ox in a black shirt? He shuddered again, this time in misery.

"And when Duke called up," Melie's voice recalled him, "and said, 'How about to-night?' I actually broke a date to meet

Continued on page 52

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Don't Call it Luck"

COUNSELS ELINOR GLYN

A romantic marriage to the man of her dreams—how can every girl win this?

OR GLYN

HELEN M—— is eating her heart out, poor child, because she is so *"unlucky."* There have been six weddings among her friends and she hasn't even one beau! "Miss Glyn," she writes, "really I am as good looking as these other girls. Can it be their clothes? I buy the same styles and pay just as much—"

DON'T call it luck, Helen. Undoubtedly these girls know something that you don't—that the thing about clothes that has the greatest appeal for men is *color*. Psychologists say color affects the emotions *more than any other factor in dress*.

As long as its intensity, its balance, are not upset or diminished, *color* will work unfailingly on the *emotions*.

It all comes down, Helen, to these two simple rules which any girl can follow:

ONE: Wear the colors which suit you best; and

TWO: Keep those colors fresh and new and vital, just as you keep your things clean and dainty.

The difficulty is that some women use an ordinary "good" soap, but it is not *good enough*, for just a little of the color pigment goes from the fabric. But there is a famous product especially made to take out dirt *without disturbing the colors*. That is the well-known Lux. If a color is safe in plain water alone, Lux will preserve *all* of its *original magnetism*.

And Your Home, too

And, girls, remember this, too. A man does judge a girl by her setting—her home.

If everything around you, from the dainty curtains in your living room to the gay pillows on the porch, the pretty linens on the supper table, reflects the charm of fresh color which *Lux alone gives*, this will make *you* seem more charming, more desirable, to *him*.

ELINOR GLYN

"Men love fresh, cheerful color," says Elinor Glyn—"wear becoming colors and keep them joyously, vibrantly alive—like new . . . here is the secret of charm in dress."

THE SECRET OF CLOTHES APPEAL

Sample after 12 Lux washings—unfaded, live, vibrant as when it was bought, all the magnetism of color retained!

Washed 12 times with ordinary "good" soap—the chiffon is undeniably faded, the allure of fresh color lost.

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Like Nature's Own Glow
Greaseless! Permanent!

Men admire youthful, healthy color. Certainly! They want your lips to look Natural . . . not a greasy smear of glaring, flashy color!

Tangee is entirely unlike any other lipstick. It contains no pigment. Magically it takes on color after you apply it to your lips. It is like a glow from within . . . a blush so natural that it seems a part of the lips. And Tangee never rubs off or looks artificial.

Based on a marvelous color principle, Tangee blends perfectly with your own natural coloring, no matter what your complexion!

Tangee *Lipstick*, $1. Also the same marvelous color principle in *Rouge Compact*, 75c . . . *Crème Rouge*, $1. *Face Powder*, blended to match the natural skin tones, $1. *Night Cream*, both cleanses and nourishes, $1. *Day Cream*, a foundation cream, protects the skin, $1. *Cosmetic*, a new mascara, will not smart, $1.

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up."

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. P.R. 9
17 Fifth Avenue New York

THE BROTHER FROM MU

Continued from page 50

you." There was a certain tantalizing familiarity in the way she said "you." That same line— Duke felt a little resentful, and decided to punish her.

"Melie, have you ever heard about Mariposa's famous race at Poughkeepsie?"

Instantly Groben's face became oratorical: "Mariposa—that's my old *alma mater*," he turned to Melie. "I might even go so far as to say I rowed on that crew—in fact, I stroked it."

MELIE was deeply impressed. "You stroked the championship crew? The one that beat all the others?"

Groben was gratified. "Oh, I don't know that it was so much."

"You would say that. Suppose you tell me about it and let me decide for myself."

If Groben had had a tail he would have wagged it. Happily, he laid the race at her feet. Duke's resentment vanished and his heart swelled with gratitude and pride as he saw the grace with which she accepted it.

"We had the inside course, see, and that was all to the good on account of the wind—" Unfortunately the telephone rang just as Mariposa nosed ahead of Cornell in magnificent response to the cox's command to *give her ten*.

Melie held up her hand. "Stop! Don't say another word till I get back. I can't bear to miss a syllable."

Duke slipped out and intercepted her in the hall coming back. "Gosh, Melie, you're a wonder," he said with genuine admiration, and approached her with a tentative arm. But somehow she was out of his reach.

"Am I?"

"You know I think so, and you're a great little sport too. Not many girls—It's pretty low to hand you into this and then duck out. Do you mind if I go?"

"Do you want to really, Duke?" Her voice was faintly wistful.

"Gosh, no, but I've got to get back to the house to help work on this freshman—that's the whole idea—and if you'll just keep Dinner Groben's mind off rushing till I get back I'll be your slave for life. Yes, and I'll be out here to-morrow night with tickets for the theater. Will you? Can you?"

"Of course I can." Melie accepted the challenge, and went back into the living room, where Groben sat swaying slightly with a far-away look in his eye.

"And then we settled down to a long steady stroke—" was the last Duke heard as he quietly closed the front door. He coasted silently for a distance, then let the clutch in and sped to the house. There he found Elbridge Sawtelle Strawbridge already ensconced in the stuffed chair in Beanie's room—always used for sweat sessions because it had the best furniture. Beanie was talking:

"This is a congenial bunch of fellows, this house. There isn't another house on the campus as particular. We don't want an uncongenial man, no matter who he is, and when we bid you it's because we know you will be happier here than anywhere else on the campus.

"This house stands for congeniality," he went on loudly as the freshman's mouth opened to speak, "and the bond of brotherhood means what it says—there are no cliques here like you will find in most houses, and we're well rounded too. We stand for scholarship—we want you to stay eligible anyway—and for activities as well as athletics. As I said before, you'll find this a well-rounded bunch of fellows, every one in here doing something for the college—and above all they're congenial. That's the biggest thing about a fraternity, you'll find, congeniality."

As Beanie paused for breath Duke took the baton. Looking the freshman hypnotically in the eye, he briefly reviewed the national standing of the brotherhood; but more important than that, he went on, did Sawtelle know that the bowl, now filled with cigarettes on the table downstairs, had been awarded to a Beta Xi last year—the highest honor the senior class could give—and this year the house had five senior hats and two junior?

Duke corroborated this statement by pictures of the honor societies which he took down from the wall and showed Sawtelle, carefully pointing out each of the Beta Xi's—and the only reason the house didn't have six senior hats was that the limit for one fraternity was five. Of course the Beta Xi's didn't sling mud, but just ask the Pi Rho's how many senior hats they had. Ask anybody on the campus where Pi Rho rated in comparison to Beta Xi.

As Duke opened the album of newspaper clippings about great deeds of famous Beta Xi athletes, Elbridge Sawtelle Strawbridge threw a leg over one arm of his chair and interrupted. "What I really want to know is, what freshmen are coming Beta Xi?" A smooth boy this freshman. Very different from being a smoothy and quite all right.

"You're the only man we're bidding we're not sure of—something we don't often do," said Duke. Proudly he gave the list of men sewed up. "The crowd you've been running with, you see. Your roommate will be here. You'd be congenial here. That's everything, because these men will be your constant companions for four years."

The freshman did not seem properly impressed. "Some of the crewmen I like are going Pi Rho."

"You mustn't let that influence you," Duke said quickly, taking the hurdle without a break in his stride. "The friendships you make your first term in college don't count for a thing. My best friends to-day I hardly knew my freshman year. And besides you'll see plenty of those boys down at crew without being in the same fraternity with them."

"Well, I haven't quite made up my mind yet, but whichever way I go I want you fellows to know I like your crowd a lot." Sawtelle was still on the fence at the beginning of the eighteen-hour silent period, during which no upper classman could speak to a freshman.

THE whole chapter gathered around him with warm handclasps and hearty good nights and good lucks as he left, escorted for the last time by a guard of honor to his room in the dorms.

"How did it go out at Melie's?" Beanie asked as soon as the door closed.

"Oh, it might have been worse," philosophically Duke took a cigarette out of the bowl on the table and lit it, "but I don't see how."

"Where were they when you left?"

Again Duke's hand strayed to the bowl. "Just passed the Columbia boathouse—three miles to go." Morosely he abstracted a handful of cigarettes and started to fill his case.

"Here, here," Dana spoke reprovingly, "how many times has Brother Entertainment Committee told us smokes in the bowl are sacred to freshmen?"

Duke finished filling his case and put the two extra ones in his pocket. "It'll take more than cigarettes to square this night with Melie."

"There are times, Duke, when I fear," Dana shook his head and looked troubled, "you haven't got the real spirit of Beta Xi."

Pledge buttons had already been put on the freshman and a magnificent meal—to be paid for out of their initiation fees—urged upon them, when Duke burst in the door. Excitedly he sought out Beanie, who

Continued on page 54

FOR HOME-MAKERS

The Pictorial Review Home Bureau will be glad to furnish free information on any subject of interest to home-makers. Please send a stamped envelope, addressed to yourself, with your inquiries, to Home Bureau Service, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

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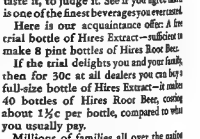
At fountains ask for Hires or buy it in bottles



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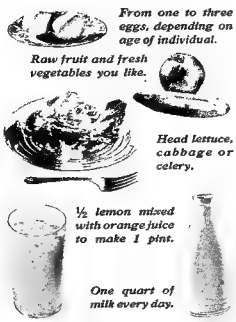
Eat the proper food; use Pepsodent twice daily; see your dentist twice a year. That is the ultimate as modern science sees it.

1 Follow the diet below


From one to three eggs, depending on age of individual.
Raw fruit and fresh vegetables you like.
Head lettuce, cabbage or celery.
½ lemon mixed with orange juice to make 1 pint.
One quart of milk every day.

2 Use Pepsodent twice a day

3 See your dentist twice a year

A PROMINENT professor of a large university finds that the natural resistance to decay and gum disorders can be greatly built up by the proper diet. The most common ages of tooth decay are during the period of growth. Here is the diet he recommends for you and your family, depending upon age for the quantity.

Every day one quart of milk; eggs; head lettuce, cabbage or celery; lemon juice mixed with orange juice, and as much raw fruit or fresh vegetables as you like.

And use Pepsodent

Every day, too, you must remove from your teeth a cloudy film that coats them. Film is that slippery coating you can feel with your tongue. It sticks like glue and ordinary brushing fails to remove it effectively. Film absorbs the stains from food and smoking. It turns teeth dull and dingy.

Film is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly discolorations on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

Your dentist will tell you that when Pepsodent removes film from teeth it plays an important part in the prevention of decay and other troubles.

Eat the proper food. Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year. That is the surest way to lovely, healthy teeth.

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If women talk at all about Feminine Hygiene

Some say THIS Some say THAT

SOME women prefer to listen during discussions about intimate matters. Perhaps from delicacy. More often from fear of leading others their own way when they themselves are not sure. Women certainly should know more about feminine hygiene. Too many different opinions are held and expressed.

In their desire for surgical cleanliness many of them use—and advise others to use—caustic and poisonous antiseptics that their doctors will not condone. They mean well. But they do not know the dangers accompanying bichloride of mercury and compounds of carbolic acid.

Zonite is safe to use regularly

Today these old-fashioned antiseptics are no longer necessary. They are replaced by Zonite. There can be no areas of scar tissue when Zonite is the germicide. No interference with normal secretions. No mercurial poisoning. Zonite is as safe as pure water and *far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body.*

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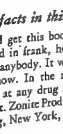

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THE BROTHER FROM MU

Continued from page 52

with several other brothers was waiting second shift at the tables.

"Sawtelle turn up all right?"

There were scowls and an unfraternal gleam in Beanie's eye. "Yeah, you should ask that."

"You don't mean he didn't——"

"Just that—he didn't." Hostile silence. Duke shoved his derby onto the back of his head and passed a hand across his brow. "Groben—do you suppose, after all, Groben——"

"Yes," Beanie's voice was heavy with sarcasm, "clever of you to guess it. It's too bad you couldn't have thought of it sooner."

"Oh, is that so?"

"Yes, that's so. If you hadn't had that bright idea of taking Groben——"

"My idea!" Was this bunch of dead-wood trying to give him the birdie? "Dana——"

"Suppose it was Dana's idea? It was your girl, wasn't it? You're the one that plumbered things."

"That's right, Duke," said Dana, neatly stepping out from under. "I merely made a suggestion. You didn't have to follow it."

"How—" There was a lot Duke didn't understand.

"If you hadn't taken Groben away when we needed him here we'd have Sawtelle and the laugh on the Pi Rho's," Beanie said.

"Needed him here!"

"That lousy frosh—I just got it from his roommate—gave us the air because he hadn't met any one in here who knew an oar from a tiller."

Light began to break over Duke. "So that was why he asked if we had a transfer named Groben here. He was looking for a crewman. And I tried to laugh it off. Oh, gosh!"

"A great little fixer you were—not."

"That's the way you feel about it, is it?" Duke might blame himself, but he wasn't taking it from any one else. "Try and get me to do anything for this house again. Just try——"

Regrettably unbrotherlike recriminations continued until interrupted by the shriek of a siren splitting the air outside. There was a shriek of brakes above the shriek of a siren, and a cowboy yell above it all. Heads were popping out all along Fraternity Row as the Beta Xi's tumbled out the door. Brother Groben. Melie's car, Duke saw. She was almost hidden by Groben's bulk, but her head was on a level with his. She must be sitting on some one's lap.

"Come on, bros," bellowed Groben; "here's another pledge."

It was the lap of Elbridge Sawtelle Strawbridge that Melie was sitting on.

"I didn't feel right about going back on you fellows last night," Groben's voice boomed out over the cheers and congratulations, "so I did a little snoopin' around the gym this after. Those Pi Rho frosh were too buddy with Straw, here, to suit me, so I got Melie to kidnap him and keep him occupied till silent period was up and I could give him the works. And here he is. We may be a baby chapter out at Mu, but we get our man."

"You've got the Beta Xi spirit all right, Brother Groben," the admiring voices were entirely sincere.

Elbridge Sawtelle Strawbridge—henceforth to be known as "Straw," because good old Brother Groben called him "Straw"—was dragged from the car and carried triumphantly into the house. What a laugh on the Pi Rho's!

Duke was the only one to stay behind. Melie certainly deserved a real reward, he thought. He'd take her to dinner as well as the theater.

"You go right in, Brother Groben; they'll want you at the head of the table. Don't worry about Melie—I'll take care of her."

"Thanks, Broh Fletcher; some other time. After what Melie's done for the frat I'm going to give her a big evening—feed and a show."

"But—but Duke and I—" Melie started to protest.

For answer Groben slipped the little car into gear and gave it the gun.

Melie had the grace to turn and blow a good-by kiss to Duke and his theater tickets, but before she was out of sight he saw her snuggle close to Groben. Evidently she liked a caveman.

AS A WOMAN BUILDS HER HOME

Continued from page 21

the purity of the water. As water pressures are higher than formerly, and as hot water is more freely used in present-day homes, added care must be taken to protect the water system against deterioration.

When the water for your bath runs slowly from the faucet, when the water in your glass has a tinge of red-brown, then you may know that rust is at work on iron, and the time for replacing your pipes is at hand. It is well to remember this when building your home; otherwise your floors will have to be torn up, and your walls marred, in order to reach the seat of disturbance.

A nonrust water system is only slightly more expensive than an ordinary one—more than an ordinary one—about $120 in a house costing $12,000—and this amount can easily be accounted for in repairs within a year or two if you take the cheaper way in the beginning.

THESE are important matters for the builder of a home to take up with the architect and contractor, and to watch over during its construction.

All wiring should be of copper, which has a higher degree of conductivity and spells the difference between good lighting and poor lighting. Screens, too, should be of copper wire; otherwise rust will rot the metal, and moths and flies and mosquitoes will become the household heritage. Iron screens, even when protected by paint, seldom live longer than three years.

Nickel, related by marriage to the copper family, is another indispensable friend of woman in the home. By it is made possible the widespread use of electric appliances, doing away with much of the old-time drudgery. A whimsical creature, it eluded both the chemist and the metallurgist through many ages.

Found in its native state only in meteors, and in grains along the shores of the Fraser River, its presence in other ores, such as pyrrhotite and pentlandite, was undetected until 1751, when the German chemist Cronstedt brought it to light. "*Kupfernickel*" (devil's copper) it was called, because of its supposed similarity to copper and its many tricks in defeating all efforts to separate it from its mother.

ONLY within the last fifty years has it become obedient to man. It reaches its highest value when electroplated on copper, not only defying rust and corrosion, but keeping its feet under the constant voltage required for electric cooking or heating.

Upon it relies the cheer of the modern breakfast table. It helps to do away with the arduous and dusty process of sweeping. It expedites housecleaning, taking the heartache and backache out of sweeping and laundry work. Without it we would have neither electric percolator nor toaster, vacuum cleaner nor washing machine, nor any of the hundred and one devices which reduce housework from a burden to a bagatelle.

Now much of the real beauty of a home depends upon its interior fittings, such as lighting fixtures, andirons, door knobs, locks, and knockers. Bronze, because of its hardness, is the best. It is not easily dented and will stand the wear and tear of centuries. Copper and brass have lasting qualities, and for purposes of harmony in color and tone may be painted or enameled to meet individual tastes.

In the kitchen and bathroom, nickel comes to the fore, not only because of its strength, but because it maintains its polish longer and is more easily kept bright and shining.

We come now to aluminum, the aristocrat of the metals. Because of its hardness, its lightness, and its high heat conductivity, it is receiving recognition in kitchen utensils and drawing-room fixtures. As an

Continued on page 57

From little Bobbie to Robert Townsend, Jr.

Up the ladder of years from socks to manhood Kaynee brings self-reliance to Young America. Tailored from finest materials in the best approved custom manner, Kaynee attire is designed to please mothers, fathers and of course, the youngster himself. Because Kaynee is big enough, because Kaynee knows how, you pay no more for Kaynee quality, style, wear and comfort.

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And Now for the Smaller Kitchen . . .
a New and Charming Magic Chef

AND now a charming new Magic Chef compactly designed for the small kitchen. A Magic Chef range so delightfully modern, handsome and serviceable that you will surely want to beautify your own kitchen, and make it more efficient, more comfortable.

This new Magic Chef, the Tiffin Model, possesses most of the labor-saving features and all the beauty, convenience and efficiency of the larger models.

Both the oven and broiler are completely and heavily insulated and the oven is equipped with the famous Red Wheel Heat Regulator.

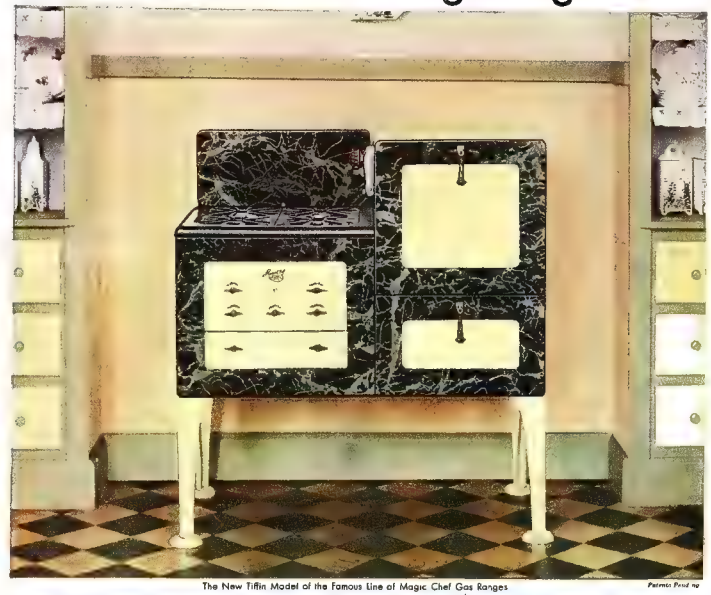
Like the larger models, too, the "Tiffin" is beautifully enameled throughout. The exterior finish is in old ivory with Verd Antique Marble trim.

Handles are of cool, onyx green bakelite mounted on chromium finished fittings that will not tarnish. A new-type folding cover makes it easy to conceal the cooking top in an instant.

Just one year ago Magic Chef was announced as the New Vogue in Gas Ranges. Since then many thousands of these beautiful, modern stoves have been purchased. All are giving unusual satisfaction.

However, so many women who saw, admired and wanted a Magic Chef demanded a smaller model that American Stove Company decided to create an equally charming gas range for the smaller kitchen.

The Tiffin Model of Magic Chef is now ready for your inspection and approval. See it! Your time will not be wasted. Buy it! It cannot be matched by any gas range selling at anywhere near its price.



The New Tiffin Model of the Famous Line of Magic Chef Gas Ranges

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They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY

"So you're a saxophone player, eh? Well . . . make me weep!"

"Do your stuff," said the vaudeville booker. Rudy did! And fame caressed him with open arms. The whole public succumbed, in two short years.

RUDY VALLEE

Two years ago he stepped into the spot-light on a little cafe floor and crooned a song called "Deep Night." Today deep night on Broadway sees his name in electric signs.

It wasn't the cut of his clothes . . . or the break of his luck. This youngster just naturally delivered something that the public wants!

Just so OLD GOLD cigarettes have grown from a baby brand to a giant brand in record time . . . because they delivered a new enjoyment . . . with a cigarette that thrilled the taste and comforted the most sensitive throat.

Better tobaccos . . . that's why they win.

On Mar. 7, 1927, OLD GOLD cigarettes were first introduced in Illinois. Today, the city of Chicago alone smokes nearly 3,000,000 daily.

BETTER TOBACCOS · · "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

Refuse substitutes · buy the advertised

AS A WOMAN BUILDS HER HOME

Continued from page 54

ingredient of paint it is gaining popularity for woodwork, its neutrality meeting the mode for heightened color scheme.

Claiming kinship with the ruby, the sapphire, and the turquoise, it can trace its ancestry back to the very beginning of time. An original element of the earth's crust, it exists around and about us in the soil beneath our feet. It circulates freely in the waters of the sea and in the waters we drink. It is a part of the very air we breathe. It exists in many forms, from rare gems to whole mountains.

Although its presence has been known since the days of the early Roman Empire, until recently it has remained aloof from commercial enterprise. We first hear of it as a salt, called "*alumina*," which was found on the shores of the Mediterranean, and also in volcanic ash thereabouts, when it was used for medicine and in some slight way as a dyer's chemical. In the eighteenth century it was discovered that this salt could be produced from clay by the action of sulphuric acid.

Sir Humphry Davy, in 1815, made many unsuccessful attempts to isolate the metal from these salts. An Englishman, in 1880, by the introduction of carbon and electricity, produced aluminum alloys. It was only in 1886 that a group of American chemists and metallurgists conquered its reticence, beguiling it from its hiding place.

The only ore which contains it in quantity large enough to give it commercial advantage is what is known as "hydrate-barricite," a member of the granite family—an ore which gives up its treasure only when reduced to sheer exhaustion. Digested by caustic soda, decomposed by subsequent filtration and chemical dilution, shattered by electrical shock, it deposits the aluminum grains on the bottom of the bath.

OUR story of the household metals would be incomplete if we were to neglect iron —in its adult stage steel—which is the leviathan of the mineral kingdom. Harnessed with power, it is the master of the machine age. In sword and in plowshare, in water wheel and in turbine, in railroad and in ocean liner, in automobile and in motor transport, in factory and in skyscraper it has become the purveyor of industrial efficiency from time immemorial down to the present day. In the household, without it we would have had neither stove nor furnace, and until the greater use of copper and brass, neither sanitation nor sewerage.

In recorded history it came to light some six thousand years ago—a steel dagger having been found clasped in the hand of King Tut-ankh-amen. When man could understand it, the iron age usurped the precedence of the age of bronze. When it melted in his hearth, cooling, as his fires died, and he had learned that by heat and the introduction of carbon it gained in hardness and in strength, the manufacture of steel and the development of the industrial world had begun. To it the spread of agriculture, of trade, of commerce, of the sciences, and of the arts, is due.

As a pyrotechnic display, the making of steel has no rival. After the ore has been crushed in the maws of giant machines, it is thrown to the flames, where the slag mounts to the top of the seething metal and is carried off. It is then that the great gates of the furnace open, and rivers of fire come surging forth, sending showers of green and blue and orange sparks into the air.

Sizzling and roaring it flows between brick-lined bed and bank into bells wide and deep, from which it is poured into molds. As "pig" or ingot it comes forth, red-hot, to be taken up by rollers, and passed back and forth like fiery serpents, hissing and writhing, until it is reduced to its proper dimensions.

SPACE does not permit a comprehensive story of the steel industry, but even a short trip through the mills reveals to the inquiring mind the wonder and the glory and unending toil by which man makes all things obedient to his needs.

In some ways iron and steel have come into recent disuse in the home. Refusing, therewith, to become an outcast, they now assert themselves in new paths of service. While more and more, gas and electric stoves have replaced the coal and wood stoves of earlier days, both steel and iron are still the essential metals for range and furnace. Whereas formerly they were scarcely allowed to trespass beyond the kitchen or the hearthside, to-day steel and iron furnishings contribute to the symmetry and comfort of the home. In bath and joist and beam, when properly protected from moisture by paint or weather sheet, as an element of construction its life may be said to be everlasting. So that when it is used in the frame of the house the main consideration is its grade and the quality of the covering which is to protect it from rust and corrosion.

AND so we see them—copper, bronze, brass, iron, steel, nickel, aluminum—in their succession down the ages, as constant messengers of good will to humankind.

The next article of this series will tell the story of the essentials of household equipment.

THE ACCIDENT

Continued from page 17

backed the car to turn in at the gate. In so doing, the lights sliced around, pricking the darkness and illuminating the roadside bushes, weighted down with ice. Suddenly Steve gave a cry. Al and Harry turned. Steve's deep voice, high-pitched, called out to them, "Hey! Wait a minute! Come here! Come here quick!"

STEVE was pointing at something. They followed his gaze, and saw the body of a man, drenched and sodden, flung face downward on the ground. They sprang forward and bent over it. Harry cried, "Fools! It's Cliff Peters!"

Al said, "That's what happened, then. Can't you see? That's what ditched the Governor's car. He must of been crossing the road just as he came along, and to miss hitting him the Governor jammed on the brakes and——"

"Only he didn't miss him."

"Not by a darn sight."

"Out on a drunk, I s'pose, but I never seen him pass the house."

"Fillin' up on the Polaks' moonshine all cvenin' probably, and just startin' home."

"And crossin' the road right smack in front of the Governor's car."

"Well, he got his, all right."

"Yes, he got his."

"What'll we do with him?"

"Oh, cart him up to the barn, and I'll drive around and tell his wife."

"Come on, give us a hand."

They lifted the burden, whose clothing had in it the chill of death itself, and carried it up to the barn. The women, flinging shawls over their heads, came running out of the house.

"What is it? What's the matter?"

"There's another one dead!"

They chattered like magpies. Cliff Peters...the Governor's car... Serves him right.... Ellen Peters can hold up her head at last.... And she's so young.... Ain't it a shame? ... What will Ellen do? ...If she had any gumption she'd have left him long ago.... The men laid the stiff body on the clean, sweet-smelling straw and turned to go, but this time there were no offers to accompany them.

ON THE way to the Peters's house, which was a little shanty on Factory Street, close to the falls, they fell to discussing him. It was as if the pent-up emotion of the evening had burst its dam.

"Cliff was just my age. He was in my class at school. He was a smart kid."

"Too smart for any good."

"Ellen will make a fine-lookin' widow."

"She won't be no widow long."

"She ought to thank her lucky stars she don't have to set up no more nights waitin' for him."

"Who's goin' to tell her?"

"Oh, let Al do it."

Continued on page 58

"The Lansdowne advertisement was an answer to my prayer for help. For five years now this work has supported my sick husband and myself." says Mrs. Chisholm, of Virginia.

"Lansdowne work has transported me through sixteen hard years," says Mrs. Westerbeke, of Florida. Her earnings are often $200 a month.

A Buick car... a radio... her daughter's education and a fruit grove in Florida. These are some of the many ways Mrs. Snyder, of New York, spends her Lansdowne income. She earned $15,000 in six years!

Made $340 to $400 apiece in 4 to 8 Weeks, working only part time

Without experience, and working only part time, you can average $25 to $50 a week, just as these women did! We tell how to do it in our free booklet, "How You Can Make A Big Income." Write us today before your territory is assigned to someone else!

WOMEN of high social standing, women with homes and children to care for, are now our representatives and have been for years.

Just working part time, many of our new, inexperienced representatives have cleared from $100 to $300 profit their first month! Mrs. Kenny, of Wisconsin, made $25 in a single day! For the past eight years, Mrs. Baker, of Texas, has earned never less than $1,500 a year.

If you want to become financially independent, write for our booklet, "How You Can Make A Big Income"—and free samples of our exclusive fabrics.

Many of our dress silks, light-weight woolens, velvets and staple cotton goods . . . and our wide assortment of interior decorating materials are personally selected by Miss Lansdowne on her frequent buying trips abroad.

Perfumes Created for Three Princesses of France!

While Miss Lansdowne was in Paris a year ago, she won the consent of three famous French Princesses to have their personal perfumes distributed to American women . . . through the sole agency of Lansdowne representatives!

Three alluring fragrances . . . each one originally blended to express the radiant personality of the grand hostess and social favorite whose name it bears. Also, the perfume of Princesse Carlos de Rohan, Gisele, the fragrance blended for Princesse de Faucigny-Lucinge, and Brenda, created for Princesse Alphonse de Chimay.

The quick popularity of these perfumes in America has made them one of the most successful items ever sponsored by The Lansdowne Company. Read what a few of our 3,500 representatives say of their happy experience in selling these famous perfumes, the exclusive Lansdowne fabrics, the French handkerchiefs and our original Christmas cards.

No need to be experienced—More than 3,500 women, many of whom had absolutely no previous sales experience of any kind are now earning good money for themselves. Mrs. Cable, of Michigan, says, "In my first five months working only a few hours a day, I sold over $1,100 worth."

Representatives find our line the best proposition they have ever handled Mrs. Snyder, of New York, writes . . . "After trying out fifteen different firms, I found that Lansdowne is the best there is. In six years with this firm I've earned $15,000."

Friendly Work—"The big thing I have received from Lansdowne work is far beyond financial gain. It is the countless friends I have made among the worth-while people of our town," writes Mrs. Luke, of Michigan.

Join this great organization of 3,500 women . . . earn big incomes as easily as they do

Large Commissions—Women are eager to secure the right to represent us because orders for our goods run into money quickly. We pay big commissions on your very first order!

Good Service—Twenty-four hours after we receive your order your goods are on their way to you. No delays . . . no mistakes. Your every question is answered by Miss Lansdowne herself. Customer's satisfaction is guaranteed.

Start early—Applications for territory considered in the order received. Delay may cost you your opportunity. The sooner you start, the more money you make.

We Exchange References—To you, about to join our company, we offer our business references . . . For twenty years the fifth largest firm in America has handled Lansdowne business. For many years we have conducted one of the foremost import businesses in the country. These are our credentials. As a symbol of mutual confidence, we shall ask you for yours, when you become a Lansdowne representative.

How you can make A Big Income

FREE!

This book tells you the amount of money you can earn; advice from Miss Lansdowne herself to women who have never before worked; helpful hints from experienced saleswomen. WRITE TODAY. USE COUPON BELOW.

THE LANSDOWNE COMPANY, *Inc.*

30-20 Thompson Avenue, Long Island City, N. Y.

Christmas Cards like these actually cost far more! Sell your friends this box of 21 for $1.00 and earn a generous commission.

Here in actual use are our personal hangings and great wool upholstery. One of countless charming interiors easily made with Lansdowne fabrics

Sheer French handkerchiefs in a modern air perfuming . . . imported from the shop patronized by well-dressed women of Paris. All designs are exclusive with us, many are exquisitely embroidered. Only 50¢ to $2.98 apiece.

Princesse Alia

For whom these debonair perfumes was created, now shares her personal blend with the women of America.

"Alia"

Costs your friends half the usual price of imported perfumes . . . and brings you a handsome income!

This coupon brings you free samples and full information on how you may earn this worth-while income

THE LANSDOWNE COMPANY, Inc., Dept. K, 30-20 Thompson Avenue, Long Island City, N. Y.
Please send me free samples of your materials and the free booklet

Name.....

Address.....

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Clara Bow— Betty Bronson— Janet Gaynor—

You—

Every Woman must face her own particular

Close-up Test

A GIRL'S lovely skin is an instant attraction, say 45 Hollywood directors. A whole audience is swept by enthusiasm when the close-up brings the radiant loveliness of a star near to them.

And every woman must meet the scrutiny of close appraising eyes. Does your skin quicken the heart like Clara Bow's, Betty Bronson's, Janet Gaynor's? It can.

For the lovely screen stars have discovered a sure way to complexion beauty. Clara Bow, the bewitching little Paramount star, beguiling Betty Bronson, Janet Gaynor, the beloved Fox star, are among 511 of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood who guard their smooth skin with Lux Toilet Soap.

The Broadway stage stars, too, have enthusiastically adopted this fragrant white soap. And even in Europe, the beautiful screen stars insist on it for *their* beauty.

98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen and radiant skin of lovely girls everywhere are kept exquisite with . . .

Lux Toilet Soap—10¢

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

THE ACCIDENT

Continued from page 57

They drew up in front of a house, which stood, hunched and misshapen, between tall, sentinel pines. With the motor switched off, they could hear the muffled roar of the falls beneath its mantle of ice. Before they were out of the car the door of the cottage was flung open, and Ellen Peters, coatless and hatless, ran out to meet them. She called, "Who's that?"

"It's me, Al."

"Oh, Al, is Cliff with you?"

He cleared his throat. "He's up at our place."

"Is he? Gee, I'm glad!" Her slender body, rigid and tense, drooped suddenly. "I got to worryin' about him. It's such a fierce night out."

Al took her arm. "Better come back in the house, Sister. You ain't got much on."

All four entered the tiny, squalid room. A table, two chairs, a broken rocker, a rusty stove, a sink, and, in a corner, a scratched, nicked cradle.

"It's awful good of you to come around and tell me. I couldn't go to bed. I've been standin' at the window for hours. What made him stop in at your place, Al? Was he bad? He said he was only goin' as far as Cooper's, but I knew he was makin' a bee-line for the Polaks'."

Above her small head of shining, black ringlets the brothers exchanged glances. Al said, "Look, here, Ellen, we got bad news for you."

Her face, that of a child's, with its short upper lip and wide blue eyes, went white. She looked from one to the other. "You come to tell me somethin'. All three of you come to tell me somethin'."

"It's about Cliff. He was goin' down our road when a car come along."

She neither spoke nor moved.

"You got to be brave, Ellen."

"Yes, all right, but go on. What is it?"

"It don't help none to hand it to you piecemeal. He never knew what hit him, Ellen, if that's any comfort to you."

"You mean—you mean—he's—" She pressed her hand against her lips. "Oh, I don't believe it! I don't believe it! Where is he now?"

"Up in our barn."

"I'll come with you right away."

Al hesitated. "I was thinkin' it might be just as well if you didn't go up there to-night."

"Oh, but I got to go. Suppose he was layin' there in the cold and wasn't——"

"Oh, he's dead, all right."

"Yes, but maybe he ain't. Don't you see? I got to be sure."

"How long will it take you to get ready?"

"I got to dress myself and the baby. That's all."

"Well, we want to run over and notify the coroner, anyhow. We'll stop back for you."

She nodded.

Al said, "After all, it was a good way to go."

"Yes. Yes, I s'pose it was——"

"And you've had a hard time of it, Ellen. Don't think we don't know it."

She stared before her.

"Well, we'll be back for you in no time."

And still she stared.

The men moved in a body toward the door. "Bundle up good. It's cold as a tomb out."

She said nothing. The baby in the cradle stirred, and she went to it, bending over it.

"Well, so long, Ellen."

She did not answer. The door slammed and, after a minute or two, the engine roared away from the door.

Harry said, "She didn't take it so hard."

"Can you blame her?"

"N-o, but after all, he's her husband."

"Some husband!"

MRS. BIGELOW was alone in her room. It was the room she and Charlie had shared for twenty-seven years. The bay window in which she stood looked toward the mountains. The first time she had entered there she had run to the window and cried, "Oh, look, Charlie! The mountains!"

It seemed very long ago to her, almost in another existence, in which, perhaps most miraculous of all, she had been young. She wondered, standing there, staring out at the storm that hurled itself against the panes of glass, how it must feel to be young. It seemed to her something which she had never in her life experienced.

Some one tapped at the door, but she made no move.

"Ida. Are you all right, Ida?"

"Yes, I'm all right."

"Ida, I wish you'd let me come in."

"I want to be alone."

"Yes, of course, only—if you'd let me share this hour with you."

"I'd rather be alone, Mercer."

"Doctor Mansfield is here."

"I'll see him a little later."

"But, Ida, he could comfort you so."

"I'm all right. I only want to be alone."

A moment's silence, then the footsteps pattered away.

Alone.

Mrs. Bigelow turned and walked to the mirror. It gave back to her inscrutably the drawn face, the colorless lips, the waxen skin. A face in which the eyes alone lived on indomitably.

Charlie was dead. Charlie would never come through that door, smelling faintly of *eau de Cologne*. Charlie would never stand before the dresser in his shirt sleeves, weighing the value of a black scarf as against a gray one. Charlie would never slip out of his bathrobe, kick off his slippers, and fling himself down on top of the cover, yawning. She straightened her shoulders. "Thank God!" was what her lips whispered. She clapped her hands over them as if they had betrayed her. How could she say such a thing? How could she think such a thing? How?

She felt shaken and weak, and sat down on the edge of the smooth, white counterpane, rising almost instantly to flutter it. Glad. She was glad. Glad. It was like a song bubbling up in her throat, threatening to burst forth. How dreadful, how heartless of her, when Charlie had died such a horrible death, driving through the sleet of that awful night! What was it that Kincaid man had said? Oh, yes. What had he been doing up the Mountain Road on a night like this?

She had almost cried out at the time, "I know what he was doing. And it serves him right. He got exactly what he deserved." The Back Mountain Road—and with his story at dinner about a poker game at Judge Allen's. Did he think he had deceived her as he had her sister? He had not. And he never had.

The Back Mountain Road—and that little, blond Danielson person who used to work in his office before she had married Pete. Mrs Bigelow had met them both when they came to thank Charlie for the opening he had secured for Pete as night watchman in the shoe factory, which was the backbone of the Bigelow fortune. Night watchman! And the poor young fellow had actually thanked him!

WHAT a night to drive up that road! But Charlie had doubtless revelled in it. He had loved intrigue. He had loved subterfuge. He had loved deceit. They had been food and drink to him. Had he thought her blind? Thought, too, that she never had suspected the bond which existed between her sister, Mercer, and himself?

The fingers were at the door again, tapping softly. "Oh, Ida, darling, if you'll only let me come in!"

Poor Mercer! This was, in truth, the end of the world for her. She was the one who should wear the widow's weeds. She was the chief mourner, who could not, dared not show it. Poor, poor Mercer! Trying for the years she had lived under their roof at Charlie's kindly insistence, to conceal all the gnawing, the blasting jealousy she felt of every one and everything that touched him. Trying to hide it, with the eyes she fixed on him, adoring, worshiping. Oh, well, she should ride in the first carriage and pretend to herself that Charlie had been hers alone. As if Charlie could have been any woman's alone!

Mercer was moaning outside, "Ida, you won't do anything to yourself, will you? I mean, I can't understand why you slept me out this way unless——"

Mrs Bigelow smiled. Her reflection smiled back at her through stiff lips, unaccustomed to any spontaneous expression. She was free! At last! After all these years! Charlie no longer needed her help, her support. There were no appearances to keep up. Free! To do with her life what she pleased. Little thoughts ostracized, like

Continued on page 60

Digitized by Google THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Perfect freedom every day

with this lighter, cooler sanitary protection

Costumes from Kaskel & Kaskel Dunlap

Kotex stays light, cool and delicate for hours . . . it deodorizes . . . and has rounded corners for perfect fit—thus giving unique summer comfort.

MODERN living demands so much of us! Freedom and perfect poise . . . every day of every month . . . for sports or business or some other interest.

This constant activity would be very difficult, particularly in summer, without the wonderful comfort provided by Kotex. Kotex . . . with its light, cool construction . . . its careful shaping . . . its safe deodorizing . . . its easy disposability . . . has ended forever so many disquieting mental and physical handicaps.

Used in hospitals

Many of the unusual comforts of Kotex are due to its unique filler of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. This material is used by 85% of America's leading hospitals because of its comfort, absorbency and hygienic safety.

Cellucotton absorbs *five times* as much as an equal weight of cotton, or any cotton material. This means your Kotex pad can be five times lighter than ordinary pads, yet have the same absorbency.

And Cellucotton absorbs away from the surface. It is made in sheer layers, laid lengthwise. These layers permit free circulation of air, and they carry moisture quickly away from the surface. Thus the surface is left soft and delicate . . . completely comfortable . . . and so much more hygienic.

Always inconspicuous

Kotex deodorizes . . . so doubly important in summer. And it is never conspicuous. The corners are rounded and tapered to eliminate awkward lines and bulging corners.

You dispose of Kotex just as you would a piece of tissue . . . no laundering, no embarrassment. All drug, dry goods and department stores sell Kotex. Just ask for "a package of Kotex." Kotex Company, Chicago, Ill.

IN HOSPITALS

1 85% of our leading hospitals use the very same absorbent of which Kotex is made.

2 *Kotex is soft* . . . Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.

3 *Safe, secure* . . . keeps your mind at ease.

4 *Deodorizes* . . . safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

5 *Disposable,* instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

Also regular size singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand ever

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What is this thing called **"TANG"?**

Give your parched mouth a change from candy-flavored tooth pastes. Give it the new thrill, cooling and refreshing, that comes with the first taste of PEBECO. The delicate "bitey" tang tells you that *more* than tooth cleaning goes on when you use Pebeco. Not only does it give you the whitest, smoothest, cleanest, dental surfaces, but *it also invigorates your entire mouth.* The tang lingers long after its use, telling you that Pebeco is still helping Nature retard decay by neutralizing the mouth acids. Start using Pebeco today.

A product of LEHN & FINK, INC.

PEBECO TOOTH PASTE

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THE ACCIDENT

Continued from page 58

sunny-haired children popping their heads in at the door. She could spend her winters on the Riviera. She could roam the earth. Her heart began a rapid pounding. How glorious! How unutterably wonderful! How breath-taking!

Mercer was rattling the knob. "Ida, why don't you speak? Ida," her voice rose hysterically, "if you don't answer I'll—I'll make them knock down the door!"

"I've told you I'm all right, Mercer."

"Please let me come in."

Mrs. Bigelow went to the door and opened it. Mercer flung herself through it and into her arms.

"Oh, Ida, Ida," she sobbed, "how are we ever going to live without him?"

Mrs. Bigelow patted her. She said, "We must be brave, Mercer. He would want us to be brave."

Over her sister's heaving shoulder she saw approaching her the solemn, the funereal face of her pastor. She reached out a hand to him. He wrung it in an agony of sympathy and understanding.

The baby was quiet again. Ellen moved away on tiptoe from the cradle. What should she do first? Dress. She must dress. Wash her hands and face. She felt of the kettle. It was still warm. She carried it over to the sink and rolled up her sleeves and stared at her round young arms.

She could almost hear Cliff saying, "Gee, you got pretty arms!" He was always saying that. And about her curls. She reached up a hand and touched them lightly, then rumpled them. "Come here, curlyhead. Where did you ever get such a mop?" She could almost feel his fingers pulling at them, his lips against them, against her forehead, her nose, her throat, and, last of all, her mouth.

She must wash. Where was the bar of yellow soap? Her throat ached and burned, and it seemed impossible to swallow. She rubbed the soap on her palms, around and around them. All the while little pictures, clear-cut and vivid, sprang before her eyes. She and Cliff dancing together at the Pavilion last summer. They moved in perfect rhythm, like reeds before the wind. People whispered about them, pointed them out. She was tinglingly conscious of their sharp interest. Cliff was perspiring, and she felt the warmth of his body against her ear and cheek pressed close to his bosom.

Another picture: the long, white ward of the Danbury Hospital, and her bed at the far end by the window, where she could lie and watch for Cliff. Each time a man appeared in the doorway her heart would skip a beat. And then, at last, Cliff, looking tall and a little gaunt in his shiny blue-serge suit, but neatly shaven, shoes shined, hair slicked. His eyes flicking swiftly over every face, until suddenly they found hers, and he grinned, and came toward her at a run. "Hello I took a squint at the kid. Say, ain't he fierce? And can he holler!"

She moved away from the sink and dropped down at the table, spreading out her empty hands before her. Hands. Only last week Cliff had brought home something for her hands. It had a pretty name too, Rosalie's Almond Cream. And it smelled sweet, and felt like a caress when she rubbed it on her fingers. Cliff was always bringing home things: perfume, a new record for the phonograph, a pair of rhinestone buckles. There was nobody like him. There never would be anybody like Cliff.

She must pull herself together.

She rose, aching in every bone, and went into the dark, bare room which had been theirs. The double bed, with its spring sagging almost to the floor, was rumpled, and the pillows indented. Cliff had lain there all afternoon, asleep. Toward evening he had come into the kitchen, his face pinched with the thirst that was upon him. And he had gone out and would not return, but the bed still bore the imprint of his body.

She tore her eyes away from the dull, gray quilt, the thumped pillows, and they rested on the bureau and on the bottle of Rosalie's Almond Cream on top of it. The white liquid was up to the neck. Scarcely a drop had been used. She must dress. They were coming back for her. She must dress. She took down the bottle and poured a little on the back of her hand. She stared down at it and stroked it in absently.

Rosalie's Almond Cream! Who but Cliff would have bought Rosalie's Almond Cream when what they needed were groceries and coal and wood? She put back the bottle with a sigh and went to the window. The hail beat against it with sharp, fitful taps, now almost abating, now coming with a rush against the panes. She shivered, and the thought flashed across her mind that Cliff had only a thin overcoat.— She caught herself. It did not matter. Nothing mattered. Nothing.

The realization was like cold fingers at her throat. He was gone, and she would never again feel his arms, like iron bands, around her; feel the passionate pressure of his lips. If only he would come back. If only he would walk through that door. She was sobbing now, dry, racking sobs. "Oh, God, give him back to me. Give him back to me just for one hour. Please, please."

A sharp wail cut through the silence. She had forgotten the baby. She must dress him. She ran to him. He had kicked off his covers, and his plump, rosy legs struck out with the regularity of tiny pistons in his futile rage. She picked him up, and the feel of him in her arms soothed her. For a moment she pressed him to her, and his head, with its dark shadowy hair, lay warm against her breast. She glanced down at him resentfully. "Why couldn't you look like him? Why do you have to look like me?"

Then a thought leaped out at her, and she began to tremble. Perhaps the baby that lay under her heart would be like Cliff. In creating it she would be creating him again; would bring him back to life. A baby like Cliff! With Cliff's laugh, Cliff's trick of using his hands! Cliff's eyes and nose and hair! Tears were streaming down her cheeks. She cried out, "Oh, God, please make him like Cliff in every way!" then stopped, and because of a thought which raised its ugly head she repeated aloud, vigorously, defiantly, "*In every way!*"

The Kincaids mounted the steps. Al peered at the sky. "Looks like it's goin' to keep up all night."

Steve grumbled, "I'll be glad to get home and quit funnin' all over town this way."

"I wonder is she ready."

"She'd better be."

"She don't know how lucky she was to get rid of that bum."

"Oh, leave it to her; she knows, all right."

Al knocked at the door and called loudly, "Are you ready, Ellen?"

She answered from the bedroom, "I will be in a minute, Al."

They talked in an undertone while they waited. Harry said, "He sure was a bum, all right." And Steve added, "You said it."

OUR TESTED RECIPES

There may be some particular recipe that you would like very much to have which we have not included in our food department this month. After a rest in our own kitchen, we shall be glad to mail the desired recipe if you send your request and a stamped envelope, addressed to yourself, to Recipe Department, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

Adds Glossy Lustre, Leaves Your Hair Easy to Manage

IF you want to make your hair . . . easy to manage . . . and add to its natural gloss and lustre—this is very easy to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush . . . and brush it through your hair . . . when you dress it.

You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

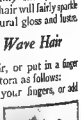
Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color. It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that . . . it will stay any style you arrange it . . . even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

To Set or Wave Hair

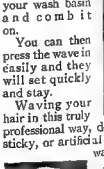
TO set your hair, or put in a finger wave, use Glostora as follows:

Put it on with your fingers, or add a few drops to a little water in your wash basin and comb it on.



You can then press the wave in easily and they will set quickly and stay.

Waving your hair in this truly professional way, does not leave it stiff, sticky, or artificial looking, as ordinary waving fluids do.



A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Try it—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to wave and manage.

Glostora

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A DAY IN NEW YORK

Continued from page 9

Her sister appeared from the bedroom off the kitchen. She was a larger edition of Rosy, a bit stouter, a bit sandier, with bolder freckles and redder hair. "Francis and Arline got to get to school at nine, don't they?"

"Yes, and be sure Arly wears her sweater. And the baby has orange juice at'ten. Oh, and could you wash this pair of stockings here for Joey? They'll be dry before he wakes up—the only pair. Lorna, how does my new hat look? I sat up till two last night to finish it."

Rosy was pulling it on over her curly copper hair. She dabbed her nose with a maternity powder puff, which she wrapped in a white handkerchief and returned to her new $2.98 purse. She was thirty, and she looked thirty-five, with the frank air of not expecting to look younger. With four children you worry about their ages, not yours.

But there was something appealingly childish about her sudden exclamation, "Ooh, gosh! I'm so excited!"

Lorna stared at her with admiration. "You look swell. Don't worry about anything!"

Dan had stood waiting impatiently all this time in his overcoat and hat, with the small brown satchel in one large hand. "Come on, for Pete's sake! That train leaves at——"

"If you say that again I'll yell. Oh, where *are* my gloves? My *new* gloves?"

"Whaddye want gloves for?"

"You big dummy, a lady has to have gloves to ride on the train. Thanks, Lorna." She pulled on the gloves with an attempt at calm dignity. "And they don't put them on in the street, either; do they, Lorna?"

The sisters laughed, pecked each other on the cheek, and Rosy followed Dan through the doorway.

"Don't take any wooden nickels!" shouted Lorna.

THEY stood on the platform of the village station and gazed up the tracks. There were still twenty minutes before the train came. The sun was rising above the low Pennsylvania hills with sleepy deliberation, casting aside gauzy gray veils of mist and silken coverlets of rose and gold. The blue sky was shot with arrows of light.

Dan looked at the sun and wondered if there were any way to harness its force.

Rosy looked at the sun and wished she had a dress—one of those new long dresses made of tulle flounces in that delicate violet and primrose and sea shell.

They were going to have one day in New York.

Many things had happened to make this vacation possible. First there had been the eloping young couple. They had paid Dan fifty dollars to drive them to Pittsburgh. His car was old and secondhand, but he kept the engine in smooth perfection. Then there was the chance for him to get Friday off from working at the filling station because Harry Mintz came to town and hadn't found a job yet.

Next was the astonishing coincidence that the people Lorna worked for as second maid had to go to a funeral, and she was able to look after Rosy's children.

"Honestly, it's just like some story you might see in the movies, isn't it?" said Rosy, squeezing Dan's arm.

"Yeah," said Dan. "Only you'd hardly believe it in the movies. You'd say it couldn't happen."

It was the first time that either of them had gone to New York city. People in Upson, Pennsylvania, went to Pittsburgh instead.

Thursday evening Dan had worked late on a radio he was repairing for Mr. Marshall, the owner of the Paramount Garage. Rosy's preparations for the trip had been so elaborate that she had not gone to bed until two this morning, and they had both risen at four. Dan's best blue suit had to be cleaned and pressed, Rosy's silk underwear and stockings washed, the new hat finished, school clothes for the children mended. But the Byrds were too excited yet to be sleepy and tired, and even in the train they were self-conscious beyond drowsiness.

They had taken seats in the parlor car because Dan wanted every detail to be luxurious. He sat stiffly upright, talking in stilted monosyllables. Rosy affected a languid elegance for the benefit of a marcelled lady across the aisle whose moleskin coat dripped carelessly from her shoulders. Rosy wished Dan had not said loudly just as the train stopped, "Of course a mechanic like me could 'a' told him right away it was the ignition——"

Then she hated herself for being ashamed. He was a darned *good* mechanic, anyway. Funny big Dan. Anybody could see he was a country boy—his red face, his big hands with square-cut, battered nails. City men had such pale faces, and something different about their clothes. Perhaps they were tailored. It would be nice if Dan could have a tailored suit sometime. When Joey grew up she meant him to wear tailored suits always and go to Yale and play wonderful football and wear a gardenia in his buttonhole and bow over women's hands—a composite of John Barrymore and Red Grange. Would he be ashamed of her and Dan? Oh, no, he couldn't! Joey *couldn't!*

They walked through the Pennsylvania Station, not looking at each other or speaking. They didn't want anybody to suspect that they found it breath-taking. A redcap reached for the brown valise. Dan clung to it obstinately. Rosy whispered, "Oh, have him carry it, honey. Everybody does." Dan relinquished it and strode along looking embarrassed as if he were thunking, "A big guy like me letting somebody carry that little bag!" But Rosy swayed grandly in the wake of the porter to the cab. She got in with the airs of a duchess. It was easy for her, a woman, to assume effete mannerisms. It was impossible for Dan to be anybody but Dan.

They drove to one of the biggest hotels in the heart of the city. Dan had remembered the name of this hotel because Harry Mintz had once sent him a post-card picture of it. The post card had said, *Two thousand rooms with baths*, and Harry had written beneath, "And I'm not in a darn one of them."

As the bell boy left their room Dan gave him a quarter. "Here, son," he said kindly, "buy some cigarettes for yourself."

The bell boy's blank expression did not change. "Thank you, sir," he said crisply, and the door slammed.

Dan grinned at Rosy. "I bet he feels pretty good. I bet he doesn't often get more than a dime."

"I *bet* he doesn't!" said Rosy.

She ran all around the large room, exultantly examining the blankets, the closet, the bathroom. "Dan, look! There's running ice water in here!"

He stood in the doorway of the gleaming bathroom. "Say, I like a shower like that. I wish we had a shower like that. Do you suppose we could? I could put it in myself."

"And I could make a curtain. I've seen pictures of shower curtains made out of rubberized chintz."

"Yeah? Say, for Pete's sake what's this?" It was a silver contrivance on the wall with a little arm like a corkscrew. He poked it, thumbed it, looked at it from all angles. "Well, that beats me, Rosy. I can't figure that out." After a while he examined all the electric-light fixtures, the valet service in the door, and the dial telephone. He described a complete change of lighting that should be effected and felt for his pliers with an absent gesture.

There was something wrong with the socket to the floor lamp, and Dan took out a screw driver which had lurked, unsuspected by Rosy, in his overcoat pocket. He cured the socket's illness with quick, deft movements of his blunt fingers.

Rosy had unpacked the little bag and put out the talcum powder, wash cloths, and tooth brushes. She wished there were more things to put away, but they hadn't brought much, for it was necessary to return on the midnight train to-night. Both Lorna and Dan must be back at work Saturday morning at eight o'clock.

IT WAS eleven in the morning now. They planned to walk up Broadway and Fifth Avenue, and Rosy was going to buy some little things for the children and a pretty chemise for Lorna. At noon they would eat dinner and after that they wanted to go to the movies to see "The Cock-eyed World."

Dan said wickedly that after that he would like to go to a speak-easy.

Continued on page 64

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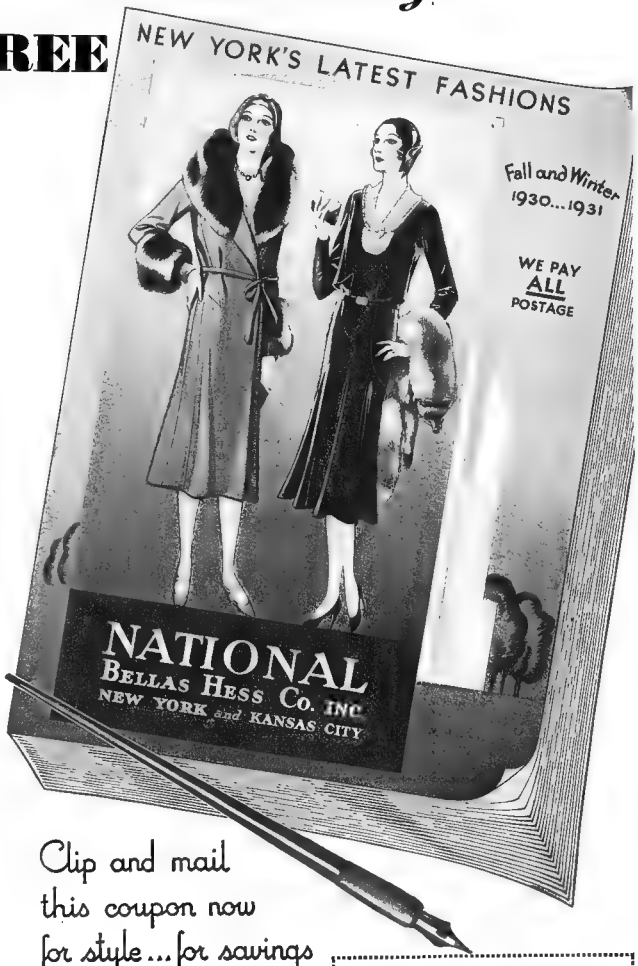

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YOU'RE ALWAYS THROUGH WITH YOUR WASH AHEAD OF ME. AND IT LOOKS MUCH WHITER, TOO. HOW DO YOU DO IT?
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Millions use Rinso
in tub, washer and dishpan

A DAY IN NEW YORK

Continued from page 62

Rosy laughed and said, "Oh, *Dan!*" There had never been any drinking in her family, but she thought a little beer was all right.

"It'll be the most wonderful day!" cried Rosy. She hung her fuchsia crêpe with the uneven hem line carefully in the closet. "Do you suppose I could afford a new dress if I saw something awfully pretty?"

"Sky's the limit," said Dan magnificently. "We'll shoot the works. That fifty was so much velvet anyhow."

They studied the menu spread under the glass top of the bureau.

"Alligator pears—one-sixty. What are they, Dan?"

"Great big pears," Dan explained. "But isn't it a little bit steep here for us to eat?"

"Oh, sure," said Rosy. "I'd rather go somewhere, anyhow. I wish we could go to an automat. Lorna went to one in Pittsburgh, and she said she nearly died laughing."

"Well, you're the doctor, old woman," said Dan. He yawned, crushed out his cigarette. "Gosh, my feet hurt in these shoes!"

"Mine, too!" They took off their shoes with domestic sighs of relief. Rosy lay down on the bed. "Listen, Dan, couldn't we take a little bit of a nap? I think we'll enjoy ourselves more if we're not so sleepy."

"That's a fine idea. I was just going to say I was sleepy, but I was afraid you'd be mad."

They climbed into the soft, luxurious bed. "Half an hour sleep be enough? If we're going to buy those things before the show——"

"Yes, I'll wake you in half an hour. If I say it over and over in my mind I'll be sure to wake up."

They didn't know about putting in a call at the desk. And if they had known it they would have been timid about the procedure.

DAN awoke first, and stared, puzzled, around the dark room. Through the window the lights of Seventh Avenue blinked like impish eyes. He felt wonderfully rested, relaxed, and contented. But the strange darkness confused him. Had there been an eclipse of the sun? None of the papers had mentioned it. He looked at his watch. It was ten forty-five.

Ten forty-five in the morning?

He tried to make himself believe that, but with a terrible sinking of the heart he knew that it was really ten forty-five at night. Just time to eat something quickly and catch the midnight train for Upson. Their day in New York—

Rosy lay with one plump arm twisted about her curly red head. There was a little smile on her mouth.

Ah, poor kid! She had been so tired.

It would break her heart when she found out that it was night now.

He shook her gently. "Hey, Rosy! Listen. I guess we're the double-dyed idiots. Know what time it is?" He tried to grin. "Say, we got a good sleep for once, didn't we?"

When she understood, Rosy got up slowly, put on her shoes, and packed the clothes into the small bag. Then she laughed and laughed and laughed.

"Why, listen, hon, do you realize we not only got a good sleep but we saved at least twenty-five dollars? Or maybe a lot more if I'd found a nice dress in one of those Broadway shops!"

When Dan realized that she didn't care he didn't mind so much either.

"We won't tell Harry Mintz or Lorna," he said, tying his Oxfords. "We'll tell them all about how the movies were grand and we liked Grant's Tomb and Riverside Drive."

JUST before they left the room Rosy went into the bathroom and sat on the edge of the bathtub. Looking up at the beautiful shower, she cried and cried and cried, with a ludicrously childish puckering of her mouth and chin. But she put on some powder before she came out, and Dan didn't notice the tear stains about her eyes.

Before leaving she carefully turned out all the lights.

"You're a good sport," said Dan.

"Applesauce!" said Rosy.

There are invisible qualities which catch and hold a man's heart. One of these is gallantry in women.

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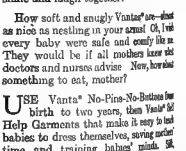

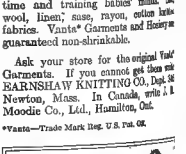

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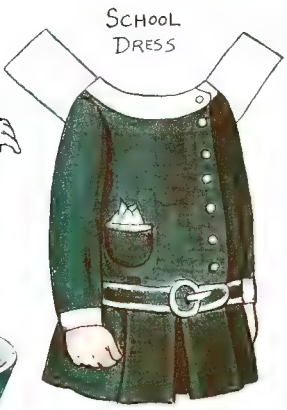
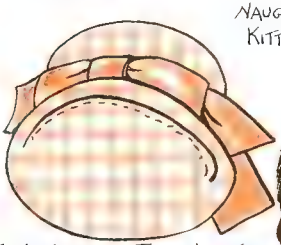
By GRACE G. DRAYTON





CUT HATS ON DOTTED LINES

CONDUCTED BY MARION LAMBERT

JUST AMONG OURSELVES

HERE'S a bit of wisdom to start the day:

Dear Marion Lambert: I love to read your page, but sometimes I get so mad at some of the discussions! It seems as if women might use more plain, common sense. Not long ago I read, "It takes a certain amount of intelligence to get along in married life." I wish that phrase was framed and hung in thousands of homes—over the kitchen sink. In ordinary families so many upheavals start in the kitchen.

Yesterday a girl came in to see me who is all upset because her husband insists that she change her style of hairdressing. Now, she never should have let it come to a point of her husband insisting. If she had used her intelligence it need not have been made such an extreme issue. She is afraid of what she calls "giving in," and of what I call "using ordinary intelligence."

It is the little things which put an unnecessary strain on marriage, and finally the rope breaks in the divorce court. Women waste too much time and effort, too many tears, and, above all, too many words on nonessentials. I say save your ammunition for the big situations which really need it.

Patricia.

Common sense does help a lot. Also my pet sense, which I have often mentioned before—a sense of proportion. Some of us make mountains out of molehills, and again we make molehills out of mountains. Or, in other words, one woman's mountain is another woman's molehill.

It would be fun, wouldn't it, to hear from a lot of women on "The thing I simply *cannot* put up with"? I'll start it by saying that the thing which drives me frantic is a man *patiently* hurrying me. Now, what's *yours*? Make it short so we can print a lot of them.

Next comes a dear young mother whose problem is a very real one. Every one of us will long to help her, and I know that your opinions and experiences will help.

Dear Marion Lambert: Can you help me, please? I need you so much! I loved a boy without character or ideals. He was sweet, boyish. I learned that he was going with other girls—girls who would give him what I refused.

Hurt and bewildered, I tried to give him up. He was penitent, and swore that I was the only decent girl he knew, that he worshiped me, needed me, and that once I really belonged to him things would be different. For my own peace of mind and because I loved and trusted him I married him.

We have been married four years, and I have been so happy. We have a lovely little girl of three. My husband has been kind, thoughtful, both lover and husband. Things were very difficult financially, but we plowed through somehow and laughed oftener than we cried over hard times. He did, and is doing, all that he could for me. He studied, tried to get ahead in his line of work.

The sun rises and sets in his little girl. He never forgot to tell me he loved me, and was away from me very seldom. I had dreamed he could be like that, but had not dared hope. As the months went by and I knew almost every hour where he was, I forgot the past and trusted again, believed again, loved even more. I scraped, saved, let my home be my whole world, and was contented.

Now the deluge! He has been unfaithful. Almost without reason, perhaps it was instinct, a great, overwhelming doubt made me question him, and he confessed. He pleads, swears that from this moment he will wear a halo. But, oh, he has failed once—why not again?

What's it all about, Marion Lambert? Do you understand men? Understand this one of mine? What will I do? Leave him and get a job and take my baby to my mother? I can get a job. I know office work and I am not afraid, but I do need some one who understands the working of chaos like this to advise me. I cannot go to my mother unless I must. She is a wonderful person and has had a sad, hard life. I don't feel as if I should add any further burden. But I know that if she knew she would be all-helpful.

Will I give him one more chance, and if he slips again to my knowledge leave him without words? Shall I hold myself aloof and tolerate him, or shall I fight to forget and go on loving and serving him? I think I would like to do the latter, but what about self-respect? Could I claim any if I went on as if nothing had happened?

Don't tell me what to do to be happy. Tell me what to do to be right.

Joan.

No one can decide this for you, Joan dear. It is a question for your own heart and your own judgment. You must sit down and calmly weigh the good and the bad qualities in this husband of yours. On the one side, kindness, thoughtfulness, love of home, of you and the baby, desire to progress in his work, and to give his family all he can of comfort and happiness. On the other side, a weakness which makes him yield to temptation to sin in a way which seems to you unforgivable.

Study yourself carefully, too. You have not failed him in the same way he has failed you, but are you a perfect human being? Is there no way in which he might be sometimes disappointed in you? Has he been tender and forgiving toward your faults, whatever they may be?

Think then of your baby. If you break up your home, go to work, leave her to the care of your mother, will her life be all that it should be? Will she be having her fair chance at a healthy, normal, happy girlhood? Can you make up to her for the loss of a real home with two parents in it? I do not say you cannot. I only ask you to consider carefully both sides before you decide.

After all, the child should be the main factor in your decision. There is no question at all about her utter innocence. She has done no wrong to any one. She is here in the world because her father and mother loved and married, and her welfare is a responsibility which cannot be evaded.

Try to distinguish carefully between your wounded

EDITOR'S NOTE

Do you ever have a problem or a trouble which you long to talk over with some one who will listen, understand, and never tell? Marion Lambert is that some one. Have you gained from life some bit of experience or wisdom which you would be glad to pass on to those who need it? Send it to Marion Lambert. It will be used to help those who will deeply appreciate it.

This page is for all our readers. We want you to use it. Every letter is considered confidential. The writer's real name is never printed.

If you need immediate advice inclose a stamped envelope addressed to yourself.

Address Marion Lambert, Pictorial Review, 222 W. Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

love and your hurt pride. Both these things enter into your present state of mind. It is quite natural that this should be so, but you must honestly take into consideration that your pride as well as your love is clamoring to be heard. Try to value each of these things at its true worth.

Every line of your letter shows that you truly love your husband; you want to stay with him and forget all this. Self-respect? You will have that if you do what you feel is right. Your self-respect is dependent on your own actions, not on the weakness or the failure of your husband.

No, don't decide to "give him one more chance," nor to "hold yourself aloof and tolerate him." If you decide to stay, do it whole-heartedly, giving all, making him feel that you expect only good of him. If your lives together are to be readjusted at all it must be on the old basis of love and trust. Otherwise there will be failure.

No basis for trust? I'm not so sure. Have you stopped to think that he might have lied to you instead of confessing when you questioned him?

I shall value readers' opinions on this. For generations both men and women have tended to look on infidelity as the one absolutely unforgivable sin. In some of our States it is the only ground for divorce. Is this as it should be, or should the loving, thoughtful, generous husband, who provides for both the material wants and the companionship of his family, be forgiven for this lapse as he would be for any other? What do you women think about it? Of course we would all be pleased with some male opinions.

Dear Marion Lambert: I am only eighteen, but I am a college junior and I am facing what is to me a serious question. I have always been popular and have had a great many dates all through my school life. Also—I am telling this to you, a stranger whom I shall never see—I have given more than I should to the boys I have gone out with. Why? Well, my ideas were all hazy. I knew, in a vague sort of way, that I must keep myself for the man I married. And yet—I am not excusing myself, but if only I had really known the meaning of things. I just drifted, as heaps of my college mates were doing.

Now a boy wants to marry me and I think I love him. But I feel so uncertain as to whether this won't just be a thing of a few passing thrills like the others. How shall I know, Marion Lambert? And another thing, my people have made such a struggle to send me here. They will feel dreadfully if I just drop out and get married, but if I don't, do you think I'll have strength enough to live as I should until the time comes to marry? And do you think I'll ever be happy? I'm so at sea!

Marietta.

Your letter, Marietta, fills me with sadness. When I think of your college with its high standards of scholarship, its traditions of all that is finest, I wonder why it is so little help to a girl in her everyday life.

If college girls with their environment and opportunities are to have lower ideals, less good breeding and self-control than other girls, then what is it all for?

You can be happy if you will turn squarely about and do what you know to be right. Finish your college course. Don't think about marriage until you are older and sure of yourself. The saddest penalty of giving yourself here and there, as you have done, is that when real love does come it is a matter of worry, uncertainty, and regret, instead of the joyous experience it should be. But you are young, and happiness can be yours if you will earn it.

This letter impresses me again with the feeling that it is a grave mistake for a girl to be allowed to leave home with only a hazy and indefinite knowledge of the facts of love and life. There are still copies of the letter concerning the older girls' problems for any one who sends a stamped envelope addressed to one's self.

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FEMINIZATION OF OUR SCHOOLS

Continued from page 2

method than the present-day public-school teachers, but they come from homes where books are not rarities and they still speak English.

In other words, they perpetuate the type of public-school teacher in the better period of our schools, exemplified by those elderly and middle-aged teachers who are still with us; women who came late enough to receive some specific cultural and technical training, yet early enough to escape the vulgarization of the lower middle-class high-school product of to-day who throngs our normal schools. Mind you, it is not a question of character or morals. A girl may have the highest character and still lack cultivation in manners, speech, and ideas.

There are, then, three reasons why the intellectual level of our American public-school teaching has been, on the whole, fairly low. Teaching has, first of all, been a certificate of gentility for women who may have been neither intellectually nor temperamentally fitted for the job. To-day, particularly, it is a certificate of gentility for many a girl whose family has not long had an American tradition. It is, moreover, financially attractive compared with the wages of her sister who is in an office or factory.

Second, it is a stop-gap until marriage; at least it is reasonable to suppose that most girls hope it is a stop-gap.

Third, and most unfortunate, this enormous preponderance of women teachers, what John Knox once called the "monstrous regiment of women," has emasculated the public-school system. I am not, of course, speaking of the great cities with their boys' schools officered by men, but of the conditions in our country at large. The high-school boys of America are in the position of a widow's sons—no, not a widow's, a divorcée's sons. They badly need a father.

This foregoing, I will admit, is hardly what one might call an orthodox view of the development of our public-school teaching in the United States. Everybody connected with our schools will deny vehemently both its truth and its relevance. But since I once incautiously admitted, in public, that the preponderance of women teachers is probably accountable for many of the vagaries in our national thinking, I have talked to a great many who take it quite simply for granted that they belong to the "common people," and I have been interested to see how harsh most of them are in their criticism of a school system which is being increasingly staffed by the young women of their own class.

WHAT I said in the speech that made the row was in part as follows:

> Our boys and girls have not been taught to think. They are interested in applications, not principles. They have had, in chool at least, no fundamental instruction in the philosophy of ethics and conduct, in the problems of society and government, in genuine science as opposed to tinkering. Above all, they have been taught not to criticize or analyze. . . . They come to the age of maturity ignorant of and uninterested in the principles of ethics, government, science, and society, and unable to criticize them in any but the most superficial way.

Whose fault is it? I will hazard one unpopular guess. For half a century now the larger part of our young people has been trained exclusively by women teachers. The faults I have been speaking of are the faults of women teachers: preoccupation with method, interest in detail's, insistence on discipline, disinclination for political, mathematica , and philosophical thinking; an inclination to insist on abstract beliefs to be accepted docilely, rather than the free give-and-take of criticism.

Our American thinking is feminine thinking, highly competent in detail, immediate in its applications, rigidly idealistic, regardless of the working facts, and weak on critical examination.

This article is an atten pt to expand and justify.

Let us first eliminate the things I did not say. I did not say, for instance, that men should entirely replace women. I said that men should have more of an equal share with women in teaching, certainly in the higher grades; that boys of high-school age should be taught by men (and it wouldn't hurt high-school girls either); and that in certain subjects, particularly politics, sociology, history, and literature, men were badly needed. I do not doubt that in the lower grades women teachers are probably more desirable than men.

I did not say that women teachers had made Americans effeminate. The record of our men in the World War is not relevant, tho it has been frequently quoted at me. A man may be a very brave soldier, officer or private, and still think like an adolescent; and incomprehension with which the rest of the world is likely to regard us when we exhibit our thought processes on fundamentals.

The sons of Aristotle—the modern psychologists—are trying to tell us that there is no difference between the man's and the woman's ways of thinking. All the hard-won accumulated common sense of the world denies this pseudoscience now being manufactured everywhere in answer to the imperious demands of women "on the make."

What man has won in the war for civilization throughout the centuries he has won by a method which woman cannot understand, cannot apply, and therefore despises and underestimates. It is the slow, determined, pragmatic method of trial and error. It is genuinely scientific and philosophic, however much it looks like "muddling through." It discounts theories, dogmas, *a priori* notions, "ideals" as the word is commonly misused. It is oblivious of "authorities." It refuses to allow itself to be rushed into overt acts that depend on rigid beliefs, however promising they appear.

Its hesitation to commit itself to courses of action that seem to be obviously unexceptionable often seems mere stupidity, as Bagehot once pointed out in his explanation of the practical stability and success of the English. It makes progress by inching along, by retracing its steps when necessary. It is opportunistic. It is slow. It is safe. And it causes less waste through inquisition, revolution, and war—all fruits of dogma and prejudice—than any other method

Woman does not think that way. Her mind is quicker, more logical, more intense. She has less patience. She naturally relies more on standards and authorities. She inclines to worship "ideals" for their own sake, because they look pretty, lacking that long, dubious, ruminating look-ahead of the man. She is naturally a reformer. She likes to mold and shape things over — her husband, her sons, her community.

It seems to her so obvious what should be done that she will have no rest until she has gone and done it. Confronted with an obvious need for a great good, she will not consider whether achieving that good may not injure other and far greater goods. Her ideals are always practical, immediate, attainable. When man indulges in an "ideal" it is liable to be something a long way off and rather impracticable, like the Holy Sepulcher or the North Pole, something that will take a bit of doing of the sort he is fondest of. Woman never showed much interest in either, nor in aviation—until it became practicable. Now she is out for the duration record.

It was women and men with women's minds that wanted abolition regardless of the Union. But it was a man statesman who said something of the sort no woman can understand: "If I can save the Union by freeing half the slaves and leaving half in bondage, I will do it." Woman calls that "shilly-shallying," a word she applies frequently to man's slower, wiser, mental processes.

Since this article was written the *Literary Digest* poll on prohibition has given us very interesting evidence on this point. In the supplementary poll by professions only the clergy and the teachers (predominantly women of course) were heavily in favor of enforcement. Doctors and lawyers were equally strong for repeal. The female mind was all for the ideal good, regardless of how much other goods suffer in the process. The male mind, in those two most pragmatic professions, medicine and law, wanted to acknowledge a mistake, go back and start all over again. To call the teachers and clergy idealists and deny this title to the lawyers and doctors is simply to repeat once more the error that has pulled all our education out of focus. The error lies in a false evaluation of truth.

Man knows that truth is a plural kind of thing, capable of containing, and even retaining, many inconsistencies and contradictions. He may not be entirely satisfied with a pluralistic universe, but he knows enough to grin and bear it and to try to make the best of what he has. Woman is a monist. She carries round inside her head a picture of how things ought to be—rooms, houses, towns, schools, and states—and will not rest until she has made the thing over to her ideal specification. Even then she will be highly logical, often very decorative and quite unlivable.

I KNOW a woman who sold all her comfortable, overstuffed things in order to refurnish a new house, built in pseudo-early American, with replicas of that stiffest and uncomfortablest of all known furnitures. *Carol Kennicott* in "Main Street" was like that. She gave *Will Kennicott* what he ought to like—and he had to like it.

A woman knows that side service at dinner is the correct thing, and no matter how large the dinner party or slow and clumsy the single maid who has already done the cooking, side service she will have, while the last guest waits for the last vegetable of a dinner grown stone-cold. She knows what is *right*—and no consideration of comfort, expediency, or the ordinary course would turn her from her straight and rigid way.

Man trusts nature. Woman is profoundly irritated and put out by it. As a consequence, she has a nervous wear and tear of help-ing man out of tight places into vague and logic fail, and, equally, a way of thwarting woman in her pattern-making Nature has muddled, apparently beyond hope, woman's clean and beautiful dream of a politics purified beyond recognition by woman's hand and of a society drinkless and contented.

One might imagine that business, with its intermittent, unscientific give-and-take, would have taught woman not to be forever screwing herself up to concert pitch, but those who have dealt with woman in business are inclined to deprecate in her this same intensity which drives her ahead, without leisure or laughter, toward a self-centered satisfaction in her achievement.

Woman, business men tell us, does business in the same way that she smokes, furiously and without pause A woman office manager is far more of an unnecessary martinet than any girls' man is a man, so is a woman school principal, a woman college teacher. Even if more work does get done, one wonders whether it is worth the extra nervous strain.

Woman does not care for resolution by argument. She prefers to settle things herself, and have them settled for her, by ukase handed down from authority. That is why schoolboys will tell you that it is impossible to argue with a woman teacher. She does not like to have her authorities and her fixed ideas tossed about.

Once I quoted that very common remark to a woman teacher. She informed me instantly that the only kind of boy who wants to argue with you is the kind that has not learned his lesson and wants to sidetrack the teacher. Would not, she questioned, the free give-and-take of discussion ruin morale? By morale she obviously meant discipline, which to her was in itself an end and a good. And so on.

The point I am making is simply this: the greater number of our American women teachers both in the past and to-day are not such women as have been educated sufficiently to catch the philosophical implications of the tough-minded, trial-and-error, nonidealistic method by which man gets things done. Man is naturally predisposed that way. That is why he ordinarily does better in the sciences, even in the social "sciences."

Man's natural aptitude, organized by scientific thinking, has created for him a world in which to-day only a few women, trained in his methods to his likeness, can walk. Woman in general walks there with such difficulty that she doesn't care to walk at all, thank you! So she is intent on making

Continued on page 70

A MOTHER'S LULLABY

BY HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Hush, my little darling;
Close thine eyes and sleep.
(Must get at those stockings,
Piled ten inches deep.)

Rosy angels hover
Round each drowsy dream.
(Write the milkman's notice
For an extra pint of cream.)

Baby stars in heaven
Smile upon my sweet.
(Haven't called the laundry
About that missing sheet.)

Warm my heart will hold thee
Till the morning light.
(Hope he'll let me get some
Sleep myself to-night!)

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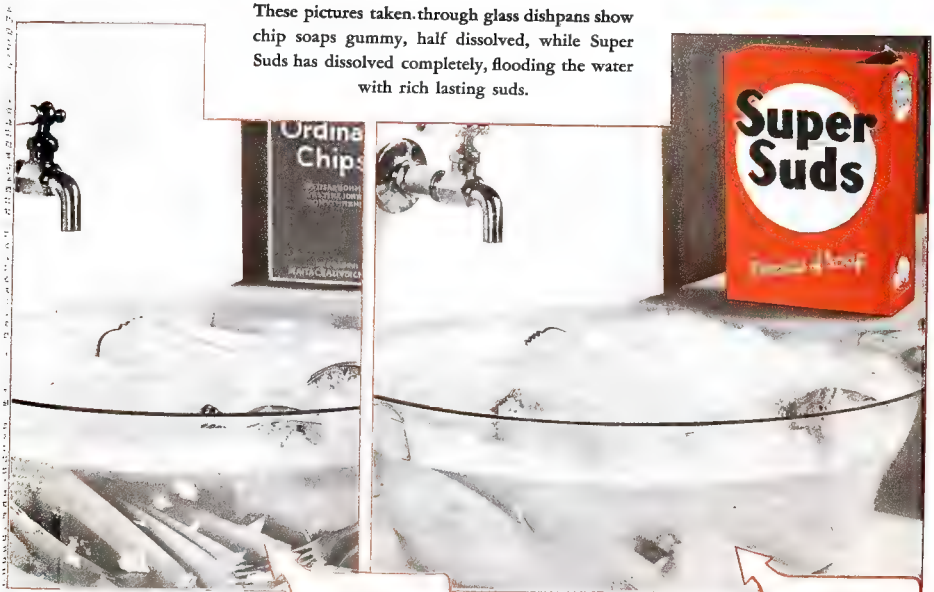
Here's actual photographic proof* that Super Suds is faster

These pictures taken through glass dishpans show chip soaps gummy, half dissolved, while Super Suds has dissolved completely, flooding the water with rich lasting suds.



Slow-dissolving chips

This photograph, through a glass dishpan, using old-fashioned slow-dissolving soap, tells a different story! Look at the undissolved chips—floating around through the water. Look at the almost soapless water. Here's your explanation of slow, greasy dishwashings.

Slow-Dissolving Ordinary Chips

Bead soap in action

Note in this actual color photograph the rich creamy soapiness throughout every drop of water. No particles of undissolved soap floating about. That shows every bead has dissolved instantly shows why Super Suds cuts dishwashing time in half.

Fast-Dissolving Lasting Super Suds

MADAM, you have wanted evidence as to why instant-dissolving Super Suds is so superior to slow-dissolving chips. Why it keeps dishwater from getting greasy. Cuts dishwashing time in half.

Now comes actual undebatable proof in photographs taken through glass dishpans. They show you what has never been seen before . . . exactly how soaps act *below* the surface of the water. This is the part of dishwashing you don't see. Yet it is the most important part, by far. For no matter how much top suds a soap may give, it's the instant rich soapiness *below* the surface of the water that really counts.

Why "instant dissolving" is so important

And only an instant-dissolving soap can give you this quick, all-through-the-water soapiness. The camera proves it. It shows relentlessly how slow-dissolving soaps leave the water clear, almost soapless below the surface. While . . . in the same length of time . . . Super Suds has dissolved completely. Releasing instantly a rich flood of active suds through every drop of water in the pan!

Why Super Suds dissolves instantly

Super Suds can do this because it's a soap that's designed especially for instant dissolving. It's not chips, flakes, nor powder. It's tiny beads made by spraying melted soap from high steel towers. The walls of these beads are 4 times thinner than the thinnest chip or flake ever made. That's why Super Suds gives instant lasting suds clear down to the bottom of the pan.

It's because of this instant dissolving that Super Suds saves dishwashing time in these 3 ways.

(1) *Saves waiting for suds.* No stirring, coaxing or heating water extra hot to get soap to dissolve.

(2) *Washes dishes clean faster.* The rich, penetrating, all-through-the-water suds wash dishes clean with lightning speed. (3) *Saves dishwiping.* Because this soap dissolves completely, every trace of it is carried away in one hot rinse. Dishes drain dry to streakless, sparkling clearness. Wiping is not necessary.

Why bother with slow-dissolving soaps when here's an instant-dissolving soap that gives you quick, rich soapiness . . . saves half your dishwashing time? Your grocer has Super Suds.

*These tests were made under identical conditions. ½ oz. of Super Suds was placed in one glass dishpan. In the other, ½ oz. of chip soap. Equal amounts of water of the same temperature were then added to each pan. The time, from the moment the water touched the soap to the moment the photographs were taken, was the same in both cases, down to the very second.

Super Suds 10¢

6022

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

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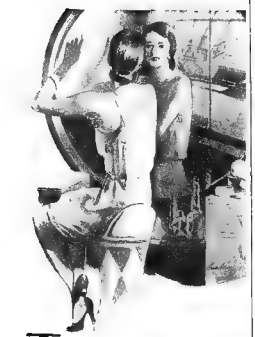

TIME TO GO- *but still time to use* MUM

Those times when you must be ready in a jiffy! Just time to slip on your dress. Not a moment more to spare—yet you must not chance perspiration offense. Then's when you're most grateful for Mum!

In no more time than it takes to powder your nose, your underarm toilet is made with Mum. One dab of snowy cream under each arm and you're safe. Slip into your dress, and step forth—with assurance. For Mum doesn't have to dry. It is soothing—not irritating—to the skin. And just as harmless to the daintiest fabric; Mum doesn't even leave the skin greasy.

This likable and usable deodorant has removed the last excuse for offending. It offers you permanent protection, for its daily use can do no harm.

Mum does not arrest the action of the pores, or interfere in any way with their normal, necessary work. It just neutralizes the odor completely.

Why chance embarrassment — ever — when you can always have absolute protection in this delightful form? Dip a finger-tip in Mum, dab it on the underarm—or any part of the body—and it will neutralize every bit of unpleasant odor. Not the slightest suggestion of any odor can possibly penetrate that protecting film of Mum. *You are safe for hours.*

Keep a jar of Mum on your dressing table and make its use a daily habit, morning and night. If you travel carry Mum with you. Many women keep it in the purse, just to be ready for any emergency. Be sure to investigate the important special use explained in the directions:

Spread a little Mum on the sanitary napkin and you will be serenely sure of yourself; confident of perfect daintiness at all times.

All toilet-goods counters, 35c and 60c.

FEMINIZATION OF OUR SCHOOLS

Continued from page 68

it over into the kind of place where she can move freely.

No. Most of our American public-school teachers have been, and still are, undifferentiated women, with a little technical training which has barely varnished the surface. The woman teacher remains primarily a mother-sister-wife-daughter, with all Eve's ancient instinct for management, who has learned a few things about the project method, which she discards as completely as she dares in her actual teaching. She still depends on her sure and unmatched instinct for the good, the right, the proper, the necessary, and the inevitable. The meaning of a line spoken by Browning's *Lasarus*,

> This-should-be balked by Here-it-cannot-be,

seems to her merely a metaphysical puzzle (and she has almost no mind for metaphysics) instead of a simple masculine axiom.

And she has triumphantly turned out a couple of generations of men who have painfully learned by heart all those notions which are her intuitions. These men have gone everywhere in America, into our politics, our teachers' training schools, our pulpits and newspapers, even into the more flabby parts of our business world, the "service" and advertising departments.

They have smeared every department of our life with a self-styled "idealism" which is in every case more shortsighted, more intensely immediate and narrow, more unworkable and more unwise than the normal man's slow, hesitating experimental adaptation to facts which they call a "sordid materialism."

IT IS this "idealism," so curiously divorced from the facts known to the rest of the world, which makes us so incomprehensible in the eyes of that world, which made Wells call us once the "aunt-errant of Christendom." But she isn't an aunt; she is *alma mater*, the American school mistress.

Why, then, does she lose no opportunity of telling you privately of her contempt for her colleague, the public-school male teacher? For she does despise him. She may be jealous of his salary. That she makes no secret about. But what strikes the outsider as so curious is that she insists that she is a far stronger and finer character, more of a person, a better disciplinarian, a better teacher, a wiser person, than the man teacher in the same school.

She goes so far as to insinuate that her work is all but undone by the loose and haphazard males who teach in the colleges. As if, indeed, one could undo that work, so blindly powerful, that goes down to the roots of our national life!

WHY? Perhaps it is because it is so long since she has had any serious male competition that she has come to think of teaching as an unsuitable occupation for men; effeminate, like millinery and toe dancing. The men she admires are those out in the world making big money, who would not condescend to do her job. Therefore in her heart she despises her job and the men who work at it.

And yet they are her chicks—or her ugly ducklings—of her own hatching. They are the ones who have taken her self-sacrifices at their face value, and her idealisms and her authorities. At least they have been sufficiently inspired by her example to follow in her footsteps, even to build up a more imposing edifice of notions and rules and dogmas and sentimentalities in the name of education. They are her people and the sheep of her pasture. And how she hates them!

Recently a convention of school superintendents went out of its way to pass a resolution, as follows:

> Resolved, That the superintendents of the New England schools reaffirm their confidence in the women teachers of our public schools, believing that they are showing marked qualities of leadership and inspiration and are training their pupils so to think and act as to bring about ultimately a keener public sensitiveness to the appeal of great moral issues.

I call your attention to the key words here: "leadership," "inspiration," "great moral issues"—the old, old line of goods that during two generations our schools have been selling instead of the hard facts and tough thinking we need so badly. So overwhelming is this feminine concept of education among us that the teachers' own superiors swallow it without criticism—even with approbation. They know no other.

Alma mater. Her children are the easy prey of every exploiter, every ballyhoo artist, every false prophet who comes along with a nostrum for the senses, the mind, the spirit. She has taught them to feel as she feels. But she has never taught them to think. Thinking makes her head ache. It is easier to teach methods, to draw patterns, to discipline, to preach ideals—and to manage. Incomplete Platonists all of us, living in an imperfect world that exists in its perfection only in her mind.

FIDDLERS OF MOON MOUNTAIN

Continued from page 12

making music, too. 'Deed, sometimes I think it ain't me doing it when I scrape on that old fiddle box, but I just rub the bow gin the Lord makes the music."

For a long time Watt was silent, while he stared in the flames that leaped and danced in the fireplace, sending red sparks up the chimney.

"When I play 'The Ripples,' will it be the Lord playing them?" Watt asked.

"I don't claim to know much about such things," Pate allowed. Then he said, "I reckon, Son, if you love everything like you love this fiddle, you'll gain favor in the sight of the Lord and He will make you a good fiddler. And you ought to love things, causen they all got souls just like you have, though there's them that say dumb animals ain't got souls. I allow they must have, causen they're God's critters. I reckon everything has got a soul, even this old fiddle box, and the trees and streams."

"Has the creek got a soul, Pappy?"

"I reckon so, Son. More'n likely you could even talk to it, efen you understood how to play 'The Ripples' good enough. 'Deed, efen you——"

Pate stopped speaking and drew his breath in suddenly on account of what he saw at the window. It looked like a man's head with a flour sack over it.

"What was you fixing to say?" Watt asked.

Pate darted a quick glance at his rifle on the rack. Then, thinking not to alarm Beulah and Watt, he said, "I reckon I better see is my gun loaded right to kill a rabbit with to-morrow." He got up to get the rifle, but stood still in his tracks when he saw the door latch being pulled upward by the rawhide string that hung outside.

Then the door exploded inward. Before you could say "Scat!" the room was full of men with flour sacks over their heads. Beulah screamed. Watt walked up to one of the men and kicked him on the leg, then began to cry. They pounced on Pate, scuffling around him. Not a one of them said a word. Pate let out a bellow and fought like a wild cat, but in a minute they were holding him so he could not move. They shoved him toward the door. As they were taking him out, one of the men turned and said to Beulah, in a disguised voice:

"We're aguing to fix him for the way he neglects you and your young one."

Beulah was so scared that she could not do anything but scream and cry. Young Watt rushed at the man and started hitting and kicking him as high up on his legs as he could reach. Beulah was so put out she did not notice that her son was using man-size swearwords.

They took Pate out and, in spite of his struggles, they sat him on the ground with his legs straddling a tree trunk. Four men on the other side of the tree from him held him, one for each arm and leg. They pulled him against the tree so hard that he could not move, and somebody tore his shirt off.

Beulah and Watt hovered around the edge of the group of grunting, swearing men.

Continued on page 72

It's Easy to Clean Gloves ★

GLOVES soil quickly! But—a clean cloth moistened with Energine—a gentle rub or two, and instantly your gloves are spotless again—just like new.

When completely soiled, silk or washable gloves can be quickly and thoroughly cleaned by submerging in a shallow basin of Energine, squeezed lightly and then permitted to dry. (Whole operation takes but a minute.) Kid gloves should be placed on hands and lightly rubbed with a clean cloth moistened with Energine.

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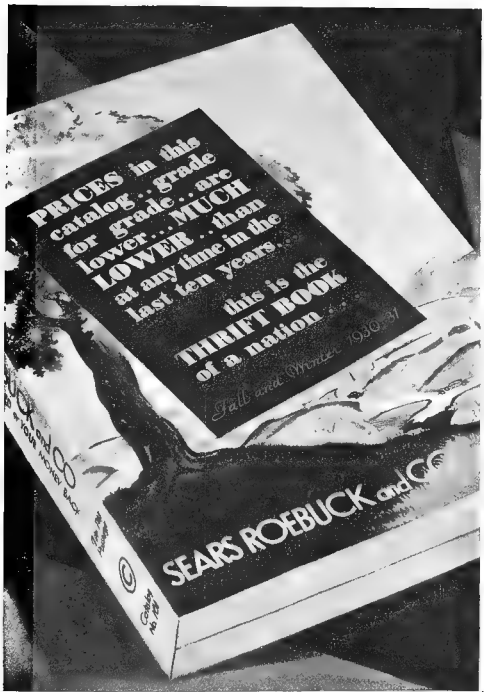
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Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

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Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

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FIDDLERS OF MOON MOUNTAIN

Continued from page 70

One of them made the woman and the boy go back in the cabin.

The tallest and skinniest man had a bull whip. Its long, plaited lash flashed in the moonlight, swished in the air, and cut with a crack into the naked flesh of Fate's back.

The sound was horribly unmistakable to Beulah and Watt in the cabin. Beulah shrieked and fell sobbing on the floor.

Watt did not want his mother to hear the lashing. The fiddle! "The Ripples"! The fiddle had a soul, the creek had a soul, everything had a soul. Maybe "The Ripples" would stir good to banish evil. Watt grabbed the fiddle and began playing. He knelt close to his mother's head, so the sound would drown the cracks of the lash on his pappy's back. "The Ripples." He played fast and loud, and *ripples* became the rush of a flood.

The man with the bull whip swung the lash with frenzied vengeance. It cut into the flesh, and the moonlight showed little black streams running down the white of Fate's back. Fate grunted and jerked convulsively against the men who were holding his arms and legs around the tree.

THEN through the excitement penetrated the sounds of strange fiddling.

"What's that?" somebody asked suddenly, with the hollow hush of superstitious fear in his voice. Quick glances flashed to Fate and then toward the cabin. Rough, wild sounds scraped on a fiddle. The frenzied sobbing of a woman. They did not know even that Watt could play the fiddle, and to them it seemed that the instrument was giving outcry of its own accord, playing Fate's strange, mad music. The sounds suggested those of the creek, which swished and gurgled down the mountainside two hundred yards away.

An oath came from one of the men holding Fate. Then terror overcame him, and he dropped Fate's arm as though it were the arm of some awful, mysterious thing from another world. He yanked off his hood and stood ready to run.

The tallest man stood with the whip poised in mid-air, while he stared in a puzzled way at the lighted square of the cabin door.

As the men forgot to hold him Fate staggered erect and steadied himself on his feet for an instant, while fighting strength surged up in him.

The fiddling went on, seeming to grow wilder and more impetuous, not like the gentle "Ripples" that Fate had learned from the stream, but like some fearful, elemental thing.

Fate recognized the man with the whip, in spite of the hood. He stepped toward him, his right arm drawn back for the blow. Just in time, the man saw his danger and started to leap away. The blow was a glancing one, but Fate's fist sent him reeling off between the trees.

"Tip Leak!" Fate yelled as he leaped after the hooded man. "I'll stoop yer guts out!"

In terror, not so much of the mysterious music as of Fate's aroused fury, Tip raised fist to kill through the woods. The other men likewise took out through the woods and went crashing off at breakneck speed.

Fate did not run after them. He stood there beneath the tree, while tears of pain and rage dripped down his cheeks and drops of blood trickled down his naked back.

He could hear the other men running down the side of the mountain in one direction, and Tip was running in the other. Tip was running toward the creek.

Then there was a splash in the creek. Not several quick splashes, like a man would make running across, but one loud splash, and then silence.

When Fate went back in the cabin, young Watt was helping his mother up from the floor, telling her that the men had gone. Fate threw his arms around both of them. Faintly, through the open door, could be heard the creek playing its own ripples—the Lord's fiddle.

WELL, next day gin Sheriff Hunter arrested Bill Overhall and the others, he had to look high and low afore he ever found Tip. Finally he came across Tip's body, lying face down in the creek, drowned in three inches of water. Some allowed afterwards that Tip tripped on the creek bank and fell so hard he knocked himself senseless on the bottom, but none say the creek had a power to help Fate out of trouble.

WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES FOUR

Continued from page 37

mayonnaise mixture. Lay a large piece of lobster meat (canned) on top. Garnish with truffles or sliced ripe olives.

The mention of truffles and caviar need not dismay the thrifty hostess. You will be agreeably surprised at the small expense of a tin of truffles and a jar of caviar. Remember, too, each canapé is but little more than a bite.

Whoever has attended many afternoon gatherings instinctively dreads having to pretend to enjoy the all-too-familiar tea sandwiches. Therefore, when you entertain, let your ambition be an army of sandwiches whose "first appearance" is at *your* home.

Salads

I THINK there should be no rules and regulations for the afternoon party other than those of hospitality. If you want to serve a salad, serve a lovely one. If you prefer to omit salad, omit it. Here are two, quite different in degree of simplicity, yet both alike in being colorful, easy to serve, and light:

Orange Palisade

(12 Servings)

2 Packages Orange Gelatin
1¾ Cupfuls Water
½ Cupful Sugar
¼ Cupful Lemon Juice
1¼ Cupfuls Orange Juice
1 Teaspoonful Chopped Mint
2 Cupfuls Diced Kumquats or Sections of Oranges
2 Cupfuls Shredded Lettuce
¼ Pound Malaga Grapes
¼ Pound Roquefort Cheese
1 Cupful Sour-cream Dressing

MIX together the water, orange juice, lemon juice, and sugar. Bring to the boiling point. Dissolve the orange gelatin in the boiling liquid, stirring until the gelatin is completely dissolved. Add the chopped mint. Pour into a chilled ring mold, 7¾ inches in diameter, 2 inches deep, with a 4-inch ring in the center. Set in the refrigerator to harden and chill.

Mix the kumquats or orange sections with the shredded lettuce and the sour-cream dressing. Chill thoroughly.

Seed the grapes and stuff with the Roquefort cheese softened with heavy cream.

To serve, turn out the mold on a bed of lettuce leaves on a large round dish. Fill the center with the lettuce mixture. Garnish the outside of the ring with the stuffed grapes. Serve in small sections.

Biscuits

TEA biscuits, split and buttered, thus filled with shavings of ham or chicken or any other fitting savory, belong with honor in this four o'clock group. So sausage as it may seem at first, do several of the German sausages sliced thin and laid between thin slices of bread. Many of these liver sausages are graced with truffles. Try them—they all add one more flavor to the party, especially when a very little prepared mustard is lightly spread. Anchovies, bloater paste, and several other canned delicacies from the sea are delicious, too.

Sweets

SWEETS bring color to your table and the needed dash to the menu. Preserved ginger and candied orange peel are just enough different to add the festive touch. Tinted mints, selected with an eye to your color scheme, and several kinds of salted nuts are appropriate. Delicate bonbons belong in this sweet and nourishing picture, served in silver, Dresden, or glass compotes.

Continued on page 73

THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

HARD WATER PLUS MEL'O MAKES SOFT WATER

A greasy ring around the dishpan means a greasy film on dishes

THAT *ring* tells the tale! It means *hard water*—water filled with harsh alkalis. Those alkalis combine with soap and grease to form a scum that clings to dishes like grim death.

But you can wash your dishes in *soft water*. Add one or two tablespoonfuls of Mel'o to a dishpan full of the *hardest* water. Instantly it is softened. Then watch the suds pile up—thick and lasting—with less soap. Every trace of grease is cut away. Rinsing is swift and thorough. When you dry your dishes they will *glisten* spotlessly. And there will be no greasy ring around the pan.

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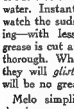

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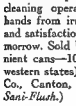

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WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES FOUR

Continued from page 72

Small iced cakes are expected to appear in gay profusion.

You can make irresistibly attractive cup cakes by baking them in tiny muffin tins. Ice them to please your fancy.

Fancy Cakes

(Using egg yolks)

½ Cupful Shortening
1 Cupful Sugar
Yolks 3 Eggs
2½ Cupfuls Cake Flour
2 Teaspoonfuls Baking Powder
½ Cupful Milk

CREAM the shortening, add the sugar slowly, and then the beaten egg yolks. Sift the flour with the baking powder, and add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Divide batter in half. To one part add 1 teaspoonful of lemon juice and the grated rind of ½ lemon. To the other add 2 squares of melted chocolate and 1 teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Pour into tiny muffin tins, each individual tin being 1¾ inches in diameter and ¾ inch deep. Bake in a moderate oven at 380 degrees F. for about 15 minutes. These measurements will make 4 dozen tiny cakes.

Fancy Cakes

(Using egg whites)

USE the recipe above, omitting the egg yolks, and changing the liquid to ⅔ cupful and the baking powder to 3 teaspoonfuls. Use 3 egg whites, beaten stiff and folded in last.

Beverages

YOUR beverages are of first importance. Tea has its ancient tradition of freshness, bouquet, color, and flavor. Coffee signifies strength, sparkle, aroma, and hospitality. It is an expected feature at modern receptions. Never fail to include it when gentlemen are present.

Coffee calls for sugar and heavy cream. For the tea have thin slices of lemon, cubes of sugar, and cloves.

Arrange to have both tea and coffee steaming hot and fresh for every guest. In behalf of coffee drinkers watch the creamer. A full pitcher of cream is a gesture of welcome.

Hot chocolate too is sometimes served as well as modern coffee without caffeine. Fruit punches and sparkling bottled beverages, such as dry and golden ginger ales, are most welcome at the modern tea, especially when there is dancing. For these occasions save space in your refrigerator for ginger ale, mineral water, and fruit punches.

COMFORT COMES FIRST

Continued from page 24

bevel its edges in gold? Is it comfortable? There are all sorts of small mechanical contrivances to hold the maximum number of coats in compact comfort really easy of access. Have you a telephone closet? Why not line it with mirrors, install a small shelf table for the telephone, a neat little chair, and do everything that is paintable in a bright color?

Dining-room comfort is in a class of its own, as every one will agree if one has started out with a dining room furnished in the average manner. For additional keeping places are always needed. Keeping places for china, when of course the odd corner cupboard suggests itself immediately. Keeping places for linen, when the moderate-sized chest on chest or highboy at once becomes a possible and very alluring part of the dining-room scheme.

And the problem of keeping flat silver in convenient rows ready for quick service is solved by any number of small accessory pieces, such as French chests and kindred diminutive models. Select any one of these, have its drawers lined with velvet and fitted with shallow velvet-lined trays, and you will have more dining-room comfort than you'd have dreamed could be possible by the addition of such a small piece.

Bedroom comforts are legion, of course, for there is no other room which caters so exclusively to our physical well-being, and to sheer creature comforts. So it is not extravagance to buy that *chaise longue* you've long been wanting. To have such a

Continued on page 74

PARIS BEAUTY EDITOR

tells how to cultivate

LOVELY HANDS

on less than 5 minutes a day

CAMILLE DUGUET

Directrice of Chiffons, says:

"NOW, happily, the busiest woman can always have exquisitely cared for hands. She can have them easily, too . . . thanks to the wonderful modern manicure preparations. Among these is the new Liquid Polish that gives the finger tips a crystal brilliance—miraculously lasting!

"Fashionable women everywhere are using it because of its four advantages. First, it shortens the manicure. Second, just one application keeps the finger tips sparkling the whole week through. Third, it does not make the nails brittle. Fourth, it is a protection for the nails.

"Imagine! Hands smooth and white as alabaster—tipped with scarlet finger nails! You can have them—for the many shades of this new liquid polish now range from a soft roseate hue to a flaming crimson.

"You should give your nails this daily care. Scrub them in warm, soapy water. Mould the cuticle with a cotton-wrapped orange stick saturated with cuticle remover. Then with fresh cotton, freshly saturated, cleanse under the nail tips."

The Manicure Method Women with famous hands are using

1. *Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser—to mould the cuticle and cleanse the nail tips.* Scrub the nails. Pass cotton-wrapped orange stick, saturated with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, around the base of each nail to remove dead cuticle. Then use fresh cotton—freshly saturated—to cleanse under each nail tip. Dry and cleanse with dry cotton. Rinse fingers.

2. *Cutex Liquid Polish protects and flatters the nails.* Remove all old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Unlike many polish removers, it has none of the oiliness that necessitates rinsing. Apply Cutex Liquid Polish from half-moon toward finger tip. Then use a tiny bit of Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to keep the cuticle soft, and a touch of Nail White under the nail tip.

Cutex Liquid Polish (Natural, Colorless, Rose) and Polish Remover, 35¢ each. Cutex Liquid Remover & Nail Cleanser, 35¢.

Cutex Perfumed Liquid Polish in 3 smart shades—Coral, Cardinal, Garnet, 35¢ each. Perfumed Polish and Polish Remover together, 60¢.

The other Cutex preparations, 35¢. At toilet-goods counters everywhere.

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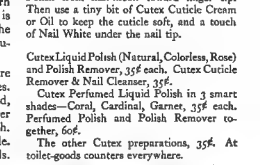

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J. & P. COATS

CLARK'S O.N.T.

The Two Great Names in Thread

COMFORT COMES FIRST

Continued from page 73

piece upon which you can throw yourself down in complete weariness, without a thought of laying back cherished counterpanes, is a boon worth much more than a *chaise longue* will cost. If your bedroom is not large enough for a full-length piece, consider the ensemble of easy-chair and stool which fit together when required; but in between times the stool may be used for a seat in front of the dressing table.

Of course a dressing table is such an absolute comfort that no bedroom is actually complete without one. Dressing tables may be had to match the suite, of course, but as an afterthought a demurely flounced table holding a toilet mirror is a delightful substitute.

And when space saving is an item of consideration, a tiny toilet table, with a lifting top hiding the toilet articles within, is apt to be decorative as well as practical. When there is sufficient space in the bedroom, a desk for household accounts and personal letter writing is a boon indeed, situated as it is away from the household. A telephone table and stool is another comfort which has to be had to be really appreciated.

Well-equipped closets save time and temper; bed mattresses of good quality look better and wear better, not to mention the actual increase in comfort involved; and good reading lights, near bedside and near the *chaise longue*, must be thought of, as well as bright lights of candlestick height on the dressing table.

Comforts are not extravagances—they are economies. For it is comforts like all of these that make the wheels of the household run with real smoothness!

THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 23

She saw his frown and began to speak quickly. "But why not? She goes to Lady Kitty's."

"Kits Lloyd can afford to know whoever she chooses."

"You mean by that I can't? Why can't I? Because Maud Bothwell and the Duchess of Shetland and Mrs. Gore-Langley might not approve? Well, I don't care whether they approve or not."

"Ah, yes, but I do."

She shrugged. He was angrier than she had ever seen him.

"She was so nice, and said she'd wanted to meet me ever since she'd heard we were married and would I let her drop in some day, and I said——"

Ian had crossed the room and rung for the butler.

"Williams," he said, when the man appeared, "if by any chance Lady Alexandra Agar should stop by this afternoon, Mrs. Bulteel will not be at home."

Claire watched them leave the room together. She was speechless with fury. The insolence of it, daring to say whom she could receive in her own house! She waited till she had heard Ian's car grit in the gravel of the drive, then went up to her bedroom. If only she had enough money she would go over to Paris to-night. By herself! But she had overdrawn her account again. Not permitted to ask a friend to her own house. It was outrageous. If any one had told her that Ian would ever dare to——

"Oh!" she screamed. "I've never been so humiliated in all my life. Never! Never!"

Ian had been Lady Alexandra's lover. That was why he was afraid to have them meet. She shrugged. As if she cared whose lover he had been. How he bored her! She would not have believed that being loved by one man, for a year, could become so deadly. If only Ian were a little like Derek. If only there were an element of uncertainty, suspense. It was all so safe. So dull.

She began to change her frock. She would see Lady Alexandra, bring her into the house if she had to walk down the drive to meet her. When Ian returned the two of them would be in the drawing room. It was going to amuse her. Her spirits rose. She could almost picture Ian's blank astonishment when he came in. Perfect picture!

AT FOUR o'clock she went down to the drawing room. Half after four. Her ears were strained from listening for the sound of wheels. What if Lady Alexandra should not come? Five o'clock. In a little while now Ian would be home. Suddenly she heard Williams in the hall. The door opened. She hurried out of the drawing room.

"Oh, Lady Alexandra! Oh, of course I'm home!" She swept past Williams. "Do come in. I'm so glad to see you." They had reached the drawing room. "What will you have, tea or cocktail?"

"A cocktail sounds too delicious. An American cocktail." Alexandra Agar sank into a chair before the fire, her back toward the windows, and began pulling off her gloves. "Oh, haven't you made this room attractive! You don't mind my saying so? Too attractive. You've done wonders with it. In the old days, when Larrisfort was here it was so mortuary. You know."

Lady Alexandra Agar, granddaughter of the fifth Duke of Shetland and now twice divorced, was one of those fragile, ethereal English blondes. Delicate, pointed features. Enormous blue eyes. Sleek yellow hair, cut short and waved. A curiously mobile mouth set with pointed teeth. Brittlely vivacious, with a voice like the snapping of a crystal goblet. Married at nineteen, she had been divorced two years later. An appalling suit. Before the War such divorces were social cataclysms, Alexandra fled to France on Jim Agar's yacht and lived on the Continent until Agar could marry her. The War permitted her return to England. When it was over she divorced Agar in Paris. There was still a question of the validity of her decree in England.

A FASCINATING, febrile sort of person, to whom many people were devoted and who defied the world with a *sang-froid* that never faltered.

"What a delicious cocktail! Do tell me how you make them. I can't get my people to make a decent one to save their worthless souls."

She smiled, appraising Claire as she rattled on. She had been consumed with curiosity to meet this creature who had outraged all the conventions not only of a regiment but of a county. It was impossible, felt Lady Alexandra, that any one should be such a colossal failure and not have some outstanding quality. After all, any woman who married a Bulteel could be a success. But the whole countryside was ringing with tales about her. Sandra had been amused to think of Ian marrying such a person. How on earth had it ever happened? Always on the new experience, she had determined to come and see for herself. Alas, she thought, merely a trivial little bounder. Decidedly second-rate.

"Oh, don't!" Claire was saying. "I can't bear it. I wanted to go over to Paris myself this week-end, but Ian won't. He's running a gymkhana."

"How typically regimental!" Lady Alexandra threw back her head and laughed. "I know. I was married to one, once. There's nothing you can tell me about a regiment. I lived it for five years. A gymkhana. Prizes and ribbons and all that sort of thing. Kits, I take it, doing the honors." She made a little grimace. "Dear Kits, to pin a ribbon on some one with a smile and the proper word! Aren't they wonderful? Now, aren't they, really? Kits and Sheila and all that lot? Don't they amuse you to death? They take themselves, and England, and all the rest of it, so seriously."

Claire smiled.

"Oh, I can't tell you how divine it is to meet another person with one's own point of view!"

"Do you know," said Lady Alexandra, "when I heard that dear old Ian had married an American and that the Sixth was ordered up here, I said, 'She'll never stick it. Never!' I think you've been too marvelous. Really I do. They are the dullest lot in the world, Kits, and Sheila, and all that lot. I don't see how you've survived.

Continued on page 72

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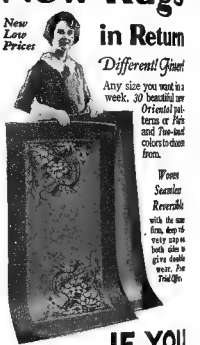

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THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 74

But don't judge England by them." She glanced around the room. The lurid chintzes. The modernistic lamps. Euh! And in an English country house.

"YES, aren't they?" Claire laughed. "Think the sun rises in the English Channel and sets in the Irish Sea. Lady Victor Darley, for instance. D'you know her?"

"Millicent, you mean? Known her all my life."

"You know, she won't go to Paris. Says she loathes the Continent."

"And then dashes down to Brighton for a jolly." Lady Alexandra raised her brows. "Ever been? Well, never go. Too awful. Red-brick hotels and trippers in *char-à-bancs*. And just an hour farther is Le Touquet, which is so charming. Pines, and the sea, and a casino, and quite a cheery crowd who have villas. I'm taking one myself this year. You must come over and stay with me. Will do you no end of good after this."

"Oh, I'd adore to!" Claire cried. "I really want to get away. The women here, you know——"

"Oh, don't I know!" Lady Alexandra laughed.

"They're so rude. And so badly dressed. And such snobs. And the way they grab at men. Women as old as my mother, riding and playing tennis with boys young enough to be their sons."

"Revolting, aren't they? There ought to be an act of Parliament authorizing the chloroforming of every British female over the age of forty-five."

She turned the conversation, to Claire's delight, onto Paris and clothes. Lady Alexandra had just seen all the spring openings. Vionnet's had nothing. Patou had one or two nice little things.

"And Molyneux?" Claire asked "His things suit me better than any of the others."

Lady Alexandra nodded. There was, she thought, something essentially the actress about this girl. Revue actress. From Paris Lady Alexandra fluttered to Cannes, mentioning a hundred names—the Aga Khan, the Grand Duke Boris, and the King of Sweden. They had all been out. How deadly, Claire felt, to be wasting one's life on hunt balls and Holtshire when all this sort of thing was going on! She was so fascinated she did not hear the door open.

"Oh, hello there!" It was Ian.

Claire glanced up anxiously.

"Why, Ian!" Lady Alexandra held out her hand. "How nice to see you again! How many thousands of years since we've really met? Not since the War. Boulogne, isn't it?" She turned to Claire. "I ran a canteen on the pier there in the first days. Ran it for a year. But one night somebody's idiot A.D.C. got drunk and had to be put to bed and—ah, well, there was a fearful stir. So I packed up and came home. Ah! Those were the great days, weren't they, Ian?" Lady Alexandra smiled. Ian had sat down beside her.

"I say, this is nice to see you again. Going to be up in this part o' the world for a bit?"

CLAIRE watched them. Were they playing a game? Difficult to know about these people. They never gave themselves away.

"You shouldn't have come home yet," said Lady Alexandra. "We were agreeing about every one. Their dullness. Lady Kitty and every one." She looked at him laughingly. "I say, I do think you're the wicked one to keep this pretty wife of yours shut up here in Holtshire. You're a perfect Turk. And now I must be flying. I have people staying with me. Cora Langenburg and George Bottomley. We came home together from Cannes. But, Ian, now, mark you, I'm expecting you both at North Overton. Soon!" She flicked him lightly on the arm.

Had the gesture any significance? Claire wondered. She felt that this scene which she had so carefully set had somehow all come to nothing. She would make one further attempt.

"Oh, won't you come over for luncheon some day?" she said to Lady Alexandra. "Saturday, about one-thirty. Do come, and bring your party."

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THE SILVER SWAN

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"Sounds quite charming. I'd adore to," Lady Alexandra had got as far as the door, her hand still on Ian's arm. "Oh, I knew there was something I meant to tell you." She smiled past Ian to Claire. "I saw a great friend of yours in Paris. Derek!" The color surged up into Claire's face. "Isn't he a darling? We dined one night at Ciro's and then did Montmartre. Such good company, Derek. He's coming over."

"Really! When?"

"This month. Has to go to their place in Ireland. When he comes we must all forgather. Good-by till Saturday. One-thirty. Oh, don't bother to come to the door, Ian."

Claire heard them laughing as they crossed the hall. She went to the window and stared out into the dusk. Derek! Coming here. Curious what that name did to her. Strangled her. Made her feel faint.

"Well?" It was Ian.

"Well, what?" Claire continued to stare out into the night.

"Have an amusing afternoon?"

She could not tell if he were angry or indifferent.

"Very!" she said.

"I hear you're planning on Le Touquet for a bit." No answer save a rigid elevation of her shoulders. "Well, now look here, my girl, this thing stops now! Enough's enough. I'm having no more of it, d'you hear?"

"And just how do you propose to stop it?" Claire waited a moment for him to speak. "For months now, ever since I came to this wretched place, I've done everything that you wanted. Stupid people. Deadly balls. Deadly house parties. And always, always, criticism. Disapproval. I hate every one I've met. Snobs, all of them, who think it's smart to despise Americans—"

"Oh, now, Claire, that's laying it on a bit thick"

"Yes, they do. They loathe Americans!"

"I shouldn't say the Currans were precisely loathed."

"THE Currans!" All her animosity surged into her brain. "Yes, they do. They only pretend not to, because they have millions and can do everything under the sun. Because English people are the greatest toadies on earth to money! That's why. I'm much better-looking than Ethel Curran, and much better dressed, but because I haven't as much money, all those old hags—" She shrugged. "Well, let me tell you I'm going to have Lady Alexandra to luncheon Saturday, and as often as I choose."

"Saturday? Oh, no. You must have forgotten. We're lunching with the Lloyds Saturday."

"You may be. I'm not."

"Now, look here, Claire, this thing's gone far enough. I've let you make a bally jug-gins of yourself and said nothing, because I knew you didn't understand. I knew it was all strange to you. But I've been made a blooming fool of long enough You've got to pull up. And Sandra Agar never comes inside this house again. You hear?"

"And just whose house is it?" Her voice had become shrill. "It's my house! Mine! Just please remember that. And I'll have anybody in it that I want."

"I'll be hanged if you will."

She drew herself up.

"You're afraid," she taunted him, "that I'll find out something about you and Lady Alexandra. Yes, you are! That's why you don't want me to have her here. Oh, my dear! You're such a fool to think I wouldn't guess." She knew it was not the truth, but that did not affect her. She wished to hurt him.

"Claire, that's not the truth. You know it isn't. There's never been anything between Sandra and me"

As she looked at him her courage vanished. Anger. Contempt. Derek's face that morning in the Avenue Vavin. With a cry of real fright she flung herself into a chair and, burying her face in her arms, burst into sobs.

"Oh, I'm so miserable!" she wailed. "So unhappy! You're being horrible to me. No one knows how unhappy I am. I can't stand it. And you talking to me like this when I'm just about to have a baby!"

"Claire. Claire." He knelt down beside her in consternation, cursing himself for a fool.

"Oh, don't touch me. Leave me alone. Oh, go way." She raised her tear-stained face enough to see him kneeling at her side.

"Claire. Claire darling, listen to me."

"Oh, why did I ever marry you? Every one knows that Englishmen are brutes to their wives. You were going to strike me. Yes, you were! Oh, if only I'd married—" With a gasp she choked back the name, and, still sobbing, ran up the stairs into her bedroom and locked the door.

Her breath came irregularly, but her tears had ceased. Never had she seen a man so angry. Murderously angry. She shivered. So they were human, after all, these English. One actually could hurt them. But that Ian should have dared to criticize her! Was she mistaken in her estimate of his infatuation? When a man begins to think, to make comparisons, love has cooled. Could it be possible that he was growing tired of her? Horrible thought! She had been bored with him for months, but that was another matter. She walked toward the cheval glass, smiling at her reflection, and biting her lips to make them redder. Beneath the thin stuff of her frock her body was still slim, almost virginal. She peered at her face. Not a line, nothing to mar its perfect oval.

"I do hope Derek comes over soon," she sighed. "Oh, dear! Isn't everything too ghastly?"

The dressing gong. The dinner gong. Claire heard Williams at her door, announcing that dinner was served. She answered that she did not care for any dinner. Presently Ian came to her door. She refused to let him in; refused, for several minutes, even to answer him. No, she would not open her door. Would he please go away and leave her alone? She heard his footsteps go down the hall and then on the stairs.

Mrs. Bulteel, he told Williams, was not feeling any too well. Later she might ring for a tray. A polite fiction politely accepted. After dinner he went into the library. He was at his wit's end. He'd been harsh, but no one could stand everything. What was the matter with her that she would not understand things? For months he had held himself, trying to be patient, gentle, tolerant, trying to protect her, excusing her to himself. She didn't understand. Give her time. At last he sat down in despair and drew out a sheet of paper.

Sibyl. So tactful. The soul of tact. He would invite her and his father up to Twysdale for a week-end. Then he hesitated, shrinking from the thought of Claire's creating scenes before them. He shut his eyes. How would he commence? Must not reveal that there was any least friction here. But Sibyl would understand. She would see, and she would know how to explain things to Claire. Women could say things to each other no man could ever say to either of them.

CLAIRE heard him coming up the stairs and switched off her lights. He paused at her door, knocking softly. No answer. She heard him go on to his own room and close the door. She smiled. He would criticize her, would he? Ah, well, he would be made to suffer for that!

Ian was off to headquarters the next morning before Claire was awake. At noon she realized she must meet him at luncheon. Englishmen, she decided, spent altogether too much time at home. No wonder their wives grew tired of them. She was in the garden when he returned to Twysdale. Though his criticism still rankled and she intended to make him regret it, she was no longer angry. As for what she had said about him and Lady Alexandra, she had forgotten it.

"Hello there, dear!" he said.

She nodded to him and walked into the dining room, to sit through the meal, gazing pensively out the window. Ian tried to talk —banalities—but with a pleading look in his eyes. It was odd, he ventured, that she had not heard from her mother.

It was not odd at all, she answered. Fanny and Wilbur were in California. Letters would have had to be forwarded. When, he asked, would she think of writing again? She shrugged.

"And I say, dear, I rather thought of asking Sib and father up for a bit. How about it? Think it would be too much for you?"

"Why, no," she said indifferently. "Why should it be?" and, turning to Williams,

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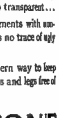

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THE SILVER SWAN

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asked him to bring her coffee into the drawing room.

She was standing by the piano when Ian came in, on his way to his car.

"Oh, Claire, I saw Lady Kits this morning. She's having the Shetlands Saturday and wondered if there was any one else you'd like her to ask."

"I don't think I'll go."

"Oh, but now really, dear, one can't chuck an invitation of a week's standing."

She had turned her back on him and, to be irritating, began picking out a tune with one finger.

"Really, Ian," she drawled, "when two people have reached a point where they can't meet, even for luncheon, without one of them beginning to quarrel——"

"But, Claire, I'm not quarreling. Claire, listen to me." He put his arm around her. "Claire dear, last night I didn't intend——"

"Oh, Ian, do please stop mauling me. I simply can't endure it."

"Sorry," he said, and walked toward the door. "Oh, and, Claire, before I forget it. I'm dropping Sandra a note to explain that Saturday's off. Previous engagement we'd forgotten."

"You what?" She whirled from the piano, galvanized out of her attitude of boredom. He had gone. She crossed the room to the far window. His car was already heading down the driveway. "Oh, dear!" she exclaimed. "It's, it's simply persecution! Well, I don't care. I'll show him."

She changed, dressing herself with the greatest care, then rang for her own car. Did he, she asked her chauffeur, know the way to North Overton, Lady Alexandra Agar's place? He did. It was over toward the Wolds, Pocklington way. Claire smiled, and gave him a pound note.

"Well, just don't say anything about where we've been, when we get home, to any one. You understand?"

After all, drawing her furs about her, it was her car. Her chauffeur. Why shouldn't she go where she wished? If Ian would have taken her to Paris this week-end, she would not now be on her way to North Overton. All Ian's fault. Euh! English people were the most unimaginative creatures in the world, except Lady Alexandra. Would she, Claire wondered, have more news of Derek? Derek! Unconsciously she smiled. How mad he had been about her! Still was, undoubtedly. True, he might pretend nonchalance, flippancy, when they first met, but he still adored her. She shivered. What frightful things he had said to her that morning! Called her soulless. Oh, but he hadn't meant it. That was just his way.

A FOOTMAN, a proper footman, not a makeshift soldier servant such as waited at Tywysdale, led Claire into a long, dim hall. Steyning, she thought, but Steyning beautifully done. The effect she would create at Steyning if she ever got her hands on it. Paneled walls. Tapestries. Venus making woven love first with Mars, then with Vulcan, in dull reds and blues and greens against a sand-colored background between twisted pillars hung with grapes. A leaded bay, on either side of it gorgeously crimson hangings. Some gilding—chairs or mirrors, Claire was not sure. Just an impression of dull-red gold in a dim setting. At the far end, before the fireplace, a Coromandel screen. The footman disappeared behind it. Claire heard voices, and Lady Alexandra appeared, holding out both hands.

"Oh, Mrs. Bulteel! How frightfully nice! Do come and join us. We're just having coffee." Cropped before the fireplace were two men and a woman. "You know all these people? The Princess Langenburg, Sir George Bottomley, Major Ferrers? Now do sit down here." She made a place for Claire beside her on a great mantrap of a crimson-velvet sofa. "Albert," to the footman, "see if Mrs. Bulteel won't have a liqueur."

Sir George was not young, but in his eyes was that look of interest which made Claire so enjoy entering a restaurant. Ferrers was quite attractive. Claire blushed and lowered her lashes. The princess, a large, well-corseted woman with dead red hair and enormous eyes, was smoking a cigarette in an incredibly long holder.

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THE SILVER SWAN

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"How's Ian?" she asked in a husky voice. "I haven't seen him for ages. Matter of fact, I'm just home from Cannes. Haven't seen any of."

Ian, Claire replied, was very well, as the footman offered her a tray of liqueurs.

Sir George moved his chair a shade nearer. She smiled at him demurely, and said to Alexandra:

"I'm simply mad about this house. I think it's too darling."

"Yes. Rather quaint, isn't it? Wouldn't be half bad if only one were nearer London. Like Steyning, for instance. Steyning's perfection."

Claire smiled.

"Yes, I s'pose it is. But aren't the furnishings too awful! Oh, my dear! All those cups, and foxtails, and what not. I nearly died the first time I saw it. And I know I'll never be allowed to change a thing as long as Colonel Bulteel's alive."

"Ah, but then," Lady Alexandra remarked easily, "you can do as you wish. And you American women are so clever about that sort of thing. I do envy you. Americans, able to start fresh and get all the things you want, instead of struggling with ancestral possessions."

"But everything one wants costs so frightfully! And, you know, I don't know anything about this sort of thing. I'd have to get some decorator to do it for me."

LADY ALEXANDRA avoided meeting the princess's eyes.

"But if only this place," she repeated suavely, "were nearer town. Sometime you must come and spend the night. Perhaps you'll see Mary Stuart. Quite. Mary in person. Yes, she was here once for several months."

"Oh, my dear! A ghost!" Claire cried. "You really mean it? How perfectly thrilling! But I'd be simply paralyzed."

"She's quite harmless. Appears in a certain bedroom and goes to the fireplace to burn some letters. But, of course, she can't, because there are no letters."

"The eternal folly of putting anything in black and white," remarked Sir George.

Lady Alexandra smiled toward Claire.

The princess strolled to the big window.

"Pretty country, England, in the spring, don't you think, Mrs. Bulteel? In the winter not so charming, but in the spring——"

"Oh, the winter's terrible!" Claire cried. "You know, when I married Ian he promised me we'd never have to spend a winter here. He promised me we'd go to Biarritz, or Pau, or one of those places where there's something to do."

"Ah, my dear," broke in Alexandra, "the poverty of men's memories, once they've married us, and the fatuity of trying to remind them!" She turned to Claire. "Want to take a turn in the garden? There's something about this time of year," she said as they went out into the sunshine, "gives one a feeling. Know what I mean?" Claire had not the faintest notion, but she nodded, smiling. "Narcissi and hyacinths and the first blue irises. Makes one think of when one was little and had an altar to the Virgin in one's room. The month of Mary. One feels a little sad, and tender, and rather wishes that one had it all to do over again."

"And if one had, what would one do?" asked Bottomley.

"Stupid question," Sandra shrugged. "The same, or worse. Precisely the same, I s'pose. Debts. Frantic journeys. Wild hurryings from here to there in search of something one will never find. One day of white wine and ripe figs and fields of scarlet poppies and cream-colored oxen, and then weeks marooned in some vile little hotel whose roof leaks and whose painted iron furniture is nasty to the touch. Ah, those meetings which were to be so divine and for which one risked a thousand times too much and which finally take place in a fog on a terrace somewhere above a leaden, ugly sea! And those people who erupt into one's life, willynilly, and those others who refuse to enter it."

"You sound," said Claire, "exactly like Derek Barran. Have you heard when he's coming over?"

"Derek?" said the princess. "I saw him in Paris."

"Oh, you did? Oh, do tell me about him!"

"He was looking extremely fit." The princess gave a throaty laugh and looked intently at Claire. "By the bye, didn't he do a thing of you, a sort of sketch affair? Of course. I saw it at his place, Arnaud Vavin. Can't imagine why he will live in that hovel. He's mad, quite mad."

"Darling Derek," said Lady Alexandra, casually. She had noted Claire's heightened color and unwarranted interest. She was, decided Alexandra, too naïve. After all, though *noblesse* might be very charming in a young girl, in a married woman it became just a thought ridiculous.

They had dropped back a bit behind the others. Claire drew close to Lady Alexandra.

"You know," she began, in confidence, "the most annoying thing has happened. It seems Ian's accepted a luncheon Saturday, before that miserable gymkhana, with the Lloyds. I'm perfectly furious, but, he says we've got to go. The Sheltaxes are going to be there, but I'd so much rather have lunch with you."

"Then why not not chuck Kits and lunch here with us? But why not, really?" Sandra was smiling in the most friendly manner. So Ian Bulteel would not have her in his house, eh? It had come to that! She put her arm through Claire's. "How, why not do that? Oh, my dear, I understand perfectly. We all make mistakes in our engagement books."

"Oh, I'd adore to. I think you're an darling to take it this way. I do, really. I'd love to come."

Sandra was laughing softly. What a nice, understanding, easy sort of person, Claire thought.

"And then, afterwards, we might all drive over and watch their old gymkhana. What d'you say?"

Claire hesitated.

"Well, you see, Ian's asked Sibyl and the father up, and I don't know whether they come that afternoon or not. But if they don't I'll come. Now, tell me, just who is the princess. She seemed to know Derek so well."

Sandra smiled.

"Her Serene Highness Cora of Langenburg-Hohenlohe and heiress of all the breweries in Belfast? She's his aunt."

"Oh, no! Is she, really?"

"Well, her brother married his mother. And Cora married Franzi von Langenburg. In the old days, while Franzi was alive, she had a house in Berkeley Square. Oh, very smart. Her money, of course. But Cora's never cared much about that sort of thing. She's Bohemian. All the Barrans are. And after Franzi died— Oh, well, she's just rather gone her own way, she and George."

"Oh! really!" A pause. "Why doesn't she marry him?"

"Because, my dear," a trifle impatiently, "she much prefers being Her Serene Highness." And Lady Alexandra stooped down and plucked a handful of bright rose-colored tulips. They were at the top of a wide flight of balustraded stairs, looking down upon the terraces of the garden. "Strange, isn't it," said Sandra, looking back toward the twisted chimneys and roofs of her house, "that no matter what one's done, or how unhappy one's been in it, one always comes back to the place where one belongs? That's one reason why I'd like America. No ties. No memories. No regrets. And no reproachful old houses. But here, alas!"

"Oh, yes, but it's such a perfectly darling place, and you've done it so beautifully. I'm just ashamed of Twysdale! Isn't it appalling? My mother took it for me, you know. I'd never even seen it till we moved in."

Ferrers had joined them. Claire smiled welcomingly at him. A different type from any of the men she had met in England. Larger-boned. Claire liked him. Even his clothes were different. He made her think a little of George Andrews, and was, somehow, as out of place as George Andrews would have been in this atmosphere. What would have been in this atmosphere. What Lady Alexandra in love with him? Impossible to tell. Deep, these Englishwomen.

UNCONSCIOUSLY Claire began to coquet. In July, Ferrers told her, he was going over to the Continent to play polo at Deauville, then San Sebastián.

Was San Sebastián fun?

Yes, he answered, if one cared for Spaniards. But on the whole he liked Biarritz better.

Continued on page 79

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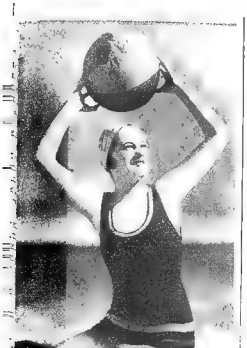

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THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 78

"Biarritz!" The princess had joined them. "Oh, yes, I swear by it." And what, she inquired, were Mrs. Bulteel's plans? Was she going up to London for the season? Was she planning to stay in England all summer or going to the Continent? There were so many places it was frightfully difficult to decide.

Lady Alexandra said she had invited Mrs. Bulteel to come over and stay with her at Le Touquet.

"We're going over for Whitsuntide. Why don't you come then? We're taking a plane and flying over. It's nothing at all to do."

"Oh, my dear!" It sounded tremendously attractive. Perhaps Derek! By then she would have her next quarter's allowance, would be free to do as she wished. She could tell Ian she was going over to Paris, alone, to get some clothes. An idea!

"I'd love to, but, you see"—Claire allowed herself to blush—"I'm not supposed to be doing an awful lot."

LADY ALEXANDRA stopped and stared at her. "No! You don't mean it. No one would ever imagine it. But how trying for you! Your first season here in England. I do hope, for your sake, it's a boy. That's all Englishmen care about. A son. Another British male. Some one to carry on the name and inherit the place."

"Oh, yes. Really. The fuss they're all making over it—Sibyl, and Colonel Bulteel, too. A son, and Steyning, and all that. Really, you know, it's too tiresome."

"Yes," Alexandra murmured. "I can quite believe you. Shall we go on back to the house?"

As they entered the hall, somewhere in the house a clock struck five. Claire declared that she must go. Lady Alexandra came to the door with her.

"Now, Saturday. Here! That's a definite engagement. One-thirty. It's been so nice having you. Really." She watched Claire blush with pleasure. "D'you know something, my dear? I'm going to call you Claire. What d'you think about that?"

"Oh, do, please. I wish you would!"

"Well, till Saturday, then, and if your in-laws don't descend on you we'll do the gymkhana. *Au revoir.*"

She watched Claire's motor disappear, then came back into the hall.

"Pretty little thing, isn't she?" murmured Bottomley.

"Quite, but vulgar," the princess yawned, "and not overly intelligent. I understand she's made a fearful hash of things about here. Where'd Ian meet her?"

"Egypt." Alexandra began to laugh. "It amuses me enormously to discover anything like that in the Bulteel *galère*. They're all so deadly serious. But they tell me Sibyl's been quite wonderful about her."

"She pirouettes so! 'S a matter of fact" —the princess stared at Lady Alexandra— "that's the person Ian had that affair with. Name was Watkins or Watson. She behaved very badly. He was quite broken up over it for a bit. Ah! I see. So that's why you're cultivating her. I knew there must be some reason for your having her about, Sandra. But now don't involve Derek. He's much too much of a dear."

Lady Alexandra shrugged.

"Derek is quite capable of taking care of himself."

"No man is capable of taking care of himself with a woman," said the princess. "They always lose their heads."

IT HAD been great fun, thought Claire, as she drove through the gathering dusk. Lady Alexandra was a darling. Ferrers, Bottomley, the princess were so nice. Derek's aunt! Fancy! Fancy! In England related? And did they all know what their relations did? She wondered, then began to revolve the matter of Whitsuntide. Instead of going over at Easter with Ian she would go later by herself. She commenced to plan her speech. "But, Ian," she would say, "I'll be shopping all day long, and you'll be bored. Why don't I go over alone? I'll leave here Thursday and come back Monday or Tuesday."

It was dark when she reached Twysdale. Ian was in the hall, waiting for her. It had been such a perfect afternoon, she told him, before the chauffeur, that she had simply ordered the car and driven all over the country. Ian had brought Alistair Baillie and Jim Bothwell back for dinner. At dinner she was gayer than Ian had seen her in weeks, flirting with Allie as though he were some quite new man.

When the two men had left and she and Ian were alone her gayety vanished.

"I believe," she said, in the midst of something he was telling her, "that I'll go to bed. And, Ian," from the foot of the stairs, "about Paris. I mean, about our going over for Easter. I don't believe I care to. I have to get some clothes, and I'll go over a little later by myself."

Thursday. Friday. She maintained her attitude of supreme indifference to everything he said or did. Saturday morning he came into her room with a telegram.

"What is it?" she asked, sitting up in bed with half-closed eyes. "I have a most frightful headache. I can't possibly go to luncheon at the Lloyds'. No, really. I'd be ill. The Shetlands? Euh! I don't care if the angel Gabriel were coming, I won't go. Oh, tell her anything. Send her a little note, like the one you wrote Lady Alexandra. You seem to be so good at that sort of thing. What's in that telegram?"

He told her. Sibyl and his father were arriving on the three-thirty. Could she meet them?

"Oh, dear!" That meant she could not go to the gymkhana with Alexandra Agar and the princess. "I s'pose I'll have to. And please close the door, will you?"

Now for a week of dullness, thought Claire, as she lay in bed, just when everything offered to become so amusing. Colonel Bulteel was so difficult. He did not approve of her, had never liked her; only suffered her for Ian's sake. True, he was extremely polite, but that was the English manner of showing dislike. Ah, well, she shrugged, it was only for a week.

Whitsuntide would soon be here. Whitsuntide. Le Touquet. Derek. Lady Alexandra must surely get him for that weekend. If only she had married Derek! They would have lived in Paris. An apartment on the Left Bank, with a green-and-gold salon. And Derek would have painted her —Claire in rose and gold, Claire in black and gold—and made her famous. They would have given famous dinner parties, and known all the most amusing people. And instead— She looked discontentedly across her bedroom.

CLAIRE was at the station to meet Sibyl and Colonel Bulteel. She had been late leaving North Overton, and barely reached the platform as the London Express stormed in.

"Oh, my dear! I'm so glad to see you! Really I am! Oh, my dear, you're looking marvelously! Yes, the car's right here. My car. Ian's at a gymkhana."

Sibyl was quite impressive, but the colonel became more shy than usual, larger, more florid of face, more ponderous. His very mustaches seemed to wax thicker and whiter. He really desired to be everything that was amiable, but Claire's effusiveness made him feel he should be ten men instead of merely one in order to accept it all. Did she never relax, he wondered, as they drove out to Twysdale? Did her face and voice never find repose? Odd that Ian had not been able to calm her down a bit.

Sibyl was painfully aware of the effect of this ecstasy upon her father. She lowered her voice, held herself immobile, hoping to calm the fidgeting girl beside her. To no avail. Never had Claire seemed so alien. Sibyl tried to find congenial topics. Steyning. Forced enthusiasm. Hollaire. Yes, it had been great fun. Racing. No, she had not been able to hunt. Dinners, yes.

Claire was bored, Sibyl realized, and uneasy. Was there anything the matter? Were she and Ian not hitting it off? Had she been foolish? She sighed. It had been too much to expect any one to adjust herself to a new mode of life in a few months. That sort of thing took years. Like wine, one aged gradually; one did not mellow overnight.

Ian arrived. Claire greeted him with an apprehensive gayety, and poured tea like one still unaccustomed to the ritual. She laughed a great deal. Too much, thought Sibyl. Decidedly, all was not as it should be. The girl was dissatisfied, rebellious. Finally the first gong sounded. Claire rose with obvious alacrity.

"I haven't the faintest notion which

Continued on page 80

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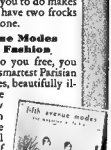

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THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 79

rooms Ian has put you in," she said. "Ian dear, will you show them where they go?" All three Bulteels avoided one another's eyes as Claire explained gayly: "Ian manages everything, you know. I don't pretend to know anything about running a house. No, honestly. I couldn't even manage the accounts. I was always overdrawn."

ON HIS way downstairs the colonel came into Sibyl's room and shut the door.

"Why, father dear!" Sibyl tried a light tone. "How you do creep about! Any one would think you were *Raffles* himself, slipping into rooms this way."

"I feel," he said solemnly, "all tingly. You know, as if I had hold of one of those electric——what-d'you-call-'ems? Doesn't she ever simmer down?"

Sibyl took his arm and smiled.

"Silly old dear! I think she's looking most awfully fit, don't you, all things considered? Of course, she's excited. Who wouldn't be, here, all alone, without her mother or any one?"

"I s'pose," he said in a whisper as they went down the stairs, "the old girl will come over. That hadn't occurred to me. But of course she will. And should. Claire'll naturally want her mother at Steyning with her, you think?" He said it with a rising inflection, hoping against hope for contradiction.

"Unless you're thinking of putting her up at the village pub, dear." She laughed.

Just as they came into the drawing room the butler appeared with a tray of cocktails, Claire's sole contribution to her in-laws' entertainment. Colonel Bulteel took one as though it were a lighted firecracker and sipped it with evident distrust.

"Very nice," he said as he set down his glass. "Very nice indeed. Most refreshing."

"Oh, do have another!" Claire took up the shaker and began to manipulate it in a manner that had amused her father-in-law when he had seen it done by certain barmen, but which reduced him to a state of complete astonishment when performed by one of the ladies of his family.

"Oh, no, really, my dear. Aren't you afraid you'll overdo it?"

She laughed.

"He doesn't like my cocktails. I'm so disappointed. Oh, dear!"

Sibyl held out her glass for another. Ian did likewise. They could both have boxed Claire's ears for behaving so before their father, but the sporting instinct insisted they would not let her down before him.

By the time dinner was announced Claire had had several. Her nerves were steady. No one knew she had lunched at North Overton. No one knew that Lady Alexandra had agreed to invite Derek Barran to Le Touquet for Whitsuntide. She took Colonel Bulteel's arm, determined to captivate him despite his shy aloofness, as she had captivated Major Ferrers that afternoon.

They got to the table, and she began to talk in her most vivacious manner. Gradually she became aware that neither Ian nor his father was following her, that they were answering in monosyllables. She felt a recurrence of that nightmarish sensation she had experienced at so many English dinners: of being in full flight and enchanted with herself, then of looking round, to meet only bland, blank faces.

How was the spell to team coming on? the colonel asked Ian in a pause when Claire had stopped for breath. She sank back in her chair with a sullen glance at him. Sibyl leaned forward, to ask had she been to Barnat recently. Marvelous old place, wasn't it? the colonel added, happy to find his conversational feet under him. One of the most wonderful old places in England.

Claire thought of the ball there, to which she had gone with Sibyl.

"Forty bedrooms and two baths," she said with a laugh. "It seems so unsanitary! And, you know, it seems so funny to me to go to a house and have the people take you round and show you all their pictures and their tapestries and what not."

"I dare say," the colonel said in a flat voice, "but to see the Holbeins at Barnat, and the Van Dycks—any number of people regard it as rather a privilege."

"Yes, I know, but—" She shrugged.

"And those tapestries from the Raphael cartoons."

"Oh, my dear! Cartoons! By Raphael? Why, I never saw them!" She laughed. To Claire, cartoons meant the "Gumps." "Why, how amusing! I thought he just did Virgins. Oh, my dear!" to Sibyl, "she's asked us for luncheon Friday. You must show them to me."

Dessert. The savory. Claire rose and led Sibyl into the drawing room.

"Your father," she said naïvely, "simply paralyzes me. I never have the faintest notion what to talk to him about."

"Oh, don't feel that way about him, dear. He's frightfully shy. All nice men are shy. But don't let that put you off." She sat down beside Claire, bewildered by this strange personality that Ian had brought into their midst. She knew there had been much more to Ian's invitation than his casual note had said.

"No, I never know what to talk to him about." Claire was smiling nervously. "I always have the feeling he doesn't like me."

"Oh, but he does. He's devoted to you. Yes, truly. We all are."

Claire, always alert to detect the least trace of emotion in whomsoever she was talking to, and to profit by it, hazard over and kissed Sibyl impulsively.

"I know you do, Sibyl, and I'm awfully fond of you. Yes, honestly."

"And you know, Claire, we all want to do everything that will make it easiest for you. But everything!" She smiled gently. "Of course, we naturally hope it will be a boy, but if it isn't it won't matter. I'll adore a niece." She paused a moment, afraid of seeming foolishly sentimental. "You'll come to Steyning, of course. And, Claire, I want you to feel about Steyning as we do. It's your home. You understand? Yours and Ian's and your children's. And it means so much to us, so much more than I know how to tell you——"

Claire was looking at her. She had never seen Sibyl so moved. Steyning a floor perfectly childish they all were about it!

"Of course, you know, at home," she said shrewdly, making her bargain, "no one has their babies in their houses. Every one goes to a hospital." She smiled an instant. "But if Ian and you and your father—I mean; if it means such an awful lot to you—why, of course I'll—" She shrugged. Sibyl had turned scarlet.

"Oh, no, dear, not a nursing home! It sounds as though you had no family to take care of you. And you see, dear, I rather thought that when your mother came over——"

"Mother! Oh, my dear! You haven't asked her, have you?"

"Why, yes!" startled by Claire's exclamatory manner. "When Ian told us, I wrote her, asking her to come to Steyning to be with you, naturally, dear."

"Oh, good Heavens! You haven't!" Claire had sprung to her feet. "Oh, but, my dear! I've never written her a line about it."

"But Ian told me——"

"Yes, I know. Ian's been hounding me for weeks and weeks to write her, but I knew that the instant she heard she'd come rushing over and simply drive every one crazy. You know what she was like about the wedding, dear. Well, she'd just be ten thousand times worse over this, so I've never written her. I told Ian I had, just to shut him up. Oh, dear!"

She sat down on the arm of the sofa. "How long ago did you write her? She's going to be perfectly rabid with me. Oh, what a mess you've gotten me into!" And, as Sibyl's expression did not show sufficient contrition: "I'll wager you anything she's cabling to London about booking hospitals right this minute! She'll never hear of my going to Steyning." A new thought had suddenly occurred to her. "That's really why I hadn't told her."

SIBYL felt as though a mask, a net, had been cast over her, body and soul. She could neither think nor speak. A hospital. A London hospital. She gazed at Claire.

"But, Claire dear," she finally managed, "why did you tell Ian——"

"Because I knew you all wanted me to go to Steyning and mother would insist on my going to a hospital! I just did it to please you." From the hall she heard Ian's and Colonel Bulteel's voices. "Don't tell him, please, dear." She seized Sibyl's hand.

Continued on page 89

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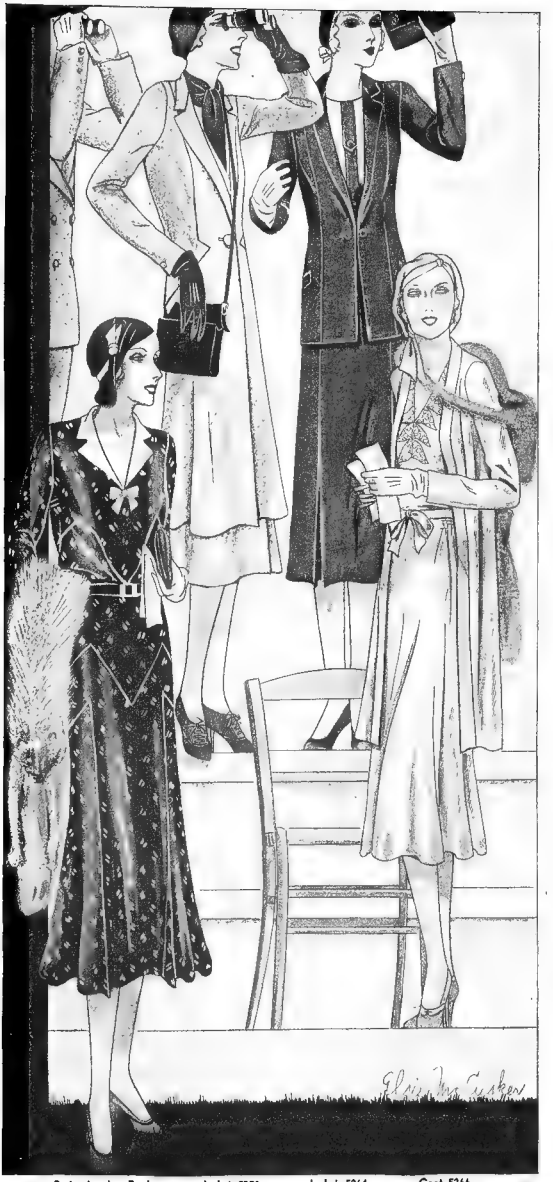


Paris—London Trades 5354 | Jacket 5350 Skirt 5332 | Jacket 5264 Frock 5338 | Coat 5266 Frock 5366

PARIS AND THE 1930 FALL MODE

Paris says—

. . . At Longchamps, the other day, one suddenly realized the new Autumn fashions were with us after all these months of reports and promises; for the mannequins from the leading couturiers appeared in all the glory and genius of each respective atelier, while a throng of internationally prominent folk hung over the rails, or stood within the enclosure watching the course, as well as the parade of advance Paris modes. For this "little season," attracts the smart Parisienne up to town from the beach, forest or the country, for a week's round of shopping and Autumn openings.

There's a general refinement of line and detail in this Autumn's fashions as compared with those of last season, for Paris this season turns out striking costumes with exquisite detail and marvelous workmanship. Lines are modified with skirts just to the calf of the leg, and the belted or slightly bloused silhouette gaining in smart favor. Madame Le B—— was a striking figure in one of the chic black-and-white tweeds that half of Paris is ordering for fall. Her two-piece costume favored the long jacket with fitted lines, similar to model 5350, while her matching fabric beret proclaimed the newest idea in the ensemble theme. Most of the casual types of costumes, or those of a semi-sports air, adopted the fabric toque. Lightweight woolens are now the outstanding factor for daytime wear in Paris, for those occasions of an informal nature. Trotteurs and the smart coat-frock create a fresh note in bloused or princess fashions.

Colette Cartier

REDINGOTE FOR FALL

5350—Jacket. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. 5332—Skirt. Designed for sizes 27 to 40 waist. Size 16 requires 4 yards 54-inch material, 2½ yards 39-inch lining for the jacket. Width of skirt about 1½ yard.

BLACK AND WHITE

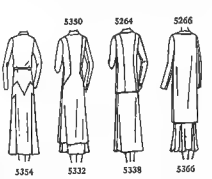
5264—Jacket. Designed for sizes 16 to 48. 5338—Frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch dark fabric, ⅜ yard 54-inch contrasting. Width about 1¾ yard around the bottom.

ELABORATE SEAMING

5354—Pointed seaming for trimming. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch material, ⅜ yard 39-inch contrasting for collar and bow. Width about 2 yards. Smart in a printed material.

FORMAL AFTERNOON

5266—Coat. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. 5366—Frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 48. Size 16 requires 7 yards 36-inch material, ⅜ yard 39-inch contrasting, ⅝ yard 24-inch all-over lace. Width 2 yards.



FABRIC HATS DEVELOP THE ENSEMBLE THEME

A CAPED ENSEMBLE

5363—Frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. 5266—Coat. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch material for coat and beret, ⅜ yards 39-inch fabric, ½ yard 39-inch contrasting for collar, 2⅛ yards 39-inch fabric to line. Width of the frock about 2⅛ yards.

THE THREE-QUARTER COAT

5349—Ensemble. A tweed suit with a charmingly feminine crêpe blouse, worn by la Comtesse d'A——. Designed for sizes 16 to 44. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch fabric for ensemble and beret, 2⅛ yds. 39-in. fabric for blouse and lining, 1 yd. 3-in. ribbon. Width about 1⅜ yd.

BERETS GO ON AND ON

4814—Beret. The supple beret is universal in Paris this Fall, appearing both in velvet and in cloth. This one of Mlle. D——'s extends becomingly at the sides. Designed for sizes 20, 22 and 24. Size 22 requires ⅝ yard 20-inch milliner's fabric, ⅓ yard 18-inch lining, 1¼ yard ribbon.

SECTIONAL VELVET BERET

5320—Beret. La Comtesse d'A—— was seen in this small cloth beret, made in sections and joined to a band, very charming on her small head. Designed for sizes 21, 22 and 23. Size 22 requires 1⅓ yard 4-inch banding, 1 yard 3-inch ribbon, ⅓ yard 27-inch lining for head-band.

THE FALL ENSEMBLE AS SEEN IN PARIS

Among the svelte, pretty Parisiennes who appear on the Champs Elysées and throng the Ritz at the lunch hour these sparkling Fall days, one notes a recurrent preference for the lightweight woolen ensemble, rather casual in styling, completed by a matching fabric beret. Two attractive costumes of this type were worn by the young Comtesse d'A—— and her friend, Mlle. D——, one of black lightweight tweed flecked with white, introducing contrast in a white crêpe blouse, and the other of monk brown and beige wool crêpe. The coats were in the three-quarter length. Pin seal or morocco bags usually accompany these costumes.

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OUTSTANDING MODELS FOR FORMAL AUTUMN EVENINGS

Miss Nancy Cooper Van —— Jacket 5202 Frock 5365

FRILLED VELVET WRAP

5202—Miss Nancy Cooper Van ——, who is known internationally for her beauty and wit, wears this charming little frill-edged jacket as the perfect accompaniment to her long, white evening gown. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch plain material.

POINTED CAPELET DETAIL

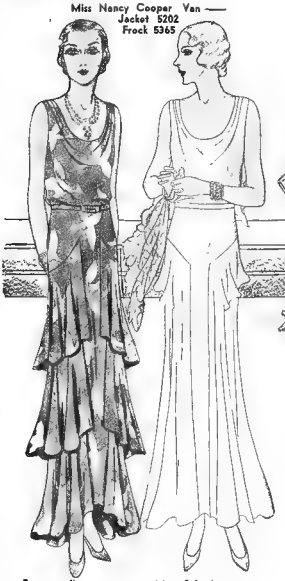
5365—Under her short wrap Miss Van —— wears this gown with its shirred bodice and smooth hips. The capelet, which dips in graceful points, contributes an informal feeling. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4⅞ yards 39-inch material. Width about 3½ yards.

CHIC WING-LIKE DRAPERY

5369—This new interpretation of the classic tiered frock, worn by the Baronne d'——, at Ciro's the other evening, has the added charm of flattering wing-like draperies. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 5⅝ yards 36-inch material. Width about 1¼ yard at bottom.

NEW PEPLUM FLOUNCES

5368—Peplum flares, curved over the hips and extended to form panels, grace this frock, chosen by Mrs. Schuyler ——, a popular member of the American colony in Paris. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 5¼ yards 39-inch material. Width of the frock about 2¾ yards.



IT'S A SPARKLING SEASON IN PARIS

Already the "little season" has begun in Paris, and nightly Ciro's and the Ambassadeurs scintillate with Fall gowns which are sparkling affairs, many of them shot with metal or studded with beads or sequins. The Baronne d'——, for instance, wears a tiered frock of supple lamé. Its important draped shoulder treatment is used again on a dazzling white chiffon frock worn by Mrs. Schuyler ——. At the moment jackets, such as the one worn by Miss Nancy Van —— predominate, but longer wraps are predicted. Rubies are used for pendant necklaces that contrast with white gowns, and long gloves match the gown.

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5374 5362

5108 5205

5367 5155

TAILORED STREET COSTUMES ADOPT FEMININE DETAIL

CHIC PRINCESS TROTTEUR

5374—Velveteen would be smart for this trotteur. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch material, ½ yard 39-inch contrasting. Width of the skirt about 1¾ yard.

A SMART GORED SKIRT

5108—The six-gored skirt stamps this frock with fashionable approval. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch material, ⅜ yard 27-inch light. Width about 2¼ yds.

CRISP-LINGERIE DETAIL

5367—Fitted princess lines are flattering. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch lightweight fabric, ⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting. Width about 2⅝ yards around.

A LIGHTWEIGHT WOOLEN

5155—Seaming tops circular inserts at either side of the skirt. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 16 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch material, ⅜ yard 39-inch plain. Width of skirt about 1⅞ yard around.

WITH A WRAP-AROUND SKIRT

5362—For street wear. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch material, ⅜ yard 39-inch contrasting, 1¼ yard frilling to trim. Width about 1¾ yard around the hemline.

BUTTON-TRIMMED CHIC

5205—A tailored note is achieved in this autumn trotteur with its button-trimmed front opening. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 54-inch material. Width about 3 yards.

5374 5362 5108 5205 5367 5155

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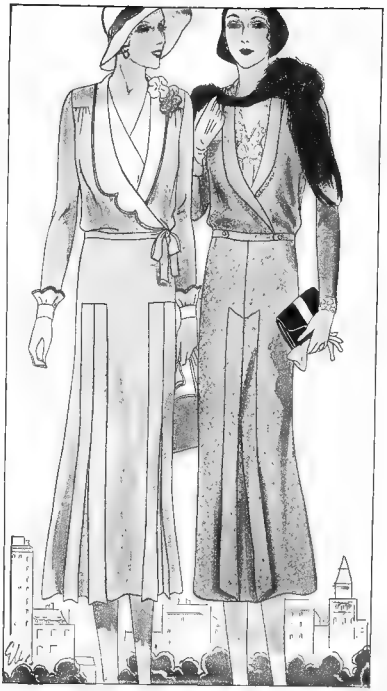
L. H. 5352 L. H. 5311

L. H. 5377 L. H. 4604



L. H. 5364 L. H. 5370

SOPHISTICATED MODELS—KIND TO THE MATURE FIGURE

TAILORED ONE-PIECE TYPE

5364—Larger-hip. Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch material, 1¼ yard 39-inch contrasting. 3½ yards binding to trim. Width around the bottom about 2⅜ yards.

CRISP LINGERIE CONTRAST

5352—Larger-hip. Designed for sizes 35 to 51. Size 41 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch material, 1 yard 36-inch contrasting for collar, cuffs and vestee. Width about 2¾ yards at bottom.

DIGNIFIED FALL TROTTEUR

5370—Larger-hip. Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 3 yards 54-inch novelty material, ⅝ yard 36-inch allover lace for vestee and cuffs. Width at the lower edge about 1⅞ yard.

CHIC TWO-PIECE ENSEMBLE

5311—Larger-hip. A flattering and youthful ensemble. Designed for sizes 35 to 45. Size 41 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch material, 2¾ yards 39-inch light. Width of the skirt about 2¾ yards.

SLENDER DIAGONAL DETAIL

5377—Larger-hip. Slenderizing diagonal lines. Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 4⅝ yards 39-inch material. ¾ yard 39-inch contrasting for trimming. Width of skirt about 2 yards.

FLATTERING MATURE LINES

4604—Larger-hip. For general daytime wear. Designed for sizes 35 to 51. Size 41 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch material, ⅝ yard 48-inch fur cloth, 3½ yards 39-inch material for lining.

L. H. 5352 L. H. 5311 L. H. 5377 L. H. 4604 L. H. 5364 L. H. 5370

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5246 Trans. 11929 | 5375 | 5371 Mon. 544 | 5360 | 5270 | 5376 Col Trans. 13040 | 5306 Trans. 12623

BACK - TO - SCHOOL FASHIONS SHOW CLASSIC AND SWAGGER NEW TYPES

5301 Col Trans. 13129 | 5316

TWO-PIECE SUIT

5246—Attractive two-piece suit for the active young schoolboy. Designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 yard 36-inch check, ⅜ yard 36-inch plain. Transfer 11929, blue only, 1¼-in.

CAPED FOR CHIC

5375—Flared princess lines sponsor a double-breasted effect, notched collar and cape. Designed for sizes 8 to 16 years. Size 14 requires 3 yards 54-inch material, 3½ yards 39-inch fabric to line.

A JUNIOR CLASSIC

5371—A circular skirt is worn over the one-piece romper, simulating a tuck-in. Designed for sizes 8 to 16 years. Size 14 requires 3½ yards 54-inch material. Monogram 544, 3 inches high, on waist.

SHOULDER CAPELETS

5301—A youthful model with shoulder capelets and a flaring skirt belted at the normal waist. Designed for sizes 10 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch fabric. Colored transfer 13129.

EMBROIDERED YOKE

5360—Shirring or Trimstitch smocking creates a round yoke effect. Designed for sizes 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch print, ⅜ yard 36-inch plain, 1¼ yard edging for trimming.

PRACTICAL ENSEMBLE

5270—Designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 yard 54-inch material for coat, 1½ yard 39-inch fabric to line coat, 1¾ yard 36-inch plain for frock, 1¾ yard contrasting bias binding.

A PARTY FROCK

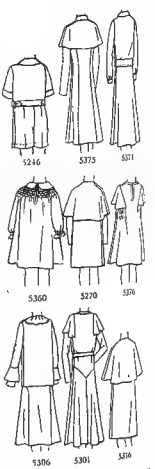
5376—Colorful embroidery accents this pantie frock. Designed for sizes 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch material, 2 yards binding to trim neck and capelets. Colored transfer 13040.

TWEED AND LINEN

5306—A practical three-piece ensemble. Designed for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 3 yards 54-inch material, ⅝ yard 36-inch plain for collar. Transfer 12623, blue or yellow, for decoration.

TWO-PIECE ENSEMBLE WITH CAPED JACKET

5316—New ensemble. Designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 6 requires 1⅛ yard 54-inch for coat, 1½ yard 32-inch print for frock, ⅜ yard 32-inch contrasting material for collar and sleeve ruffles.



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5361
Transfer 12350

5328

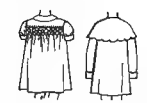
5344
Transfer 13119

4882

5340
Monogram 686

5372

COLORFUL BINDING AND EMBROIDERY BRIGHTEN FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN



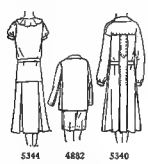
5361 5323

COLORFUL SMOCKING

5361—Frock may be smocked or shirred with Trimstitch. Designed for sizes 1 to 5 years. Size 3 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch print, ⅝ yard plain, 1⅜ yard bias binding. Transfer 12350, blue or yellow.

A CAPELET COAT

5328—This double-breasted coat with its scalloped capelet is practical as well as dainty. Designed for sizes 2 to 7 years. Size 6 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch material, 1⅜ yard 39-inch material to line.



5344 4882 5340

NOVEL SEAMING

5344—Contrast accents the unusual seaming. Designed for sizes 8 to 15 years. Size 12 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch dotted, 1⅛ yard plain, 2 yards bias-fold tape. Transfer 13119, blue or yellow, to trim.

5372 5373 5357

BOX-PLEATED SKIRT

5373—A wide, pleated collar, puffed sleeves, finished with dainty bows and a hand-embroidered flower motif create a picturesque quality, while box-pleats are cleverly utilized all around the skirt to provide fulness that is as smart as it is comfortable. Designed for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch material, ⅜ yard contrasting. Transfer 12793, b. or y.

STURDY SCHOOL SUIT

4882—Correctly tailored suit with buttoned-on shorts. Designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 6 requires 1½ yard 54-inch dark for suit, ¾ yard light, 1½ yard bias binding for trimming the blouse.

CHIC SHOULDER YOKE

5340—A swagger edition of the classic Norfolk type with a new French monogram. Designed for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2 yards 54-inch material, 1⅜ yard bias binding. Monogram 686.

WITH A PLEATED SKIRT

5372—Pleated side sections, a round collar and a tiny patch pocket are smart details. Designed for sizes 8 to 15 years. Size 12 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch material, ⅛ yard 36-inch contrasting.

A FLOUNCED SKIRT

5357—This dainty frock combines two of the season's leading fashion themes, the deep-flaring capelet and the skirt with circular flounces. Then, too, there are the delicate touches of embroidery that Paris is using so much at present. Designed for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch material, 2⅝ yards 1½-inch ribbon. Transfer 12671, blue or yellow.

5373
Transfer 12793

5357
Transfer 12671

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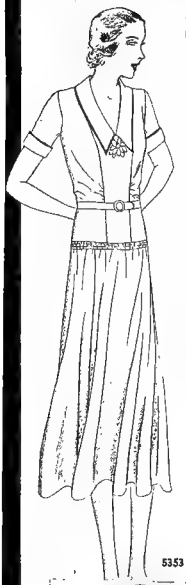
A CAMPUS WARDROBE THAT TAKES HIGH HONORS IN YOUTHFUL SMARTNESS



5353

A FITTED BODICE

5353—A shaped panel molds the fitted line. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch material, ⅛ yard 39-inch contrasting, 2 yds. binding. Width 2¼ yds.

NEW COAT-FROCK

5348—Tailored frock for street and campus. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch print, 1⅛ yard plain, 12⅜ yards braid. Width about 1¼ yard.

RAGLAN SLEEVES

4985—The loose back and front of this jacket are gathered to snug raglan sleeves. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2⅛ yards 54-in. fabric, 2 yd. 39-in. lining.

NEW OVERBLOUSE

5358—Long, graceful revers provide an excellent opportunity for the use of the popular new scalloped edges. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2 yds. 39-in. fabric.

WRAPPED SKIRT

5332—This wrap-around model is finished with a yoke. Designed for sizes 27 to 40 waist. Size 28 waist requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch material with nap. Width about 1¾ yd.

UNUSUAL SEAMING

5337—Curved yoke and skirt seaming give a very French quality to this new frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch material. Width about 2½ yds.

WING-LIKE DRAPERY

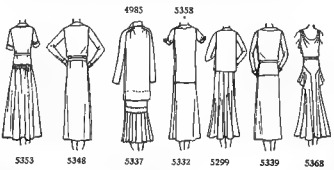
5368—Evening gown with peplum flares, panels and wing-like bodice drapery. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 6⅛ yards 36-inch material. Width about 2¼ yards.

GORED FULNESS

5299—An exceedingly smart Fall version of the popular jacket-frock. Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch dark, ⅝ yard light. Width about 3¼ yards.

SQUARE NECKLINE

5339—Trim wrap-around frock with new tailoring. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch material, ⅜ yard 39-inch contrasting. Width about 1⅝ yard.



5353 5348 5337 5332 5299 5339 5368

5368

Paris—Schiaparelli 5348

Jacket 4985 Frock 5337

Blouse 5358 Skirt 5332

5299

5339

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THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 80

"Please don't. Promise! I'll write her to-night. Come into my room when we go upstairs. Please, dear."

"Well, well, what's all this?" The colonel wished to be jovial.

"Nothing. Nothing at all. I was just telling Sibyl about something that happened at the Gore-Langleys'," she said. 'Shall we have some bridge? Yes, let's do. We don't want to just sit and talk, Ian, get the table. No, I have no idea where it is. Well, then, ring!"

IT WAS midnight when they stopped. Claire had won. Ian told her she had played extraordinarily well. She smiled at him, as it were, casting a false bloom over the Dead Sea fruit of their strained relations. She did not wish either Sibyl or the colonel to know there had been a quarrel, much less the reason for it. They still awed her. Moreover, if any stories were to be told, she wished to tell them. Ian, she was almost positive, would never complain of her to his family. She turned and patted his hand with the affectionate balance she could assume with such facility.

"Darling Ian. Isn't he a dear? Isn't he a perfect lamb?"

To Sibyl it passed all understanding that she felt she had to do, not with anything human, but with a handful of mercury. As they went upstairs Claire drew her into her room, closed the door, and went to her desk. As she opened it out poured a cascade of unopened bills.

"Oh, these tradespeople! I never expect to be able to pay them. I'll simply have to write a draft on father. But d'you know what Ian's done? Told the bank they're not to accept any drafts for my account. I said I had to keep within my allowance and not ask for anything extra. Now, really, have you ever heard of anything so ridiculous?" She pushed aside the envelopes and sat down. "Now, dear, what shall I say to mother? How'll I begin? You see, you're having written her makes it hard to pretend to have written, too."

Sibyl's head was spinning.

"Claire dear," she began persuasively, "why not tell Ian?"

"Oh, now, Sibyl! You know you promised——"

"Why, of course I shan't say anything to him."

With a sigh of relief she wrote down Sibyl's suggestions. She even laughed.

"Oh, my dear, I'd never have thought of that. You do put things so tactfully!" The might, thought Sibyl, have been defining a dull invitation. "Well, that's done," she said as she sealed the envelope, and, taking Sibyl's hand, pressed it against her cheek. "Sibyl dear, I don't know what I'd do without you. Really I don't. I'm so alone. And nobody up here understands me. You're the only one who's really fond of me. Sit down here, dear, and talk to me."

Ian came to her door to say good night. Claire let him kiss her, because Sibyl was there, but refused to let Sibyl leave. It was after two when they parted. Claire had revealed all her troubles, and with such guileless simplicity that Sibyl felt now she understood her, could now really help her address herself to the English viewpoint.

They had discussed Claire's bills. Sibyl offered to help her with them. They discussed the regiment, the county, the northern Command, the Charteries, the Ryders, the Lloyds, every one whom Claire had met. From Lady Kitty she had drawn away, since Lady Kitty's disapproval of her cocktail parties. Maud Bothwell she had never liked, and said so frankly. The others she dismissed with a shrug.

"I've gotten on rather well with the men, but with the women— Euh! I can't stand them, and not one of them has been nice to me." A pause. Finally, cautiously, she asked, "Sib dear, d'you know a Lady Alexandra Agar?"

SIBYL, who had been revolving in her mind some way in which Claire could be made to see that a young and pretty woman must have women friends, was taken completely by surprise.

"Sandra? Why, of course! Known her all my life. Where on earth did you meet her?"

With Lady Kitty, said Claire naïvely, Lady Alexandra had asked if she could come to tea, and she had.

"And Ian was furious. But I didn't know anything about her. I just thought she was terribly nice. So I asked her for luncheon. For to-day." She watched Sibyl carefully. "And Ian refused to let me have her. Sent her a note and said we were lunching somewhere else. I was never so embarrassed about anything in my life! But now, really, Sibyl, why is every one so perfectly awful about her? I mean, what's she really done?"

Sibyl hesitated, laughing nervously.

"Well, you see, Jim Agar was an awfully decent sort. People were awfully keen about him. And she simply ruined him. He had to resign from his regiment and go and live abroad, and I don't know what all. And then she threw him over. I mean, there's literally no excuse for a woman with ten or fifteen thousand a year."

"Pounds or dollars?"

Five times fifteen was seventy-five. Seventy-five thousand dollars. Ah, no wonder all the other women hated her!

"But if she didn't love him—if she'd gotten tired of him— I don't see why. You don't cut her, do you, Sibyl?"

"Why, certainly not! I've never cut any one in my life."

Sibyl was seated in a chair before the fireplace. Claire came over and, sitting down on the floor beside her, put her head against her sister-in-law's knees.

"Now don't tell anybody, Sib, but, you know, I went over to North Overton the other day. Yes, I did. Ian had made me so angry. Yes, really. And to-day I went there for luncheon. I was supposed to go to Lady Kitty's, but Ian had made me so furious about Lady Alexandra——"

"Did Ian know it?" Sibyl asked.

CLAIRE shook her head. "No, and don't tell him, Sib, please! Now, please. I only went because he'd behaved so about her. And, you know, I like her. Yes, I really do. She's awfully amusing. These other women round here bore me to death."

"But, Claire, charming as she is, Sandra isn't your kind. I grant you she's gay and tremendous fun and the best company in the world and, in a way, a good sort, too, but don't you understand? She's *declassée!* She's scandalous. And one can't play about with that scandalous crowd without becoming involved in a scandal. One avoids them for self-preservation."

"But what possible scandal could I be in?"

Sibyl shrugged. "That's what one never knows. But so it happens. It's just one of the laws of nature. One feels one is quite safe, and the first thing one knows there's a divorce; anyway, there's always the thing one least foresaw, but there's always something. And no woman can afford to run that risk." She paused, to add gently, "Couldn't you make yourself a rather good time with some of these other people?"

"No," Claire answered. "They don't interest me, not one of them. I haven't anything in common with them. I'd never be friends with any of these women. Really."

Sibyl recognized the truth, but refused to admit it.

"English people take an awful lot of knowing," she said. "They're shy. It's not that they don't like you up here, Claire; it's merely that they take a deal of knowing. One goes on and on, and then, suddenly, discovers one has no end of tremendous pals."

"Possibly. But nothing I've done up here has been right. And after all, when I married Ian I was understood I'd never have to spend a winter in England."

"But when one marries a professional soldier one must go where he is ordered. His career——"

"Why should I pay any more attention to his career, to what he wants to do, than he does to what I want? Why doesn't he change his career, get out of the army?"

"What would you have him do?"

"Oh, masses of things. Why couldn't he go into a broker's office, like an American? All the men I know at home got out of the army the minute the War was over, and went into offices. But why not, Sibyl?"

"I don't believe you quite understand."

"Oh, yes, I do! It's you all who don't understand. You have just one point of

Continued on page 90

"*I'm the Most* SURPRISED *Person in Town!*"

HERE I'd been worrying about what I was going to do for the new clothes I simply *had* to have and all the while the answer was just around the corner. I had shopped until I was hopelessly discouraged at ever finding anything really nice I could afford.

I came home and ransacked the closet. Could *I* possibly lengthen last fall's brown satin? Could I possibly deceive my friends by adding a fold here and a flare there and make them think my old last winter's crepe was new? Reluctantly I had to decide it wouldn't do.

And then—Marion dropped in. "Come along with me," she said gaily, "I'm on my way to school. Bring a magazine if you want to—you can read while I sew."

"You're on your way *where?*" I stammered. But my head was whirling and I was catching up my hat and wrap.

Twenty minutes later we were entering the most attractive little shop. Half a dozen women were already there. One was cutting out a dress at a big table, several were stitching with the cleverest electric machines, and another was having a fitting before a big mirror. Marion introduced me to the instructor and next minute was busily at work.

"I'm going to finish this dinner frock this afternoon," she said, "and wear it tonight. Isn't it dear? It cost me just $8.00. I saw it in Thorn's window marked $29.50 and found a pattern that made it perfectly. Only this is much better material. You see I had only $30 to spend. This way I'll have four dresses instead of one."

Can you imagine what *I* was thinking—after all my worries? Never in my life had I made a really smart dress—I thought I simply couldn't do it. But I found that several of my best dressed friends were making their own clothes in just this way. I arranged at once to get started the very next day. Since then I've spent seven wonderfully interesting afternoons at the school and I know I'm going to have more clothes this fall than I ever had before in any one season. When I remember how discouraged I was only a few short weeks ago and then consider what this new plan has meant to me—well, I'm just the most surprised—and I guess the happiest person in town!

Not far from you there is a Singer Sewing School where you, too, can enjoy without cost the benefits of this new delightful plan. You meet with congenial friends and have the personal help of an expert teacher in selecting designs and fabrics, laying out your pattern, cutting the material and making, fitting and finishing the dress of your choice. You have the finest equipment to use, and quiet, modern Singer Electric machines to do all the stitching with magic ease. If you would like to know all about this new plan, simply 'phone or call at the nearest shop of the Singer Sewing Machine Company. You will find the address in your telephone directory. Or send this coupon and the full story will come to you at once.

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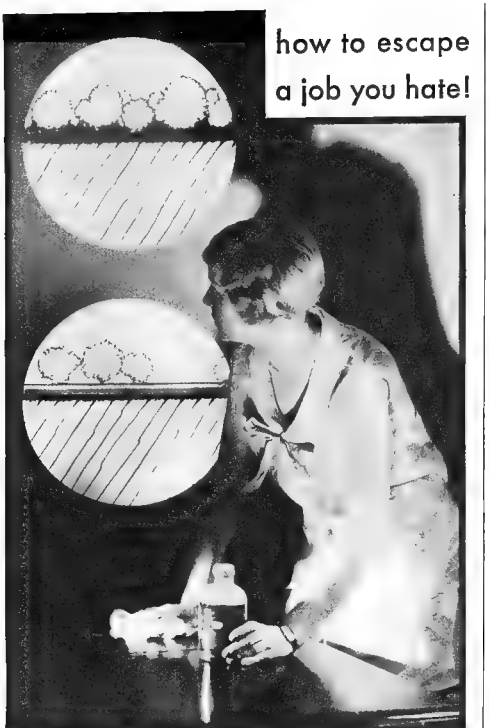

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THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 89

view. You've never known but one type of person and one sort of life. You're really awfully narrow."

"I dare say. Perhaps we are." Lady Maitland sighed. "I'd never thought of it just that way. Yes, perhaps we are." She rose and kissed Claire good night.

"And, Sibyl, you won't say anything to Ian about my having gone to North Overton! Now, will you? If you knew how simply maddening he'd been about her. Told Williams to say I was out when she called and—well, everything."

Sibyl hesitated. Poor Ian. Tactless, bewildered boy trying to cope with this little flibbertigibbet.

"Well, I shan't, but only on one condition—that you won't see anything more of her."

"But, Sibyl, if she calls—I mean, if she comes here—?"

"No, really. She's not our kind. We don't wish to be mixed up with her, any of us." She waited, smiling, for Claire's answer.

Claire was considering. To forgo the one amusing person she had met! To forgo seeing Derek. Le Touquet. She glanced at Sibyl. One could never tell what lay behind these English smiles.

"Oh, well, all right." She shrugged. "Though, honestly, I can't see why you all make such a point of it. I can't see why you can't let me know the people that amuse me."

"Did you ever hear of any one touching pitch? Good night, dear, and I'll make you out a check in the morning."

The next morning, walking round the gardens before Claire was up, Sibyl told her father to be more natural with Claire. Unbend. After all, they were her family. She belonged to them. The mother of Ian's children. He should treat her as he would an English daughter-in-law. It might improve their relations. She told him also that she had told Claire of writing Jenny, but she mentioned nothing regarding hospitals.

That afternoon, driving back from luncheon at the Gore-Langleys', Sibyl spoke of Claire's presentation. With some irritation Claire bemoaned the fact she could not go. She would not dream of going, she said, unless she could look her best. Sibyl suggested that if she could not go to a Court they might do the Garden Party. Claire was staring out the window.

"Oh, isn't it too abominable, having a baby just at this time! Simply ruined everything. All those horses I bought and have never been able to use. And everything. I can't tell you how disappointed I am about being presented."

"But, Claire dear, it'll all be here next year."

"Oh! Next year! It's always next year! All my life I've been told I can do what I want next year! I hate it. Any opposition."

To Sibyl Maitland, as to so many childless women, maternity was a wonderful thing. Something to envy with all one's soul. It horrified her to hear how little it meant to Claire.

While Sibyl's mind was still in a state of chaos Claire had begun to talk of Barnat and what she would wear there to luncheon. She had not, so she informed Sibyl, a stitch to her name. Not one. She had wanted to go over to Paris to get some things, but Ian had refused to go. Sibyl said Ian had mentioned something about going over a little later. Claire grasped her opportunity. It was really rather pointless for Ian to go at all, she said. She would be shopping all day long, and that sort of thing bored him. If she went at all, she would go alone.

"Why not come up to town with me Monday and see if you can't find some things. Yes, really now." The idea struck Sibyl as an inspiration. "Why not? We'll do the play and dine around a bit. Rather a nice change for a week."

LONDON! Claire brightened visibly. She might encounter Derek. Lady Alexandra might be there. That would be complicating matters, having promised Sibyl not to see Sandra Agar, but in London one might run into any one accidentally.

That evening when she met Ian, Claire went up to him and took his arm. Sibyl had asked her to go up to town for a few days. She must have new clothes. It had been Sibyl's suggestion and he was not to be a tiresome silly. They were going up Monday.

Sunday night Sibyl sat with Ian in the library a long time after Claire and the colonel had gone upstairs. It was the only moment during her stay at Twysdale when they had been alone. As she gazed around the room, filled with his intimate possessions—books, pipes, spurs, a riding crop—she realized into what a world apart companionship with Claire had led her. She had come to Twysdale determined to see nothing, to interfere in nothing. Claire had enmeshed her. Claire! That beguiling frankness. That ingenuous vulgarity. That baffling lack of comprehension. She had grown to doubt many things. There could never be a question of controlling Claire. The most one could hope was to be able to distract her attention into interest amusements.

She looked at Ian. He was staring at the fire, smoking a pipe. He was not happy. Not content. He had caught a fleeting fish once within his hand, obstinately refused to flash, and somehow he felt cheated. He smiled a little wistfully. Poor blunder boy, still too much in love. He was no more capable of coping with Claire than with the elements. If only he did not care so many worlds more for her than she cared for him. Sibyl had realized that he bored Claire. He was the symbol of the life that she was leading. Perhaps, in another atmosphere—She shook her head. That was something no third person could venture to arrange.

HE ASKED her how she thought Claire seemed. He was afraid that she was terribly upset about not going to court. The winter had, he knew, been difficult for her. So different from anything she had ever known in the States.

"That's why I suggested her coming up to town with me for a bit. Hokham's all very well for you and me, but for some one who has never lived this sort of life it must be deadly. I've rather come to the conclusion that one must be born English to understand England. Must be bred in one. It can't be assimilated in a week, or a month, or a year. There are so many things that, unless one understands, there's no use trying to explain." She flicked her cigarette into the fireplace, aware of treading dangerous ground. "So we're off tomorrow. I know we'll have an awfully jolly time." She put her hand on his shoulder. "Good night, old boy."

"Good night, Sib." His voice was faintly husky. "You're an awfully stout old pal, d'you know that?" He laughed, fearful of having betrayed the fact there was any reason for her being a stout pal. "Well, good night again."

Claire. Steyning. Those two entities kept running through her head till Sibyl fell asleep. No matter how Claire might otherwise leave Ian unsatisfied, as regards Steyning she must be made to understand. It was their background, their very life. The red-brick walls to which they clung like their own ivy. Endanger it and they were endangered, too. Steyning, where no one's family for untold generations has been born and where one returned, if God were kind, to die. But could this extraordinary thing of passage be made to comprehend that?

But Sibyl might have saved herself her every worry. Claire understood to the very last iota what an important asset Steyning represented, and some day Steyning would be hers! Claire wondered if it was meant to be engaged, and, if so, if Wilbur might not help her. A most excellent idea! From the mortgage. And excellent investments, there her curiosity wandered to Colonel Bulteel's age. What was he? Seventy? No matter, he could not live forever, and if people were impressed with Steyning now, how much more so they would be after it had passed into her hands! And clearing out all those ridiculous family treasures, she had done it over as Lady Alexandra had furnished North Overton. Crimson hangings in the hall. Tapestries for tapestries were obviously the things to have.

Just where one procured them or at what cost she did not care. Wilbur could pay for them. That tiresome old colonel. Why should he wish to go on living? As a memory she could be amiable about him, but as a living obstacle he was a nuisance.

Continued on page 92

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THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 90

Blast the man! Steyning! She wanted it, coveted it as she had never coveted any material thing.

"You know really, darling, I can't see why any one who can have as good a time as you can in London would ever spend a minute in the country. But honestly, I mean, I don't see why you don't just keep Steyning open for week-ends and take a house here in town."

For a week they had lunched at the Ritz or the Embassy or in Upper Berkeley Street or Wilton Place or Cadogan Gardens. Dined at Ciro's or the Carlton. Done the plays and gone on to the Savoy or the Café de Paris. Once, even, to the Blue Lagoon. Gone racing. Shopped. Played bridge.

The only thing that had marred Claire's perfect enjoyment was that Sibyl had no friends with houses in Park Lane or Carlton House Terrace. To Claire she lacked ambition. They all lacked ambition. No idea of improving their circles. No faintest desire to make them smarter-sounding. Sibyl was county, quite satisfied with the sirs and their ladies, the honorables and admirals who made up her world. Born with Sibyl's opportunities, Claire was convinced she would have known an infinitely smarter lot. But Claire did not judge Sibyl too harshly. Sibyl was a darling, as Englishwomen went. A certain type of Englishwoman. The satisfied, incurious type. Not once, amongst all the people Sibyl had had her meet in London, did she hear any mention of an apartment in Venice for the season or a villa at Biarritz—or Le Touquet —or any of that sort of thing.

WELL, no great matter, Claire decided. These were Sibyl's friends and nice enough, too, but they did not have to be her friends. Indeed not. And once Colonel Bulwi was dead and she had Steyning and a house in town—ah, yes. She had determined on that. Then she would know every one—actresses, duchesses, cabinet ministers, every one. And she would go everywhere, too. Aix, and Cannes, and all the right places.

But she was entertained. Sibyl's rooms, in Curzon Street, entertained her. They were quaint. It was like living in a play. She enjoyed the hurrying from one thing to another. The excitement of going to strange houses to meet new people. Every day, and twice a day, new people! London shops surprised her. Their things were really not bad at all, particularly in Hanover Square. And Bond Street. Divine place in the morning. And Piccadilly, in the evening, crowded with motors. But best of all she liked the Palm Court of the Ritz, and the steps down which one could make such a graceful descent. This was England! Holt was merely a vestibule. Let those who cared for it enjoy it. Who but a fool would bury herself in the country when there was all this to enjoy?

The afternoon before she was to go back to Holt—Sibyl was motoring down to Steyning the next morning—Claire wandered into the Berkeley. As she sat down in a corner sofa some one called to her. She glanced up.

"Hello there!" It was the Princess Langenburg. "When did you come up to town? Oh, do sit down over here. George Bottomley will be along in a moment. Just gone to see about some theater tickets. What're you doing to-night?"

Dining, Claire explained, with her sister-in-law and some of Lady Maitland's friends, and going on to see Leslie Henson at the Winter Garden.

"What a pity! Hoped you might join us. Sandra and George and Derek and I——"

"Is Derek here? And Lady Alexandra?" She gave a little gasp. "Oh, my dear! When——?"

"Just came up this afternoon. Drove up with Malcolm Ferrers in his new motor. Awfully smart-looking car. Personally, I don't care for foreign cars."

There was nothing in which Claire was less interested than Her Serene Highness of Langenburg's experience with motor cars.

"Derek! At North Overton?" she interrupted. "Has he been down there all this week?"

"Oh, Derek? Oh, no! He's just over from Paris. Came over yesterday. Sandra

Continued on page 93

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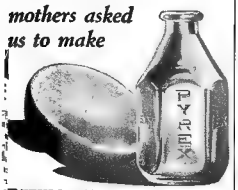

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THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 92

drove up to-day. I say, can't you chuck your party for to-night and dine with us instead? Can't you really?"

"And I'm going back to Holt to-morrow, Oh, dear!"

She was so obviously disturbed the princess suggested she stay over. What was a day? Sandra would be so disappointed not to see her. Bottomley appeared from the passage leading to the Berkeley Street entrance.

"Oh, George!. Here we are." The princess beckoned to him. "Get them? Good. You remember Mrs. Bulteel? Of course you do. At Sandra Agar's."

He greeted Claire as some one for whom he had been searching for long months. She blushed and smiled in spite of her perturbed state of mind. Derek here! Lady Alexandra! Sibyl——

Claire turned to the princess to say goodby.

"I'm frightfully sorry about to-night. I really am!"

"Oh, well, another time." The princess was commencing to be a trifle bored. "We'll all forgather one night, when you come up to London next time. Do give me a ring. They always know here where I am." She did not hold out her hand, but bowed. "So sorry you're off to-morrow. Otherwise we might have done something."

CLAIRE went through the hotel and out into Berkeley Street. Derek! Here in London. And Lady Alexandra!

"Oh, dear!" she murmured tremulously. "I've got to see him. I've simply got to!" She began to weep, unmindful of who might pass and see her. "Oh, dear! How can I do it without Sib's finding out? I don't care. I don't care what I promised. It wasn't fair to make me promise, anyway!"

There was still a patch of sunlight on the white walls of the house where Sibyl had her rooms. The brick redness of the other houses was all dark. Claire crossed the street to avoid the public house with its group of chauffeurs and charwomen on its stoop, and rang the bell of Number 12. Fenner, the houseman, opened the door.

"Ah, Mrs. Bulteel!" He handed her a note on a Sheffield tray. "Her ladyship's chauffeur called not half an hour ago."

So sorry not to find you. Just arrived. What are you doing to-morrow? Telephone me Mayfair 1836. In haste, SANDRA A——

she read as she went up the stairs to the sitting room she shared with Sibyl.

"Oh, hello there!" called out Sibyl. "Did you get a note Fenner had for you?"

"Yes." Claire held it with her bag, guiltily apprehensive. Did Sibyl know from whom it was? She waited a moment, then asked, "Did he tell you who brought it?"

Lady Maitland, who was stretched out on a sofa, glanced up indifferently.

"Why, no. Merely said there was a message for you."

Claire sank down in a deep chair before the fire and pulled off her hat.

"It's those tiresome people at Reville's," she said in a bored voice. "They want me for another fitting to-morrow morning. Now, isn't that too annoying? When're we dining, dear? D'you suppose Fletcher will have time to press my gold dress? Oh, no, don't bother. I'll ring for her myself. I declare, I'm going to write father that I must have a maid. Really, you know, you can't get on without one."

She crossed the hall to her own room and, closing the door, went over to her desk. Euh! What a start it had given her, coming upon Sibyl in that unexpected way! If Sibyl should have known about Lady Alexandra, what on earth could she have said? She was still disturbed. Was it possible to chuck this dinner for to-night? No. Too dangerous. If only she were here in London alone!

Finally she took a piece of paper and scribbled a few lines. She was dining and going to the theater and back to Holt at one o'clock the next day; but could Lady Alexandra telephone her in the morning after ten o'clock? underlined. For a long moment she sat tasting the end of the pen, then wrote recklessly:

I hear Derek's in London. I must see him. Do arrange it somehow. Please.

When Colonel Forrester and Major Du Cane, the friends of Sibyl's with whom they

Continued on page 94

What a pie!

CLOSE your eyes while we tell about it. Generous slices of tender, mellow bananas merged into a custard that fairly melts in your mouth. Then the whole of it topped with a fluff of whipped cream! Doesn't it *sound* tempting? It *is* tempting! What a pie!

Isn't it good news, too, that such a luscious dessert is actually to be recommended for its food value? The bananas alone provide three of those precious vitamins we have come to demand in our diet. And a liberal quota of those minerals so vital to health.

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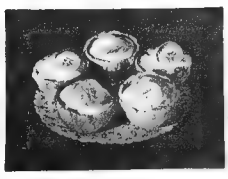

HERE'S THE RECIPE! Mix ¼ c. sugar, ½ c. flour, ⅛ tsp. salt. Add 2 eggs. Pour on gradually 2 c. scalded milk. Cook 15 min., stirring until thickened. Cool. Add 1 tsp. vanilla. Put in cooked pie shell, add 3 sliced bananas and cover with ½ c. whipped cream . . . Either pie or tarts may be made by simply folding bananas into whipped cream and pouring into pastry shells.

P. R. 9-30

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Back view of regular Denton. Infants' sizes 0, 1 and 2 open down the back.

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Our *Soft-Knit* fabric is designed especially for winter sleeping garments. In addition to the hygienic qualities, Dentons have many features of durability and comfort which mothers appreciate.

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Our loosely spun yarn of *unbleached* double-carded cotton, combined with some fine virgin wool, knit in an open stitch, keeps the child's body warm and provides gentle absorbent facilities for carrying off perspiration. This insures the warmth and comfort that induces sound, healthful sleep. Protection and economy are spun and knit into Dentons.

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Regular Denton for Children. Sizes 8 to 14 open down the front and have drop seat.

Dr. Denton Sleeping Garment Mills

Centreville, Michigan, U. S. A.

THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 93

were dining, were announced, Claire waited till Sibyl had started downstairs, then rang for the housemaid.

"Ethel," she said, giving the girl a tenshilling note, "I want you to take this—yes, deliver it yourself. It's most important. And don't say anything about it to any one." She smiled at the girl and patted her arm, then hurried down into the hallway. "Oh, I'm so sorry to keep every one waiting," she cried as Sibyl introduced the two men. "I'd forgotten my bag. Isn't it too appalling the number of things one has to carry about with one nowadays?"

New men. Smart-looking, well-set-up men of forty or thereabouts. Fresh personalities. Claire began, as she did with each new man, with a demure, blushing *naïveté.* Where were they dining? The Ritz! What fun! She adored the Ritz, thought it was far and away the most attractive restaurant in London. They were in Half Moon Street. It was such fun walking to dinner in one's evening clothes, as one did in London. Made one feel that one was in a little village. One could not possibly do it in New York.

All through dinner her high-pitched vivacity continued. At any instant Derek might come into the restaurant, might come to the next table. What would she do if he did? How stupid of her not to have asked the Princess Langenburg where they were dining! At the Berkeley very possibly! If only she had been certain, she would have insisted on their party dining there. Nor had she asked what play the princess and Derek and all of them were going to see. That Colonel Forrester already had their tickets would not have stopped her for an instant. Claire would have insisted that they go to the theater where Derek was to be. Would have refused to go anywhere else.

She found herself talking of Steyning.

"Oh, yes, isn't it the most divine place imaginable?" she told Du Cane. "I simply adore it. I really do. It's the most lovely spot I've ever seen. I simply can't believe that one day I'll be living there. It just seems too wonderful to be true."

She had been thinking so definitely these last few weeks of all she would do when Steyning was hers that unconsciously she spoke as though her possession were on the eve of being an accomplished fact.

"I really love it. I love to dream of myself being there."

THE first act was almost over when they reached the theater. As they took their seats the curtain went down. As the lights went up over the house Sibyl glanced up toward the boxes.

"Oh, Claire!" she leaned past Forrester, "there's a friend of yours. Derek Barran. What a pity we didn't know he was in town! Might have got him for dinner."

"Derek! Where?" The blood rushed to her heart. For a moment she thought she might be going to faint.

"He's just gone out," said Sibyl casually. "Who was that with him? Did you see?" To one of the men. "Cora Langenburg. Oh, very possibly."

Claire turned to Du Cane.

"Don't you want to go out?" They were only just seated, but she could not have remained in her chair if her life had hung upon it. Before he could answer she had risen, gathered up her wrap. "Do let's go out. I hate sitting through the intermission, don't you, even in these English theaters where you can smoke?"

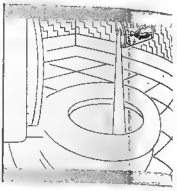
As they went up the aisle she laughed from sheer nervous excitement. The dawdlers blocking her path filled her with a murderous impatience. He might be leaving. Du Cane stopped to speak to some one. Claire slipped away from him, to push her way through the crowd, looking every way for a glimpse of Derek or Lady Alexandra. Had Sibyl seen Lady Alexandra? She shrugged. What if she had?

As she reached the entrance to the bar she saw them at a little table by the far wall. At the same instant Sandra saw her, and beckoned gayly, then turned her head and said something to Derek.

Derek! In evening clothes. She had never seen him in evening clothes before. Somehow he looked slimmer. Taller. She was back in Naples, standing at the head of the little flight of stairs that lead to the

Continued on page 95

Scrubbing is so unnecessary



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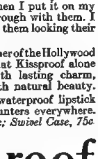

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THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 94

Camere Segrete. The faun, the more provocatively dangerous for being dressed like a conventional human being. Almost a different creature. Almost, not quite, a stranger. That same glistening copper hair. Those same eyes. Same crooked smile.

Ian, Sibyl, Twysdale, even Steyning were forgotten.

"Oh, my dear!" she cried to Sandra. "What a bit of luck! You know, I saw the princess to-day, and she told me you were all theatering together. But I never asked her where. And then I got home and found your note. I had no idea you were here in London at all." She stopped babbling, to draw breath. She was, she knew, just uttering words. Making gestures. "Oh, my dear! I'm so glad to see you!" Then she turned to Derek. This moment was so important! She raised her eyes, and smiled significantly. Her courage failed her. What should she say? How should she begin again? She wet her lips. "What a place to meet, after all these months and months and months!" she murmured. "In a bar!"

"Singularly appropriate, I call it. Come to think of it, where else have we ever met? Do let me get you a nice glass of champagne."

BEING flippant, debonair, just as she had known he would be. She let her lashes droop the merest trifle.

"I don't know what you mean. No, thank you. I don't care for any champagne." He would not get off that way. "I think you're extremely rude. Isn't he, Lady Alexandra?"

"If you don't know what I mean, how do you know whether I'm being rude or not?"

Alexandra was sitting with her hands on the table, smiling. She had been curious to see this meeting. If Claire had been any other nationality than American her eagerness to hear of Derek could have meant only one thing. But with American women one could never tell. That night, at dinner, she had asked Derek about Claire.

"Lovely thing, isn't she?" he had answered. "Marvelously graceful body. But no mentality. Just beautiful. How've she and old Ian made out? The rooster and the cygnet. One of these days she'll swim gracefully away from him, still virginally white in spite—"

"In spite of what?" asked Alexandra. "You sound as though you must have known her very well indeed."

He turned crimson. "Don't be silly, Sandra. I did a sketch of her once. A sort of half portrait. Naturally one talked."

"Yes, naturally, one does. Don't explain, dear. I've had my own portrait painted, you know, several times. Once, even, by a Japanese. He made such odd sounds. By the bye, is it Claire Bulteel that you're exhibiting in Portrait of a Lady with a question mark?" She watched him, learning all she desired from the twitching of his eyebrows. "Poor Derek. You must have really cared. I'm surprised. I should never have put her down as your type. Never."

"Why not?"

Alexandra had shrugged.

All that had been at dinner. Now the two of them were standing before her. Alexandra realized that Derek was annoyed at the encounter. Did he, she wondered, still care? He held himself so stiffly, and made such flippant retorts to each of Claire's attempts. The creature had no subtlety. Couldn't she see that she was creating an issue? The little fool!

"I say," said Alexandra, coming to Derek's rescue, "what're you doing tomorrow night?" having heard from the princess that Claire was going back to Holt. "Why don't we dine, we three and Ferrers, and go on to Clerlde d'Elchingen's? Oh, do! Most amusing woman in the world."

"Oh, here you are!" At the sound of Du Cane's voice Claire started. "Thought I'd lost you. Why, hello there, Sandra! And Derek, by Jove! When did you come over?"

Why, thought Claire angrily, as the bell rang for the second act, must Du Cane have appeared at just that moment? The four of them moved into the foyer.

Continued on page 96

"Dad! I gained 6 pounds while you were away!"

ROSY cheeks—sparkling eyes! Could this husky, happy youngster be the same frail little boy of six short weeks ago?

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THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 95

"Claire, my dear," said Sandra as they parted, "I'll give you a ring in the morning. We must arrange something. I know you'd enjoy Clotilde d'Elchingen."

"Oh, no! Don't telephone. I'll send you a note if I can arrange to stay over. About noon."

"Do that, then. And do stay. Do!"

The lights went out. Derek and Sandra vanished into the stuffy darkness. Claire's excitement vanished, leaving her chill with disappointment. This meeting, to which she had so looked forward! All wrong. Unsatisfactory. Too many people. Too hurried. She had said not one of the things which she had planned to say to Derek. Had struck all the wrong notes. She took Du Cane's arm.

"Wasn't it funny, our running into Lady Alexandra?" she whispered. "Just pure accident. I like her awfully. Don't you? But my in-laws don't approve of her."

In the dark she could not see his face as he murmured:

"Quite. Oh, quite. Awfully good sort, Sandra. Pity such a hash of things."

On the stage a young man in beautifully cut dungarees was leaning on a rake, singing to a glorified milkmaid in a Lanvin frock and a wide Leghorn hat.

Claire tried to discover Derek in the reflection of the footlights. A gray patch, face or shirt she could not tell, in the rear of the box.

"Did you see Derek?" Sibyl inquired.

Claire shook her head. "Just for a minute. In the distance."

"Oh, what a pity! I was hoping you could get him for supper. You flew off before I had a chance to suggest it."

Derek at supper with Sibyl and herself. What a suggestion! Claire tried to watch the stage. It meant nothing. Her mind was a thousand miles away. From time to time she cast furtive glances up toward Derek's box. She must, she would stay over! She must see him. Must. Must. Must. Oh, the eternal music! Would it never stop? Where, she asked Du Cane, were they going for supper? The Savoy? What fun!

"Our last night." Sibyl smiled as she and Claire went down the wide, shallow steps into the restaurant. "It's been great fun, hasn't it?"

Claire nodded, scanning the tables for a sight of Derek. How silly of her to expect him here! He would never come to anything so obvious. A great room. Many tables. A transplanted colored band. She let both men talk to Sibyl. No, she did not care to dance. To-morrow she would see Derek. Rather, to-day, for it was already after midnight. A white-wine cup and kippers in cream. What strange ideas these Englishmen had of food. Ah, well, no matter. To-day, to-night she would be dining with him, as they had so often done in Paris. And he was still mad about her! She smiled, all to herself, with downcast eyes, oblivious of the dancers round her.

"I say, shall we be going on? I've not even begun to pack."

With a start Sibyl's voice brought her back to the Savoy. She let herself be led across the dancing floor and up the flights of steps into the foyer. It had been a most charming evening, she told Forrester while they waited for his car. Leslie Henson was so amusing. As the car stopped before the door of No. 12 Curzon Street, Forrester said good-by and begged Claire to give Ian all his news. Ian! Of course. Ian! She had really quite forgotten him. But surely. She'd give him all Colonel Forrester's messages. As Du Cane said good night he held her hand a moment and added softly, "And *au revoir*. I may look into Clotilde's myself to-morrow night."

"I HATE rushing off like this, dear, without seeing you on your way, but Fenner will go to the station with you. He has your reservation, and everything." Sibyl was standing in the hall, her bags piled around her, waiting for her father's car. She was motoring to Steyning. It took a little longer, but saved one the change at Horsham.

"Ah, here's the motor! Well, good-by, dear." She kissed Claire on both cheeks. "Good-by," with a faint trace of emotion. "We've had a lovely time. I've adored every instant of it. Give my love to Ian,

Continued on page 97

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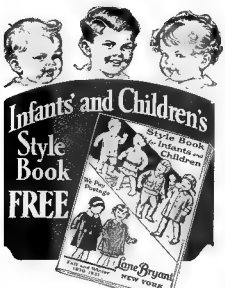

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SPOTLESS TOWN SERIES NO. 4

THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 96

and don't be too bored. If you are, send me a wire. Fenner"—she turned to the houseman—"you'll put Mrs. Bulteel on the train, now, properly. Well, good-by again, dear."

Claire watched the bags piled into the limousine, in a fever of suppressed impatience. Would she never be off! What did it matter whether her dressing case went in the front or the back? The chauffeur closed the door and touched his hat. Oh, they were all so slow-moving. So deliberate! The car started up the street toward North Audley. She waved her hand and blew a kiss. At last Sibyl was gone. She was alone. With a sigh of relief she went toward her sitting room.

"I'll have a taxi at the door at a quarter after twelve, Mum," said Fenner. "What time shall I come up for your bags?"

She hesitated at the foot of the stairs, her hand on the rail, embarrassed by the scrutiny of this man who knew all the Bulteels so well.

"I'm not quite sure whether I'm going to-day or not—" She stopped.

"But your train reservation, Mum?"

"Well, what about it? If I don't go you can turn it in."

WITH a shrug she started up the stairs, went into her sitting room, shut the door. On the mantel was a book of Sibyl's. It made her feel uncomfortable. Guilty. So far it had all been simple, but now——

She sat down at the desk and opened the writing pad.

Staying over for dinner to-night. Do surely get Derek! Let me know when and where. Claire.

Then she rang. Fenner appeared. Drat the man! Why could he not have let Ethel answer the bell? "Please have this delivered immediately." She handed him the envelope without looking at him. "Immediately. And, Fenner, turn in my reservation. I'm not going till to-morrow. Yes, the same train to-morrow."

How childish, she thought, as the man went out, to allow oneself to be embarrassed by a servant! As she sat back in her chair, idly gazing down into Queen Street, it occurred to her she must send Ian a wire. But not yet. She would wait until after luncheon.

She began to plan her excuse. She had felt too ill to take the train. That was something no one could question. She would not wire that, but merely that she would be up to-morrow. But it must not be sent till about two o'clock. Otherwise Ian would wonder why Sibyl should have gone and left her. No, this faintness, this giddiness could not come on her for an hour or so yet. It must attack her just about noontime. She began to recite her speech:

"No, honestly, darling, I felt perfectly all right when I got up. I did, really. But, my dear, I tell you I was all packed. Fenner had a cab for me and everything, and suddenly this terrible pain. Just like a knife. I couldn't speak. It was indigestion. It was all over in an hour. Oh, I'm so sorry you were worried."

She lunched in her rooms, afraid to go out for fear of missing Alexandra's telephone, and hoping against hope that Derek himself might call. By three o'clock she was too nervous to sit still any longer. She telephoned Lady Hexandra's house. Her ladyship, a voice informed her, had gone to Newmarket for the day and was not expected home till after six. She put on her hat and coat. As she went out she left word that if any one should call for her she would be back for tea.

Piccadilly. Bond Street. Conduit Street. Hanover Square. Round any corner she might encounter Derek. Every tall man she saw in the distance she hoped might be he. So many men, and never the one she sought. Where did men go in London in the afternoon? To their clubs? If only she knew Derek's club she would have called him. Might he be in the park? She hailed a taxi and drove to the entrance opposite Stanhope Street. Chairs. Gravel. Trees. Old men in morning coats—a few—and old women in lace hats and veils. Nursemaids and children. She wanted to weep, with loneliness and disappointment. As well go home as walk these empty gravel paths.

Continued on page 98

WHITTALL New RUG CREATIONS

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A. A red hair showing how nature distributes the color throughout the inner fibers of the hair. Copyright 1930, by Inecto, Inc.

B. A gray hair, colorless and drab because nature no longer implants pigment in the fibers within the hair covering.

C. A gray hair dyed with a "coating" dye. Notice the crust of dye which plates the hair and makes it coarse, stiff and brittle.

D. A gray hair recolored with Notox. Note coloring in inner fibers, exactly as in the natural hair marked A.

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THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 97

"Lady Victor Darley telephoned to know if Mrs. Bulteel would dine with her at the Berzeley at half after eight to-night, Mum, and go on to a small dance," said Fenner as he let Claire in. "Would Mrs. Bulteel please telephone her at her mother's house, Mayfair 17287 And there is a note that came just after you went out, Mum."

Claire ripped the back of the envelope. It was from Sandra Agar. She had Derek for dinner. Was calling for Claire at eight or in that neighborhood. Was so delighted she had been able to stay over.

"Is there any answer, Mum?"

Claire shook her head. She felt suddenly weak.

"I shan't be in for dinner," she said.

"And Lady Victor, Mum?"

"Oh, yes! Lady Victor. Oh, telephone and say— Oh, say anything. That I'm ill. Yes. Tell any one who calls that I'm ill. I don't want to speak to any one. And my bath at seven, please."

AS LADY ALEXANDRA'S motor turned into Clarges Street a thin, shabby fellow stepped forward, offering bunches of half-withered flowers. Clarges Street. Men in evening clothes standing on the steps of its prim, eighteenth-century houses while servants ran to fetch them cabs. Piccadilly. Motors, thousands of motors. The Ritz. The Berkeley. St. James's Street, and the palace at its foot, a toy palace with a marionette in a Scots Guards' uniform parading back and forth before it.

"We're dining at the Tour Eiffel," said Sandra Agar as they passed the Burlington Arcade. "I feel Bohemian to-night. And Derek's better in that atmosphere. Tell me, how'd you enjoy your week of London with Sibyl?"

"Oh, we had an awfully good time. You know, she's really terribly nice. I'm frightfully fond of her. Really."

Sandra laughed.

"Ah, yes. I know. And we have been to Belgrave Square and Eaton Square and Cadogan Gardens and Hans Crescent and Wilton Place, hem? And had what one might call a representative meal in each one. Sometimes they've been admirals and sometimes Conservative M. P.'s and once a lady in waiting.

"Now, who would that be?" She put her hand to her head. "Oh, yes. The Honorable Sarah Sarsfield. 'Sour Sal,' they call her. Hats. Plumes. Am I not right? Of course. And some were long and thin and strode about, jangling with archaic family jewelry and talked about their 'gels,' and some were sweetly pink and white, and sixty-ish, and wore black-lace sun hats to luncheon in their own houses. Oh, yes, and once to Kensington Palace to tea with H. R. H. Beatrice and hear about 'My daughter, the Queen of Spain.'"

"How did you know?"

"Ah, my dear!" Sandra threw back her head. "I was born to it. I'm related to it a thousand ways. That's what's the matter with me. I know it better than I know myself." She felt Claire crumpling, and changed her tone. "I'm sorry. I'm being horrid.

"Listen, my dear. Let me give you a bit of advice. Never let an Englishman know that you love him. Never. It's fatal. They become frightened and pretend to be bored. Remember that for every man in this country of beautiful stupid men there are eleven women in pursuit. So never tell one of them you love him. Of course," after a slight pause, "Derek isn't really English. Brought up as one, but not really. Being an Irish Catholic says him. Race apart. *Pur sang.* Being harried and despised for centuries does have its effect. Ah, here we are!"

They had turned from a wide, sordid thoroughfare into a short, empty street. They entered the café and found Derek and Ferrers leaning against the bar, talking to an exotic creature with dark, haunted eyes and sleek, yellow hair.

"Ah, Derek," ah, Sandra, "and Lena, my dear. *Une amie intime.* Mrs. Bulteel."

The woman behind the bar, who had been staring at Claire with dull antagonism, became suddenly a different individual, emerged, like some one casting off a domino.

"Oh, Sandra! Oh, my darling Sandra!" She took Lady Alexandra's hands and kissed them, gazing at her as a child might

Continued on page 99

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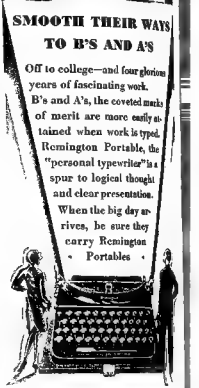

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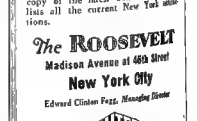

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THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 98

gaze at its mother, her deep, sonorous voice infinitely appealing. "Oh, Sandra! When did you come home?" She continued to cling to Alexandra's hands. With a sigh she turned to Claire.

"I love Lady Alexandra. I love her just as though she were my own sister." She gave a sort of vacant laugh. "She's been so good to me, and to my little girl. When my little girl was going to make her first communion, Lady Alexandra gave her her wreath and her veil. And we went out to the convent together. Didn't we, Sandra?" Again that curious, vacant laugh.

A door that led directly from the restaurant to the street had opened. A group of people, artists or actors, had come in.

"Joe," said the *patronne* haughtily, "show them upstairs! Ah, Sandra, I'm so happy to see you! Everything's been very bad with me. Terrible. He was drunk again all last week."

Claire was fascinated. Who was this person that Derek and Lady Alexandra — every one—treated as one of themselves? She glanced at Derek. He was smiling. Yes, Lady Alexandra had been correct. This sort of place was his proper atmosphere. Claire laughed, to attract his attention. Their eyes met and his glanced away. She wet her lips, following Alexandra to a table in a corner that was quite hidden from the room behind an enormous fern, and smiled coquettishly at Ferrers as he asked her: "How d'you like it?"

She was mad about it. She thought it was the most fascinating place she had ever seen.

"Yes, the sort of place one's always hoping to find in Bourges, say," remarked Alexandra.

"And never does!" It was Derek. "And how is the country?" he asked Claire with a smile that put an immeasurable distance between them. "The joys of country life. Oh, I say, Sandra, ever seen those frescoes they've just discovered in Avignon?"

"Oh, don't talk to me about frescoes!" Claire exclaimed, raising her eyes to smile across the table. "I went to Siena, on my honeymoon, to see the ones you wrote me about once."

"And did you?"

"No. We left the next morning. At daylight." She turned to Ferrers, annoyed at Derek's tone. "It was too appalling. In the middle of the night there was a fight right under our balcony. My dear, it was the most ghastly——"

"How absolutely ripping! Many killed?"

"Oh, isn't he horrid!" The remark was addressed to Ferrers and Sandra. With a pout of pique Claire turned so far toward Ferrers that her back was toward Derek. When he was in this flippant mood she hated him. She began to flirt with Ferrers. Audaciously. She would not speak to Derek again till after dinner. Then, when she had got him alone somewhere, with nothing to distract him—! Ferrers asked how she liked rooms in Curzon Street.

Claire laughed. Such a funny, old-fashioned place. Not at all the type of place she would ever dream of going by herself. But having come up to London with her sister-in-law, she had been obliged to stay there. By herself she would always go to the Ritz.

"THE Ritz!" Derek laughed. "Much smarter to take rooms. Twelve's a jolly good address. I know masses of people who stay there."

"Oh, do you really?" She glanced at him, over her shoulder, and turned back to Ferrers. "Tell me," she asked the big Australian, "when're you going over to the Continent? I mean, when does the French polo begin? You know," putting her elbows on the table, "I adore polo!"

The cocktails and caviar had been removed. Joe had brought some wonderful thing, *sous cloche*, with mushrooms. Champagne. Claire had become her most seductively fascinating to Ferrers. She sat smiling at him and fluttering her lashes, apparently absorbed by every word he uttered. Sandra was talking to Derek. Claire tried not to hear what they were saying, but her attention was caught by Sandra's words: "Derek darling," Sandra cautioned—the evening was getting on her nerves—"do be careful. We're going on to Clotilde d'Elchingen's, you know."

Continued on page 100

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THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 99

"Who is she?" Claire inquired, determined to force her way into their conversation.

"Marie Clotilde Jeanne Louise Antoinette de la Tour en Brie——"

"Oh, my dear!" cried Claire. "What a name! How does she ever sign a check?"

"One of the greatest names in France," continued Derek, "who, finding herself an old maid of twenty-five in a ratty Picard *château* with a father and brother who were spending her *dot* in Paris and elsewhere, outraged her family by marrying a rich young Alsatian named Elchingen. A banker. Worth millions. She had him baptized and inserted the 'd.' She used to be quite wonderful-looking. Red hair. White skin. Green eyes. But she's gone off these last years. Fat now. But a wonderful house."

"In Park Lane?" eagerly.

"No. Still better. Hamilton Place. And gives the best parties in London. By the way, Sandra, what part of a show's Clotilde having to-night?"

Lady Alexandra gave her shoulders a lift. She regretted Claire extremely. If it were possible she would take her home now. "You know, Jean Arran and Kathie Killashandra, I suppose, and——" She rattled off a list of names, theatrical, political, diplomatic, and *déclassée*.

Claire leaned forward. At last! London! The world, the really smart world, the one which one saw each week in the illustrated papers! Not the tepid world of Hans Crescent and Belgrave Square. The world to enter which she had married Ian, and which, after she had married him, had seemed more remote than ever!

"Jean Arran?" she asked. "Is that the Viscountess of Arran, the one you're always hearing about?"

"Quite. Jean, Viscountess of Arran and Antrim, and both hungry-looking."

Lady Alexandra appeared amused.

"She has a divine figure, though, Derek; you must grant her that. Oh, Ferrers, do see if the car's here, will you, like a dear?"

"You know, really, Sandra," Derek said, as the Australian left the restaurant, "you treat that poor devil abominably. He's quite gaga about you. Why not be a bit kind?"

"Don't be silly. I let him go about with me. What more can I do? One can't afford to be too pleasant to persons like Ferrers. You know, Derek, one can afford to be familiar only with one's own kind."

"She's hard," he said to Claire, "hard as nails."

"No. You're quite wrong. Merely possessed of a certain worldly knowledge, gained by bitterest experience. A certain scale of values. Shall we be going?" Lady Alexandra rose. As they went out into the hall she took Claire's arm. "Dear, do be careful. *Allez doucement.* Don't try to force the situation. Let things adjust themselves as they will." Before Claire could answer she had turned away.

THE shadowy *façade* of a great stone house floating in the light of the street lamps. London. At last the real London. Claire drew a deep breath. How simple, childish, were Sibyl and her set compared with this! A footman opened the door, to close it softly behind them. London's troubled breathing ceased. One was in another world, an unreal world, a vestibule wherein a lantern of blue glass shed a pale glow on smooth stone walls and two high doors up which crept gilded arabesques.

"Madame d'Elchingen is in the drawing room, your ladyship."

The footman threw open the painted doors. Claire gazed up a wide curved staircase. The glint of gilded bronze against white marble. Another footman. From the floor above came the sound of jazz, and a singing voice that could belong to no one but an American negro.

"Oh, my dear!" gasped Claire. "Listen to that music! Isn't it too marvelous! It's like going into the most gorgeous night club any one's ever dreamed of, isn't it? You can't believe it's a private house."

"Do tell that to Clotilde," Derek murmured. "She loves to be amused."

"Clotilde's frightfully clever about her *décor*. Understands the effulgence a superb background casts over even the most sordid. Oh, hello there!" They

Continued on page 104

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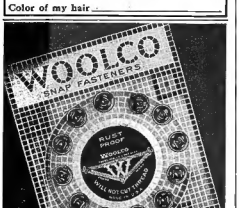

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THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 100

had reached the head of the stairs. On the landing was a group of men and women clustered about a Louis XIV. console on which were set half a dozen decanters.

"Ah, Clotilde! My dear! How are you?" Lady Alexandra wove her way into the heart of the group and kissed a tall white-faced woman with hair the vivid orange of raw copper and long green eyes as keen and cold and eerie as a monkey's. "Oh, and, Clotilde, I want you to know Mrs. Bulteel. A great friend of mine. An American friend." With an exclamation she half turned away to greet some one else.

"It was so nice of you to let Lady Alexandra bring me on to-night." ¡Claire smiled nervously at Madame d'Elchingen, distraught with anxiety lest she make not the impression she desired. What eyes the woman had! They positively seared one! Claire glanced toward Sandra. Had Lady Alexandra brought her here to cast her adrift amongst all these strangers?

"But how nice of you to have! " Madame d'Elchingen was saying with a curiously clipped accent. She took Claire's arm. "Ah, Mrs. Bulteel. Lady Arran, Lord Mullerford, le Vicomte de Soubise, the Baron de Freyn—" Claire caught a confused impression of a great many people. Many faces. Madame d'Elchingen made a gesture toward the buffet. "A nice glass of champagne? No? Ah, well, I am sure Derek will. Derek, my dear, I thought you were off to America. With the Currans. Ethel told me you were going out with them."

"YOU going to America? Oh, my dear!" Claire turned to him, flushing. "But when? What boat? With the Curran's?"

"*Majestic.* The eleventh," she heard him saying. "Going to motor across the Continent. Sounds like a good trip."

He had been speaking to Madame d'Elchingen, and she had seen the change in Claire's expression. A droop to the mouth. A tightening of the eyelids. This little American and Derek Barran—"Let us see what they are doing in here," she murmured, and turned toward the drawing room.

"Oh, my dear!" Claire stopped on the threshold. "Why, I've never been in a drawing room before with stone walls! Oh, I think it's perfectly gorgeous! And your tapestries. I think you have more even than Lady Alexandra. Who are they?"

"Alexander and a lovely lady named Campaspe," Derek told her.

"Oh, really?" Her attention had wandered to the furniture, some of which, so rumor said, had come from Versailles. She wondered who all the people in the room might be. "It's simply gorgeous! Two chandeliers! My dear!"

"I'm so glad you like it." Madame d'Elchingen smiled. "What a night it has been! A dinner. Three Americans'—bankers. And a Canadian. For d'Elchingen. Now d'Elchingen has gone to bed, with soda and a glass of water for an indigestion. And what have you been doing in Paris, Derek? Tell me! What are they saying in Paris these days! I hear nothing."

De Soubise came up and, bowing, requested Claire to dance. As she moved away with him Madame d'Elchingen asked Derek who she was.

"An American. Sandra seems to have taken her up. Married Ian Bulteel."

"What! That big, stupid, handsome Bulteel in the sixth? Ah, so that is who she is. And Sandra takes her about London. What will we be seeing next?" No one understood her world more finely than Clotilde d'Elchingen. Upon occasion, at d'Elchingen's behest, she gave the most correct dinners imaginable. The cabinet. The exchequer. The embassies. Visiting royalties. Proper gatherings. Then, those guests departed, she adored opening her doors to a different world—dark young men from the South American legations, artists, dancers, and, always, pretty women.

THE music had begun again. The room was full of dancing figures.

"I love to watch them," said Madame d'Elchingen to Derek. "And the little Bulteel! Very pretty, is she not! But such bad form. Some one should take her in hand. No lady makes such eyes in public. Ah, Mrs. Bulteel," as the music stopped and Claire came toward them, "we were just this instant speaking of you. What a charming frock!"

"I'm so glad you like it." Claire flushed with pleasure. It was long since any one had complimented her upon her clothes. She drew away from de Soubise to join their little group. She was no longer nervous. The lights, the music, the champagne, Madame d'Elchingen's flattering attention, had all conspired to give her a courage for anything. "Derek," she said, smiling gently, "do get me a glass of something, will you, like a dear. I'm parched with thirst. Or I'll go with you."

Madame d'Elchingen was aware that he hesitated; was aware, too, of the faintly proprietary note in Claire's voice. Ah! These women who pursued men as though they were runaway slaves! "I think there's champagne in there," she said, pointing to a side door. She smiled. "Derek, I'll leave you to amuse Mrs. Bulteel."

He pushed open the door of a little room whose walls were hung with painted Spanish leather. Exotic birds and beasts and trees writhing on a background of stamped gold. On either side of the black-marble mantel were vermilion lacquer cabinets on gilded stands. Opposite was a black-velvet divan.

"Oh, my dear!" Claire sank down on the divan. "What an extraordinary room! I wonder where she got this wall paper. I'd love to get some for the morning room at Steyning."

"In Cordova." Derek had handed her a glass of champagne and stood leaning against the mantel, smiling the mocking smile she knew so well.

"Did she really?" She sipped her wine, a shade annoyed at having mentioned Steyning. "Derek, come over here and sit down beside me." He shook his head.

Continued on page 102

Prices of Patterns

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5246	.30	1/-	5344	.35	1/-	5367	.45	1/6	12793	.50	2/6
5284	.45	1/6	5348	.50	1/6	5368	.65	2/-	13040	.35	1/-
5266	.50	1/6	5349	.65	2/-	5369	.45	1/6	13119	.30	1/-
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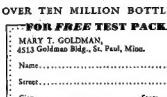

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Continued from page 101

"Derek! Don't be horrid! Sit down here beside me so that I can talk to you."

"I talk much better standing," he answered. "More wisely. When one sits down the blood rushes to the head and one has too many ideas."

"What sort of ideas?" She waited a moment, smiling up at him. "Derek! you haven't said that you're glad to see me."

"Well?"

"Well, aren't you?"

He shrugged. "How should I know?" Her mouth quivered. He was being difficult. "You know you're glad to see me, because I'm awfully glad to see you. Yes, really!" She had arranged her face into a mask of demureness. Obviously one must begin this conversation merely as an old friend.

"So?" he said. "Bored already."

"What d'you mean?"

"Just that. How long have you been married? Since November, isn't it? And already—" He stopped and came across the room, to bend over her, one knee resting on the edge of the divan. "I say, Claire, just what's the idea? What d'you want? To have some one wander in and find me making love to you in Clotilde d'Elchingen's Spanish cabinet?"

SHE gazed up, uncertain what this sudden change might mean.

"Penelope unraveling by night," she heard him saying, "all you've spun by day. You have a charming husband, a very excellent position, and one day you'll have one of the most beautiful houses in England. Why risk losing any of it?"

"Oh, but you don't understand!" She let her eyes fill with tears.

"Oh, but I do. I told you you wouldn't stick it. You couldn't."

"I know you did. There's no one's ever understood me as you do, Derek. That's why I'm so glad to see you. To talk to you. Oh, Derek!"

"Isn't it fortunate," he said, straightening up, "that you married Ian, and have me to lament to than if it had been the other way about?"

"You're cruel," she whispered, feeling him escape her and using against him words he had once uttered to her. "Derek! You did care for me, once. Now, didn't you? And, Derek, I am so bored! Oh, if you only knew how bored I am! I've simply hated Holt. The most awful people—" He had moved away, across the room. "It's all so different from what I expected. Before we were married Ian told me I'd never have to stay in England. He promised me everything, if only I'd marry him. Yes, he did! And instead— Oh, Derek, what am I going to do?"

Some one came to the door, half opened it, apparently saw them, and went away. As the door closed again Derek asked, in a quite conversational voice:

"My dear Claire, why ask me?"

"But whom else can I ask?" She had risen. If he would not come to her then she must go to him. "Derek," laying her hand on his sleeve, "you did care for me in Paris. Derek! Look at me. Now, didn't you? You said you did, over and over again. Derek!" Her voice sank to a pleading note. "That last night. You're not still angry with me, are you?"

"What last night?" He turned and looked her full in the face.

"Why, the night"—she wet her lips—"that I came to the Avenue Vavin, when I came over for my wedding dress."

"The night you came to my place for your wedding dress? My dear girl, you're quite mad! I never had your wedding dress. Never even saw it. I swear!" He began to laugh. "You have me confused with some one else. I wasn't even in Paris then. I was down in Brittany."

"But, Derek, you weren't away. You were there! You know you were!" She drew back, bewildered. "Don't you remember? I sent you a telegram that I was coming over—"

He shook his head. "You're mistaken. I was not there. Not in Paris. Really!"

"Oh, Derek"—her eyes had become enormous—"don't pretend. Please. It's no use." Suddenly her courage failed. She buried her face in her hands and sobbed. "Oh, dear! How can you be so cruel?"

He put his hand on her shoulder and shook her. "Stop it! Chuck it, I tell you! What d'you want to do—create a scandal? In this house! In this most infernal nest of gossip in London! Claire!"

She raised her face and clutched his hand. "Oh, Derek, please! Listen to me. What am I going to do? I can't go on. I simply can't. And I'm going to have a baby!"

"You are!" She looked up to see him staring into the gilt mirror above the mantelpiece, all trace of flippancy or mockery gone from his face. "When?" he demanded.

"In September."

Their eyes met in the mirror and he smiled. "All my heartiest congratulations to Ian," he said.

"Oh, Derek, don't! Please!" She had begun to tremble. "Derek, listen to me. Don't you understand? Oh, I've wanted to see you so badly. I stayed over to-night just to see you. I broke my promise to Sibyl, and I lied to Ian. Oh, Derek! You do still care about me. You do! You know you do!"

"Claire," he put his hands on her arms and stared at her, "what d'you want me to do? D'you want me to take you away somewhere? We can't go to Paris, can we? Algiers? Or Morocco? Or Brittany? Claire?" His hands were shaking. "Shall we bolt it? Will you come away with me?"

THE metamorphosis had been too sudden. A moment ago he had been tormenting her, and now he was staring at his as he had that afternoon in the Avenue Vavin.

"Bolt?" she said vacantly. "Come away with you? I don't understand, dear. You mean, go somewhere with you and stay?"

He nodded, his face so close to hers she felt his breath.

"Oh, but Derek. What if any one were to find out? Ian might divorce me, mightn't he? Oh, Derek, I don't see how I can, really. Derek."

He tried to laugh, and choked, as he let go her arms.

"Derek!" She clutched at his hands, to draw him back to her. "Listen to me. How could we run away? But some one might find out! Derek! The family. Steyning. Ian. All my things." Words came tumbling out of her mouth as she felt him draw farther and farther away. What had happened to him? Only a moment ago he had shown her that he still loved her and now—"Derek! Don't laugh like that! Don't, please."

He touched her arms.

"Claire, you're everything I've always said you were. Soulless. Heartless. Weak little coward. Steyning. Ian. Your things. And yet, you'll get whatever it is you want. You'll get Steyning."

"Derek! I won't have you talk so to me. I won't! Derek, you know you love me."

"Possibly." He shrugged. "We all have weaknesses for which we despise ourselves. But now," with an uncertain smile, "I think that's over. Past. Done with."

"Derek!" Her constant repetition of his name was beginning to have an effect of maddening irritation. "Listen to me. You're still angry with me because— He had moved away from her. "I won't run away with you. But, now can I? It's too dangerous! You know, dear, I stopped in Paris, on my honeymoon, on purpose to see you."

"On your honeymoon!" He had crossed the room and was standing by the door. "I say, Claire, what you want is a drink. Some one you can call and dismiss. So good-by." He paused, his hand on the door. "And, Claire, this is good-by. This is the end. You understand?"

She watched him go. The door closed behind him. For a moment she stood where he had left her. Then she realized he had gone. Gone!

"Oh, my dear!" She put her hand up to her mouth. "He's gone! He said good-by! He's left me!" She began to whimper. "Oh, my dear! What shall I do? I've got to get him before he leaves. Oh, isn't everything too perfectly ghastly!" She ran across the room and pulled open the door into the drawing room, oblivious of the dancers, the musicians, any one. "Oh, Madame d'Elchingen! Where's Derek?" She was weeping. "He's gone! Really! Oh, send somebody to stop him! Please! Tell him I've got to see him. Just for a moment. Please!"

The fifth installment of "The Silver Swan" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published September 11th. If you prefer to read this serial novel all at one time keep those issues in which it appears and read the whole story later on.

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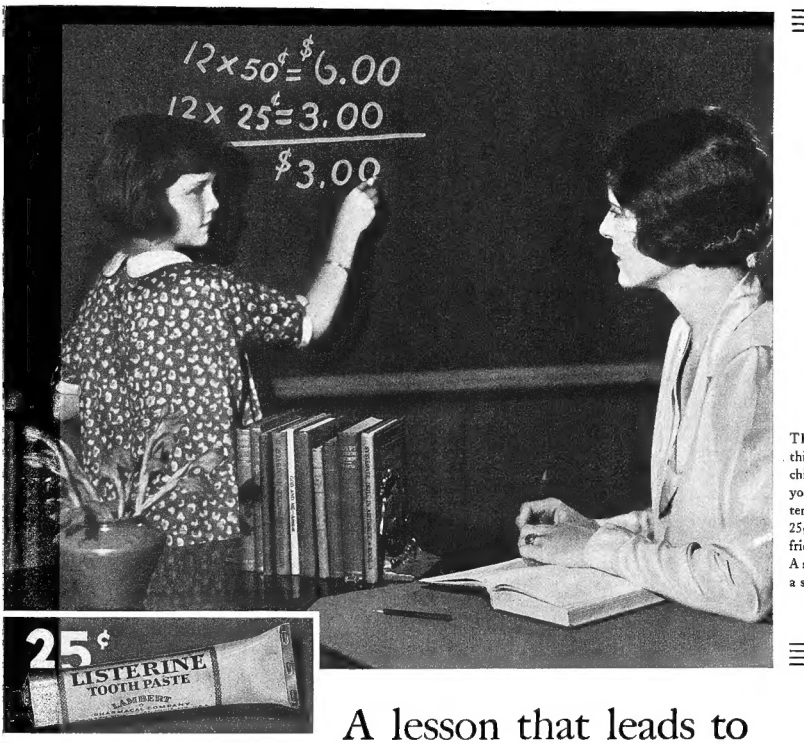

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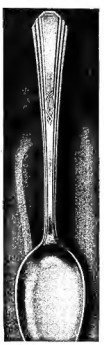
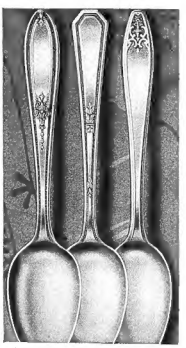


PARIS



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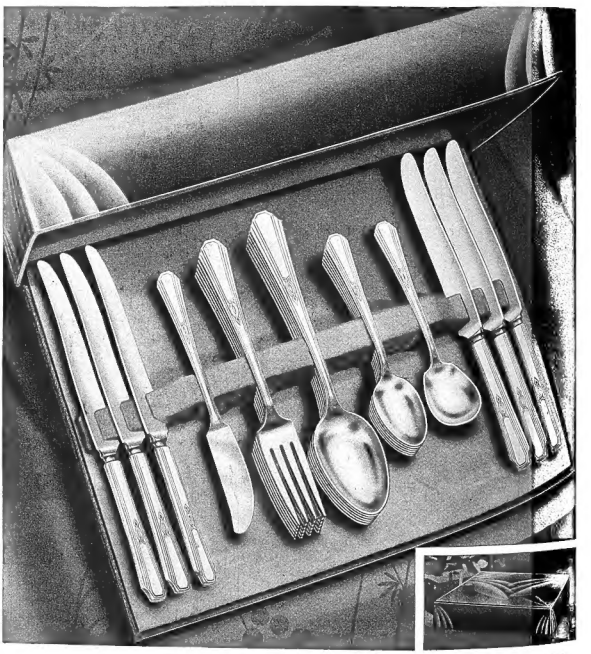

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